COLLEGE
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Believe me
your affectionate brother
Gerald Griffin

Griffin, Gerald

THE

LIFE OF

GERALD GRIFFIN.

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BY HIS BROTHER.

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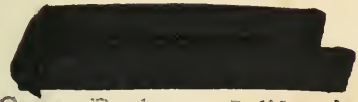

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TO

THE MEMORY OF

WILLIAM GRIFFIN, M.D.,

WHOSE AFFECTIONATE CARE

FOSTERED THAT TALENT IN HIS YOUNGEST BROTHER

FROM WHICH THE PUBLIC HAS DERIVED

SUCH SOLID PLEASURE,

THE PRESENT EDITION

OF THIS MEMOIR

IS DEDICATED.

PREFACE

TO THE FIRST EDITION.

I HAVE many apologies to offer to the public, for the serious interruptions and delays which the following Memoir met with in its progress through the press. These were principally owing to the pressure of professional avocations, generally of a very distracting character, and so constant in their operation as to give the nature of a task to that which would otherwise have been a pleasing relaxation. The same circumstances have, I also fear, affected, in no inconsiderable degree, the manner in which the work has been executed. I cannot help thinking there is but little of a brother's partiality in the opinion, that it was a noble subject for one who had the ability to do it justice. The lofty nature of our author's early aspirations,—his bright and undying hope,—his indomitable energy, baffled and defeated at every step, and the calm religious retirement in which his life ended, were a theme for poetry rather than prose, and, with the abundant materials which his letters supplied, were worthy in every respect of a better advocacy; for I feel that the interruptions I speak of often gave rise to a coldness

of spirit unworthy of a near relative, and especially unworthy of one who had known him so long and intimately. The only countervailing point against such a disadvantage is a determination, which I early adopted, to give all the circumstances of his life with a sincerity and openness that would enable the reader to form his own conclusions, and leave him but few questions to ask. This determination I have adhered to, it may be sometimes thought, perhaps, with a blameable pertinacity ; but I was convinced that in such a life there was little to conceal.

Nothing can be more gratifying to the author's friend's than the manner in which his memory seems to be cherished by his countrymen since his death ; I speak especially of the manner of it ; for in most of the notices which have appeared respecting him, there are not only marks of the highest admiration of his genius, but expressions of deep, earnest, and affectionate attachment, such as could hardly be expected except among his nearest relatives. To this partial feeling I may, perhaps, look for a degree of indulgence for the following pages, of which they would be otherwise undeserving.

PREFACE

TO THE SECOND EDITION.

The present edition of this Memoir has been carefully revised, some important errors corrected, and nothing omitted that could have any attractions for the general reader. Some letters have also been added, which, not being in my possession originally, were never before published, and which, from the importance of the subject they treat of, as well as the manner in which it is discussed, will, I have no doubt, contribute much to the interest of the volume. This, however, is far from being the motive with which I have now inserted them, which was done entirely under the belief that they would tend to place in a still higher and brighter point of view, a character in which the Irish public has, on several occasions, shown a very deep interest, and render it more deserving than ever of that highly favourable and friendly feeling and affectionate regard which has always been bestowed upon it.

Limerick,
July 30. 1857

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THE LIFE

OF

GERALD GRIFFIN.

CHAPTER I.

1803—1810.

GERALD GRIFFIN'S BIRTH, CHILDHOOD, AND EARLY EDUCATION—ANECDOTES AND INCIDENTS OF THIS PERIOD—REMOVAL TO THE COUNTRY.

GERALD GRIFFIN, the subject of the present memoir, was born in the city of Limerick on the 12th of December, 1803. The family from which he was descended was of Irish origin,* and appears, from ancient manuscripts still in existence, to have been located from a

* I am glad to have an opportunity of correcting a very serious error into which I fell on this subject on the publication of the first edition of this memoir, which represented the family as probably of Welsh origin. From the moment I discovered this error I regretted it exceedingly, and can only plead as an excuse, that my opportunities for inquiry were, at that time, extremely limited, which made me attach undue weight to circumstances hardly deserving of notice. I was, besides, then wholly unacquainted with the fact, that there had long existed in this country an ancient and purely Irish sept of that name. My ignorance of this will excite surprise, but so it was. Of course, if I had been aware of it, it would have been ridiculous and absurd to look elsewhere for the lineage of a family living in the country in my own time, and of the same name; but in truth, I had not the least idea that any means existed of establishing it histori-

very early period in the barony of Inchiquin, and the northern and western parts of the county of Clare. The name is mentioned as O'Griobhth, pronounced O'Greefa, and anglicised Griffy, Griffith, and Griffin. Members of the family passed from time to time into the neighbouring counties of Kerry and Limerick, and settled there; of these, our author's grandfather, James Griffin of Corgarriff, or Corgrigg, in the latter county, was one. His third son, Patrick, having dwelt several years in a lovely and romantic spot called Woodfield, on the border of one of those beautiful lakes which abound in the county of Clare, came into Limerick for the education of his children, and undertook the management of a brewery in Brunswick-street, a business with which he was but little acquainted. During the progress of a dwelling-house which he was building near it, he took a house in that part of the city called the King's Island, and here, in one of the most ancient and celebrated parts of the town, within the old city wall, and close by the cathedral, his ninth son, Gerald, first saw the light.

In encountering the first steep ascent by which the votaries of literature obtain a footing within the threshold of her temple, the subject of the present memoir

cally. Mr. Eugene Curry, the eminent Professor of Irish in the Catholic University, has kindly favoured me with a paper, to be found in the Appendix, containing extracts from the book of Lecan, the Annals of the Four Masters, and other authorities, which, with the assistance of traditionary local testimony, sets the question entirely at rest, and proves beyond doubt that the family of Gerald Griffin was of the old Milesian stock. Dr. John O'Donovan, another equally well-known and eminent Irish scholar, also notices this error in a note in the last edition of the Annals of the Four Masters, and passes some severe strictures—in this instance somewhat undeserved—on "the attempt, in modern times, to obscure the Irish origin of some families." I trust I shall not be thought obtrusive in directing attention to these documents. I venture to insert them, first, with the view of establishing what is undoubtedly true: and secondly, lest the first erroneous statements made should be considered of any authority, from the fact of their having come from a near relative of the author.

will be found to have had his full share of those difficulties which are the unfailing inheritance of the untried and unknown, and perhaps, beset the paths of many melancholy souls who sink in the contest. Independent of these circumstances, which may be considered in some sort an apology for bringing forward the following notices of the life of Gerald Griffin, there are others which, without any unjust partiality to his memory, his friends cannot help thinking of much interest. In him, above all other men that ever lived or wrote, the passion for literature was least mixed up with the desire of gain. He always felt that it was deserving of a more exalted aim, and of ends that were not personal. For these he contended, and when, eventually, his devotion to it declined, this occurred only because he thought it an imperfect instrument for the accomplishment of that which he had principally in view; for, at the time this change came over his mind, his reputation was at its highest, and his success, in a worldly point of view, complete. Besides, with such extraordinary dramatic power as the world has acknowledged in at least one of his works, there was united a lowliness of pretension that was altogether remarkable. With a turn of mind singularly graceful and pure, and an imagination that threw off the richest gems in a certain walk of poetry, there was never seen the least trace of that coarseness and grossness of sentiment which is so often intermixed with even the finest passages of our best writers, that it has been thought by many an essential ingredient of the strength by which they are characterised. He was one of the very few, indeed almost a solitary instance, of a young person of nineteen, thrown upon the world in London, without a single friend to look to for counsel, assistance, or support; with the wasting labours of literature for his hope; with a feeling of independence so strong, and a scorn of all patronage so intense, that, as if in contrast with the want of those high and manly principles ex-

hibited by many men of genius of earlier times, he seems to have cultivated them with a severe and almost antithetical zeal ; relying entirely upon his own resources ; unaided by experience ; exposed to all those dangers which genius is sure to fall in with in a great city ; and yet coming out of this fiery trial with the character of his mind only elevated and purified in every one of those qualities we are accustomed to admire. The circumstance too, of a young man entering on his career with a strong thirst for literary fame, having this thirst completely gratified, and then, at an early age, devoting the remainder of his life to religion, is a fact rather new to literary history ; one which, though it may be distasteful to a certain portion of the public in these frenzied times, will surprise, and perhaps startle many who live under the dangerous despotism of a worldly pride ; and the motives to which will be a curious subject of reflection even with those whom it cannot edify.

I believe few persons have ever entered on a work of this kind without a certain feeling of incompetency. It is not easy, with all the materials one can collect, to give a true history of the movements of the mind of any one individual, and there are many sources of error on particular points from which it is difficult to escape. With the immediate friends, too, this sense of incompetency must be rather increased than diminished. It is true, their intimacy and relationship give them many opportunities of information from which others are shut out ; but a partiality that is not unnatural, exposes them at the same time to the danger of overlooking many imperfections of character which to strangers would be obvious, while their affectionate interest in the memory of those who are gone, may tempt them to form too high an estimate of their abilities, or to run into panegyrics with which the public will not sympathise. All these circumstances render the biography of an individual a matter of delicacy and difficulty with his immediate

friends ; but it may be stated, that at least the first of the dangers alluded to can certainly have no place here, since, in the history of literature, there have been few characters so slightly soiled by imperfection as that of which we treat, and for the rest, the works of the Author of the Collegians, his letters, and many pieces both of prose and poetry never before brought forward, will enable the public to form a correct notion of the justice of any opinion that is offered.

The principal part of the narrative has been entrusted to me, as one who, being next above him in age, was the constant companion of his childhood, and had on this account the still further happiness of enjoying through his whole life that confidence and intimacy to which, from a certain not unamiable peculiarity in his disposition, very few were admitted ; and further, that I was the only member of his family to whom fell the melancholy office of closing his eyes in death. A memory very defective upon particular points, with other circumstances besides those above-mentioned, makes me feel strongly my incapacity for such a task, but I undertake it with the less unwillingness, that many circumstances relating to the more advanced and more important portions of his life will I hope be furnished by others more capable of doing them justice. In these communications, and more especially in his letters, will be seen much evidence of the constant cheerfulness by which he was animated even in circumstances of great mental toil. He had a natural flow of good spirits, which at times burst forth into such a sparkling and brilliant playfulness, as would be little anticipated in one apparently so grave, by those who had but a slight acquaintance with him. With these, from a constitutional timidity of habit, he was usually reserved, unobtrusive, and even retiring. They will no doubt be astonished to perceive what a gentle and playful fire was screened from the public eye under that subdued and quiet bearing, for it

was one of his characteristics that he should be known intimately to be known at all. Indeed, there could hardly be a stronger contrast than that which was exhibited by his manner before strangers and in his own family. While in the former case it was not deprived of that peculiar grace and charm, which a certain moderate diffidence always gives, and by which the interest of his conversation was enhanced when in the society of persons whose tastes were similar to his own; his reserve was still such as to render it impossible for those persons to conceive the uncontrolled bursts of merriment of which he was capable when at the firesides of those with whom, from frequent intercourse, he was accustomed to consider himself perfectly at home. His affection for his friends, and particularly for the members of his own immediate family, was so strong, that its full power was not always understood even by those who were the objects of it, a circumstance which arose in a great measure from the total absence of any tendency to display, so that it was sometimes revealed in its deepest forms by the occurrence of trivial incidents, often far apart, and of a passing and accidental nature. One might indeed have lived for years with him before its entire force could be fully appreciated.

My memory does not carry me so far back as the period of his infancy. The first I can remember of my young brother, was after our removal to the house in Brunswick-street, and of this time only a few incidents that tend to show his gentleness and susceptibility of spirit, and the vividness of his imagination. At that time the King's birth-day, repeated beyond the ordinary number of terms, was celebrated by the usual signs of public joy, such as bonfires—the firing of cannon and musketry, &c., and the head of our street was a customary station for such displays. On one of these occasions, and it is my earliest recollection, I remember him, a small and slender child, falling into floods of tears at

the discharge of every new volley—my mother taking him into her lap, assuring him there was no danger, and trying to comfort him with a song that he seemed at other times fond of.

His disposition to be affected by the supernatural was at this time so strong that it sometimes put me upon pranks that were very unamiable, and some of which, considering the extreme sensitiveness of his nature, even the thoughtlessness of childhood would scarcely sufficiently excuse. On one occasion, when we were together in a dark room, I observed that a light through the key-hole from a candle in the next chamber fell upon the wall near where we sat, making a bright spot, and I asked him what it was? He could not tell—I showed him that I could make it appear and disappear at my pleasure, while the motion of my hands in doing so were quite unseen by him. At length, when he was perfectly puzzled and seemed to be fully under the influence of that insecure feeling which attends the indefinite, I hinted to him the possibility of its being a spirit's eye. 'Twas like a match to gunpowder—he screamed out violently, and instantly brought the house about us. Before the authorities could appear, however, I found time to tell him what it was, which immediately quieted him. To all their inquiries as to the cause of the outcry they could obtain no satisfactory explanation, and if they continued to think of the affair afterwards it must have remained a mystery, for *I* felt ashamed to acknowledge that I had been so mischievously occupied, and *he*, that he could have been so simply imposed upon, or so easily frightened.

His imagination, always deep and glowing, had, as I have said, a strong tendency to be affected by the supernatural. This disposition, and even somewhat of a leaning to superstition, has been often noticed as characteristic of the poetic temperament. It appears to arise partly from the power of the creative faculty itself—

that great treasury of every poetical gem—and partly from that sensibility of spirit which gives every impression of the fancy the force of reality. If the credulity of childhood seems to come under the dominion of a more mature and rational feeling as life advances, the strength of the imagination is, on the other hand, rather increased than diminished by the treasures it has collected in its progress, so that this tendency, when once established in early life, is seldom found to decline, and perhaps it would not be favourable to poetry that it should do so. The cold spirit, which has not a strong feeling of the incorporeal world, will be seldom found to originate powerfully. It is curious to trace this feeling from early childhood through one's riper years. With Gerald, though strong, it was never paramount or irrational. He was, however, himself, very sensible of its power, and as it may be interesting to notice some of his allusions to it in after life, I insert a few of them here. The following exquisite address to Fancy forms the introduction to a published poem of his, called "Matt Hyland:"

I.

Thou rushing spirit, that oft of old
Hast thrilled my veins at evening lonely,
When musing by some ivied hold,
Where dwelt the daw or martin only;
That oft has stirred my rising hair,
When midnight on the heath has found me,
And told me potent things of air
Were haunting all the waste around me.

II.

Who sweep'st upon the inland breeze,
By rock and glen in autumn weather,
With fragrance of wild myrtle trees,
And yellow furze, and mountain heather.
Who sea-ward, on the scented gale,
To meet the exile coursest fleetly,
When slowly from the ocean-vale
His native land arises sweetly

III.

That oft has thrilled with creeping fear
My shuddering nerves at ghostly story,
Or sweetly drew the pitying tear,
At thought of Erin's ruined glory.
A fire that burns—a frost that chills,
As turns the song to woe or gladness;
Now couched by wisdom's fountain rills,
And skirting now the wilds of madness.

IV.

Oh! spirit of my Island home,
Oh! spirit of my native mountain,
Romantic fancy! quickly come!
Unseal for me thy sparkling fountain.
If e'er by lone Killarney's wave,
Or wild Glengariff's evening billow,
My opening soul a welcome gave
To thee beneath the rustling willow.

V.

Or rather who, in riper days,
In ruined aisles at solemn even,
My thoughtful bosom wont to raise
To themes of purity and heaven!
And people all the silent shades
With saintly forms of days departed,
When holy men and votive maids
Lived humbly there, and heavenly hearted.

VI.

Oh thou, the minstrel's bliss and bane,
His fellest foe, and highest treasure,
That keep'st him from the heedless train,
Apart in grief—apart in pleasure.
That chainless as the wandering wind,
Where'er thou wilt, unbidden blowest,
And o'er the rapt, expectant mind,
All freely com'st, and freely goest.

VII.

Come, breathe along my eager chords,
And mingle in the rising measure,
Those burning thoughts and tinted words
That pierce the inmost soul with pleasure.

Possess my tongue—possess my brain,
Through every nerve, electric thrilling,
That I may pour my ardent strain
With tuneful force, and fervent feeling.

His father having been unsuccessful in business gave up the concerns in Brunswick-street, and retired again to the Island, but not to the same house he formerly occupied. Here began Gerald's earliest school days, under Richard MacEligot, a character of some celebrity at that time in Limerick, and still well remembered there—a man of singular ability and industry—a self-taught scholar, and one who, notwithstanding some peculiarities of manner, and perhaps a little pardonable vanity at the variety and extent of his acquirements, had yet amassed a great amount of solid learning, and was held in very high esteem by Irish scholars of the time.*

My mother went to the school with the boys on the first day of their entrance. "Mr. MacEligot," said she, "you will oblige me very much by paying particular attention to the boys' pronunciation, and making them perfect in their reading." He looked at her with astonishment—"Madam," said he, abruptly, "you had better take your children home, I can have nothing to do with them!" She expressed some surprise. "Perhaps, Mrs. Griffin," said he, after a pause, "you are not aware that there are only three persons in Ireland who know how to read." "Three!" said she. "Yes, madam, there are only three—the Bishop of Killaloe,—the Earl of Clare,—and your humble servant. Reading, madam, is a natural gift, not an acquirement. If you choose to expect impossibilities, you had better take your children home." My mother found much difficulty in keeping

* A very able and learned essay from his pen, on the grammatical structure, character, and literature of the Irish language, is still extant in the first volume of the Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Dublin: 1806. He is said also to have compiled an Irish Grammar; but this, I believe, was never published.

her countenance, but, confessing her ignorance of this important fact, she gave him to understand, that she would not look for a degree of perfection, so rarely attainable, and the matter was made up.

I scarcely remember what Gerald was put to just then—not more than the first rudiments of learning; and, indeed, I believe he was sent to school at that early age, rather for the purpose of being drilled into the habit of saying lessons, than for any knowledge he was likely to acquire, or, perhaps, for the sake of keeping him out of mischief at home, where he used to indulge his fancy in pranks of so singular a nature, that when the astonishment of the house at one of them had subsided, it was difficult to tell how soon, or by what strange frolic, it might be called up again. On one occasion, while the family were out, he took the hearth-brush and went up the parlour chimney to sweep it. On being called, he descended to the earth. He wore, I think, a little plaid dress, and this, as well as his hands and face, were so smutted, dingy, and black, as not only indicated great zeal in his new vocation, but made it absolutely difficult at first to distinguish him from a real sweep. Among his other tendencies at this age, he showed a taste for drawing, and much of his time at school was spent in endeavouring to copy figures of dogs, horses, and other animals, which he found in the various spelling-books around him. For this he seems to have had a strong natural bent, and though he took no pains afterwards to cultivate it, and scarcely ever received any instructions, he was capable of taking sketches of any scenes that interested him, in a correct and agreeable manner. The engraving which is attached to the Collegians in this series, and in which a figure of Eily O'Connor, on horseback, has been introduced by the artist, is taken from a drawing of the gap of Dunloe by his hand, which is, however, an exceedingly rude one, compared to some of his other sketches.

He was, when a child, of a timid and shy disposition, and, though cheerful and free among friends, was very much disconcerted by any circumstance that brought him under the observation of strangers. A woman came to the school one day with the singular request, that he might be allowed to touch her child for the evil. It is an opinion among the lower classes in Ireland, that the seventh son is born a physician, and has the same healing virtue in his touch, that was once attributed to the kings of England. Gerald, though the seventh son living, was, in fact, the ninth son born, as I have before stated; but this, the woman was probably not aware of. Mr. MacEligot kindly chose to gratify her wish, and one of the boys was desired to take him down to her. The circumstance immediately attracted the attention of the whole school. The moment he was singled out, he seemed thunderstruck at becoming at once an object of such public notice, and burst into tears. It was found difficult to get him to comply, as he seemed to be under some apprehension of danger, and I was directed to speak to him. After some persuasion, I took him by the hand, and led him down amid much tribulation, and an arm was presented to him, such, that it was no wonder a child of a sensitive turn of mind should shrink from approaching it. The woman took his hand, and passed it over the affected parts with such movements as were usual in these circumstances, but her attempts were frequently interrupted by his pulling away his hand every moment, from his constant horror of the unhappy object. Indeed, he went through the whole ceremony very unwillingly, and with much suppressed grief. The poor woman seemed to go away dissatisfied, and certainly if the grace of cheerfulness in the giver was necessary to sanctify the gift, or render the issue prosperous, this case must have been wholly unsuccessful. I have thought it not out of place to mention the particulars connected with it, as it presented some signs

of that retiring and diffident manner before strangers, which so strongly marked his character in after life.

I must now mention an occurrence which took place a year or two after this period, and which, though he was not the principal actor in it, it is necessary to describe, partly because it gave me one of the earliest occasions of observing and feeling the strength of his affection, and partly because it was on the point of involving his destruction.

One Sunday, Gerald and I, with two younger sisters, being left at home while the rest of the family were at their devotions at the chapel, were amusing ourselves together in the parlour. While playing about the room, I don't know which of us first perceived a case of pistols that my father had very imprudently laid on the chimney-piece before his departure. Such things are always an object of curiosity to children, and we eagerly seized on them. We must have been still very young at the time, for I remember we could only see them as we stood at the farther end of the room, and we were obliged to place a chair near the chimney-piece to take them down. I was old enough, however, to know, that the length of the ramrod was a measure of the barrel of the pistol when empty, and as the question at once arose whether they were loaded or not, I looked for this instrument to try, but they were screw-barrelled pistols and therefore had no ram-rod. I then threw back the pan—there was no priming—so, with that common feeling which leads people to lean to what they most wish where the circumstances are doubtful, we took it for granted, in the absence of any positive proof to the contrary, that they were not loaded. It was immediately agreed that Gerald and I should fight a duel. The little girls were too young to take much interest in such things, and the amusement was therefore entirely our own. I cocked both pistols—Gerald had not sufficient strength to cock his—and we took our stand at opposite

corners of the room, took aim at each other, and snapped at a given signal, but no effect took place beyond a few sparks. This was repeated several times with the same result. At length we grew tired of it, and I began to cock and snap my own pistol without any other object than to watch the gay shower of sparks that sometimes arose from the pan. Gerald came over to look at me. It is an old and oft-repeated remark, "The mystery of the ways of providence." I have often thought since, how inscrutable is its course—what excessive dangers it sometimes permits, and what trifling circumstances the preservation of a life of some importance seems occasionally to depend upon. I had the stock of the pistol to my breast, holding the barrel in my left hand, and he stood opposite me in such a position that if it went off then, the ball could take no other direction than through the centre of his heart. From what took place immediately afterwards, I have so often thought of this fearful moment, that every circumstance connected with it has entered my mind with a force that time can never weaken. I see it all as if it occurred an hour ago. I could point out the very board of the floor he stood upon. I could almost tell the direction of every spark in the magnificent shower that flew upwards as I drew the trigger—but Heaven, in whose hands is the guidance of every one of those illuminated atoms, was then watching over him and decreed it otherwise. The constellation of fiery points that arose at that moment was so much more brilliant than usual that we both shouted with delight, and I ran with ecstasy to repeat the experiment for one of my little sisters who was seated upon the end of a table near the window, with her feet upon a chair, laughing and enjoying herself. "Oh, Anna, said I, look at this!" I pulled the trigger, and was immediately stunned by a loud and ringing report. We were both enveloped in smoke, and the pistol fell from my hand. The ball passed through both her

thighs—she uttered a piercing cry, sprung from the chair, ran across the room, and fell bleeding at the door. There was a military hospital opposite us, and one of the surgeons being there at the moment, the sentinel directed his attention to our house, saying he feared some accident had occurred, as he had just heard the report of fire-arms and saw smoke in the parlour. The surgeon ran over, caught up the child in his arms, dressed her wounds, and had her placed quietly in bed by the time my father and mother returned. She was quite well in a month.*

Meantime, I was beyond conception miserable. Not that I felt very acutely the consequences of my thoughtlessness, for though I had frequent tremblings as to the fate of my little sister, about whom there was for a time much anxiety, I had in general too little quickness to be impressed by such things as I ought. Neither was it the fear of being handed over to the public executioner for the act, though I was repeatedly assured by the servants, that this ceremony would certainly take place, as soon as my sister's wounds were healed, and the family had time to attend to it; nor was it a dread of my parents' anger, for my father, I believe, blamed his own imprudence principally for what had occurred, and my mother was too much stunned by the shock, and too much occupied with the object of her grief and solicitude to think of me. But there was a host of visitors every day at the house, relatives and others, who came to enquire and sympathise, none of whom ever thought of leaving it without paying me the compliment of a visit, however obscure the corner I fled to, and letting me know, in person, their opinion of me, together with the methods they would take to illustrate it, if the matter was left in their hands. It is needless to describe these occurrences minutely. The expressions used, though

* This young lady afterwards entered the religious order of the Sisters of Charity, and is at present living in that community.

they indicated no more than a strong feeling of horror at the deed, yet, as they took no note of the slight degree of criminality, by which it might possibly be accompanied, were sufficient to make me wretched. It was the constant and miserable sense of being in disgrace with every body,—of meeting almost every one with an altered countenance, a state of things less intolerable to grown persons than to children, who usually depend so much for their comfort on those around them, —this it was that affected me. I spent my time every day either in tears, or in a wearied and tearless stupor from morning till night. In these circumstances,—and I only go into the detail of them for the sake of noticing it,—there was one faithful friend, who never deserted me for a moment, night or day. Has not the reader observed that kind of affection—pure and beautiful in its manifestation, as it is deep and fervent in its character—which shows itself not by words, or sounds, or the contemptible alphabet of professions,—which is best observed in early childhood, when all the good feelings of our nature are springing forth with the enchanting tenderness of life's first season, before vanity has yet arisen to spoil them, or the selfishness of the world has come to cool them,—that fine attachment which is seen only in the silent testimonies of motion, those mute signals of a deep sympathy, innate and perfect? Such was the affection I experienced in this mournful time, and that one friend was my young brother Gerald. I do not think, during the whole continuance of these vexations, he ever left my side for an hour. He scarcely ever opened his lips to me, but from the moment the accident first occurred, he seemed to feel it as I did, gave up all his little amusements, observed my looks, watched all my motions, brought me what I wanted before it was asked for, and followed me wherever I went. If I sat upon a stool, he placed himself upon the end of it; if I sat upon a chair, he occupied the corner of it;

and if I went to my room and flung myself on the bed, he lingered somewhere about the bedstead, or sat at its foot. It was more like the silent ministering of some benevolent guardian spirit, than of any earthly being, even of a brother.

Such are the principal events, few, but significant, which I can call to mind, regarding the period of his infancy and early childhood. During the latter part of our residence in Limerick, my father had taken a place in the country, and was occupied in building a house upon it according to a design of his own, the principal character of which was internal comfort. To this we removed about the year 1810, which leads me to a new portion of the subject.

CHAPTER II.

1810—1819.

FAIRY LAWN AND MODE OF LIFE THERE—GERALD'S FIRST SIGNS OF A LOVE FOR LITERATURE—ANECDOTES OF HIS BOYHOOD.

Our new residence, to which the name of Fairy Lawn was given, was situated on the Shannon, about eight-and-twenty miles from Limerick, and having left the city finally, we entered on our life there with all the freshness of a new beginning, and cheered by the novelty and the natural charms of a country home. The river, which grows wider by degrees in its onward course, expands a little above this spot into a vast sheet of water, separating the shores of Limerick and Clare by a distance of three miles, and giving the last named county, when viewed from the Limerick side, the appearance of a thin line of land stretching away to the

westward, where the shores seem to meet, and the river becomes again land-locked. Nothing can be more glorious than the magnificent floor of silver it presents to the eye on a fine evening in summer, when the sun is setting, and the winds are at rest. The prospect from any elevated ground in such circumstances is quite enchanting. Indeed, there is no river in these countries that at all approaches it in magnitude. Viewed from the heights of Knock-Patrick on a clear day, when the tide is full, and from whence one can see the broad Fergus, one of its tributaries, dotted with islands, and the Shannon itself as far as the distant island of Scattery, with its round tower and ruined churches—that bright spot, where the stern saint sung his inhospitable melody—

> "Oh! haste and leave this sacred isle,"
> "Unholy barque," &c.;

and where its waters mingle with the Atlantic, it is precisely what the poet Spencer has described it—

> "The spacious Shenan, spreading like a sea."

To the minds of those who have spent years on its margin, and enjoyed its ever-changing beauties, this oft-quoted eulogy is ever present. Yet these beauties are considerably diminished by the absence of lofty mountain scenery along its shores, and by its vastness, which makes any such features as do exist, as well as the woods and plantations with which it is too scantily furnished, shrink into nothing.

It was on a lovely evening, just such as I have alluded to, that Gerald and I first arrived there. My father and mother, who had gone there some time before, were walking about the grounds at the moment, and we ran up to them with the utmost delight. The latter, after welcoming us affectionately, immediately cast her eyes on our dress, some derangement in which was sure to be-

tray us, whenever we indulged in any riotous or forbidden pastimes. About this she was always very particular, and the observation appearing to be satisfactory, she dismissed us, saying we might run about and amuse ourselves. Nothing could exceed our transport on beholding the grounds, the house, the garden, the river, the boats, with their sails of glossy black, passing up and down; and the enchanting views of the western sky. In the fever of our ecstacy, we ran to my mother, repeatedly and urgently requesting to know, "how long we were to live there?" She said, "I don't know —I hope a very long time." "Were we to live ten years there?" "Oh, go now—don't ask foolish questions." We skipped off and raced about, until we became heated with exercise in our eagerness to see and examine everything. We then went into the house. Our two little sisters, nicely dressed—the eldest some time recovered from her wounds—stood, one at each side of the fire, leaning against the chimney-piece. They looked beautiful, and the very picture of happiness, but were so bashful and timid from not having seen us for some time, that we could scarcely get a word from them, and it was half an hour or so before the ice was broke, and they became perfectly playful. It may be easily judged with what fondness and warmth of feeling Gerald was accustomed to look back to these scenes of his boyhood, from the opening stanzas in "Shanid Castle," one of his late poems, and perhaps it was this very evening—though indeed there were many such—that was present to his mind, when writing the few sweet descriptive lines with which it commences:

I.

On Shannon side, the day is closing fair,
The Kern sits musing by his shieling low,
And marks beyond the lonely hills of Clare,
Blue rimm'd with gold, the clouds of sunset glow.

Hush in that sun the wide-spread waters flow,
Returning warm the day's departing smile,
Along the sunny highland pacing slow,
The Keyringht lingers with his herd the while,
And bells are tolling faint from far Saint Simon's isle!

II.

Oh, loved shore! with softest memories twined,
Sweet fall the summer on thy margin fair!
And peace come whispering like a morning wind,
Dear thoughts of love, to every bosom there!
The horrid wreck, and driving storm forbear
Thy smiling strand—nor oft the accents swell
Along thy hills, of grief or heart-wrung care,
But heav'n look down upon each lowly dell,
And bless thee for the joys I yet remember well!

As the period of our residence at Fairy Lawn was an important part of Gerald's life, being that in which children usually receive the most lasting impressions for good or for evil, it will be well to show how the early part of his education was conducted; and for this purpose, in giving some account of our mode of life there, it may perhaps be interesting to give also a slight sketch of those on whom the charge of it principally devolved.

The family at this time consisted of his father and mother, two elder sisters unmarried, two younger ones before spoken of, Gerald and myself. His eldest brother, while yet a mere boy, had obtained a commission in the army, and was gone to join his regiment. The next was sent to sea as a midshipman in the Venerable, a seventy-four gun ship, then cruising with the fleet in the channel; and two others had been put to business in Limerick.

His father was a man of active, business-like habits, but of such an easy, quiet temper, that few things could ever seriously disturb his equanimity. He seemed to possess, in a very high degree, that calmness of mind, and that cool, philosophic turn of thought, which are so much admired by Hamlet in his friend Horatio:

"————for thou hast been,
As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing;
A man that fortune's buffets and rewards
Hast taken with equal thanks;"

and was truly one of those persons—

"Whose blood and judgment are so well co-mingled,
That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger,
To sound what stop she please;"

and whom, therefore, the thought-worn and unhappy prince in the same passage pronounces as blest. Many a time have I seen him in those embarrassments, the distressing nature of which he was by no means insensible of, endeavour to quiet the apprehensions of my mother, who always felt them more acutely, by representing to her the inutility of grieving for evils that were inevitable. When reasoning failed, he sometimes tried to laugh her out of her despondency; and it was amusing to observe the slight toss of the head with which he gave up the contest, and the smile that played around his countenance, when he found both equally unavailing. He possessed a constant fund of humour, untinged by any shade of sarcasm, which, with his unchanging cheerful temper, always promoted cheerfulness in those around him, and made every one, even the youngest, quite happy in his society. He was fond of reading, and, though delighted with works of fiction, showed rather a leaning to those of a more solid character, though sometimes, when nothing better offered, he would take up with almost anything that came in his way, the most trifling works which Gerald or I brought from school, especially those from which he derived pleasure in his childhood, being sufficient to fill a vacant hour and satisfy his wants for the time. He was now and then, when at home, a little careless in his dress, for which he was sometimes taken to task by members of the family, though often without much amendment.

He was, however, rather more particular, though not always so, before strangers, and I remember an amusing incident in relation to it. Walking one day towards the garden, he thought he perceived the bonnets of several ladies appearing above the hedge. As it was somewhat deep in the afternoon, and he took it for granted these visitors would remain for the day, he turned back to the house, called for hot water, shaved and dressed, and having made himself all right, returned to reconnoitre. On drawing nearer to the scene, he discovered, with much mortification at the trouble he had been put to, that the appearance arose from a number of tall hollyhocks, which, as the season advanced, had grown above the hedge, and, by the brightness of their tints, gave the idea of the bonnets and gay ribands of a rich summer fashion. Every one was astonished to see the old gentleman come out so unusually gay at dinner, and his explanation of the cause produced much laughter and quizzing.

With these touches of the philosophic spirit, he was extremely fond of politics, and entered with the warmest patriotism into the successful demonstration made in 1782 in favour of free trade. It was always a subject of satisfaction to him to have been one of the Irish Volunteers, though he deeply regretted that they finally lost sight of their one great and true vocation, and in some sense betrayed their trust, by omitting to seize the immense occasion which Providence had placed within their reach for the deliverance of their country. His natural equanimity of character and habitual patience was sustained by a deep religious principle, which attended him under every trial, and remained, even to his latest hour, unchanging through severe and tedious illness; while his own disappointments in life, and the anxieties to which they gave rise, only made him more keenly alive to the distresses of others. Among other calls for his sympathy, he felt acutely the sufferings of

the peasantry in the disastrous period of 1798, and did everything in his power to mitigate them. During these unhappy times, his words of warning or advice, and his endeavours to avert punishment, prevented or softened many instances of individual hardship wherever he had influence. He was intensely interested in the struggle for emancipation, and in the great historical drama then in progress on the European stage, and afterwards brought to such a brilliant conclusion on the fields of Waterloo. He was a great admirer of some public characters, particularly of Sir Samuel Romilly, and I do not know that I ever saw him more violently or more deeply affected—at least by anything that did not concern his own immediate family—than on one occasion when I met him on the lawn, and handing him the newspaper, which I had just looked into at the village, gave him an account of the melancholy end of that lamented statesman.

Gerald's mother, who was sister to an eminent physician in Limerick, a man of considerable talent and ability, was a person of exceedingly fine taste on most subjects, particularly in literature, for which she had a strong and original turn, and which was indeed her passion. She possessed, in an exquisite degree, that sensibility of mind which I have above noticed, as in some circumstances so distressing to her ; and this sensibility, the restless and inexhaustible fountain of so much happiness and so much pain, she handed down to her son Gerald in all its entireness. She was intimately acquainted with the best models of English classical literature, took great delight in their study, and always endeavoured to cultivate a taste for them in her children. Besides that sound religious instruction which she made secondary to nothing, and which in her opinion was the foundation of everything good, it was her constant aim to infuse more strongly into their minds that nobility of sentiment, and princely and honourable feel-

ing in all transactions with others, which are its necessary fruits, and which the world itself, in its greatest faithlessness to religion, is compelled to worship. She would frequently through the day, or in the evening, ask us questions in history, and these were generally such as tended to strengthen our remembrance of the more important passages, or to point out in any historical character, those traits of moral beauty she admired. "Gerald," I have heard her ask, "what did Camillus say to the schoolmaster of Falerii?" Gerald instantly sat erect in his chair, his countenance glowing with the indignation such an act of baseness inspired, and repeated with energy—"Execrable villain," cried the noble Roman, "offer thy abominable proposals to creatures like thyself and not to me. What! though we be enemies of your city, are there not natural ties that bind all mankind which should never be broken?" Sentiments of the same exalted character were often renewed in her letters, but, whether spoken or written, they always assumed an attractive form, and seemed principally intended to lay the ground-work of those virtuous habits of feeling and of action, the formation of which it was her delight to secure. To this her exhortations were chiefly directed, and they were dwelt upon and repeated with an earnestness and force that could hardly fail to enter deeply into the minds of those to whom they were addressed. In one of these letters, written the first time Gerald was ever removed from her anxious and affectionate eye, and which I find preserved among his papers with an almost religious care, she says: "We were very apprehensive the morning you went away, lest the weather should turn out too rough for the small boat. I was not easy, indeed, until she returned. I hope, my dear Gerald, you will attend to all the advice I gave you on leaving this. Our parting was a painful moment to me, and the greatest comfort I can have, will be to hear that you are a good boy, and

attentive to your duties." And in another of a later date: "And now, my dear Gerald, this subject gone by, I hope you have quite recovered your strength and spirits after your late attack. I feel grateful to our good friends for their kind attention to you, and hope you will always continue to deserve it. I shall be glad to hear that you have been at communion, as the best thanksgiving you can offer for the blessing of health, and it will always be my pride and sweetest pleasure, and my best comfort in your absence, to hear that you are a good boy." Will the reader forgive another short extract in this place, from the letters of one, of whom but too little will be ever known, and who, even from these faint outlines, must ever be considered by persons of all shades of opinion, an admirable character —one indeed, in regard to which it may be said, that the most fervent praise of her children can never be called enthusiasm? The letter is from America, where she spent the latter part of her life. She still addresses Gerald, and speaking of him and me, with the touching earnestness of one who felt that she had made her final parting, says: "I hope, dear Gerald, you will continue to love one another, and that you will always strengthen each other in virtuous sentiments; and let me impress on both your minds that nothing will procure you such solid peace in the evening of life, as the consciousness of having lived virtuously, and having served in spirit and in truth the great Creator of all." How deeply these early lessons had sunk into his mind, may be easily seen from the religious tone, and the fine spirit of morality that breathes through all his works. Whether that hope, which so constantly casts its light before the reality that is too often doomed to disappoint it, and which naturally burns with unusual brightness in the bosom of a mother, ever led her fully to anticipate the triumphs he afterwards achieved, it is difficult to say. In all probability not; but it cannot be doubted, that in

these early examinations her acute mind was able to perceive the seeds of much genius, for I remember distinctly, that, during the course of them, his recollection of events and their circumstances was exceedingly strong, and though he was much younger, was beyond all comparison superior to mine. She had the happiness of living to witness and enjoy the rich harvest that sprung from germs thus implanted and nourished by her own hand; and it is a source of keen satisfaction to those who have survived her, and remember a thousand things deserving of praise—too long, however, to detain the reader with—that an occasion has risen for recording a few of those virtues, which were daily exercised without a thought or a wish that they should ever come before the world, and without an end or a hope, beyond what heaven itself would ardently sanction. She died, as I have stated, in America, whither she and my father with some other members of the family had emigrated some years before, and was buried "on Susquehanna's side," after a few days' illness, caught during an attendance on my eldest brother, who had left the army, and was then living with them. A piece of glass was inserted into the lid of her coffin, to enable her friends to look on her countenance to the latest moment, and that calm, pale face, too soon to be for ever hidden, was gazed on with veneration by her weeping children, during the few short hours that elapsed before her remains were conveyed to their final resting-place.

Soon after our arrival at Fairy Lawn, a tutor was engaged to attend us for some hours every day. He was a man of great integrity, of very industrious habits, an excellent English scholar, a good grammarian, and wrote a beautiful hand. He was very fond of quoting Shakspeare, Goldsmith, and Pope, and the first lines of our copies almost always consisted of some striking sentiment from one of these authors. Goldsmith, however, seemed his great favourite, and he frequently repeated

long extracts from the "Deserted Village," and other poems, which, if it were not for their extraordinary sweetness and truth, would have become very unpopular with us, from the flippancy and settled accent with which, from long familiarity, the finest thoughts in them were expressed. Even with all their beauties, this constant iteration was subjecting them to a very severe test. Besides the loss of that novelty and freshness which drives the world eternally to seek for something new, and to prize originality in every production, the most beautiful pictures in them were associated with tones and inflexions of voice not always agreeable, and but little calculated to convey the depth and tenderness of the author's meaning; yet I well remember that even at this early time, and under all these disadvantages, they laid a strong hold on Gerald's imagination. This was the case particularly with many exquisite passages in the "Traveller," and those charming scenes and touching delineations of character in the "Deserted Village," which, when once read, whether in childhood, youth, or age, can never be forgotten. He repeated them frequently to me, and made remarks on them which I now forget, but his favourite parts seemed to be the description of the clergyman and the village schoolmaster, together with that enchanting apostrophe to poetry at the close of the latter poem. On going over his papers lately, I have found among them a manuscript copy of this beautiful poem, which seems by the date to have been given him when he was about ten years of age, and is in the hand-writing of that fond parent who cherished his rising love of literature, with a mother's warmest aspirations. It begins without any title, but at the foot of the last page is written, in the same hand, the words: "Deserted Village, an invaluable treasure." I mention these matters just to enable the reader to judge how far they may have influenced his subsequent tastes; and I cannot help thinking that

such sweet scenes being presented to his mind at this early and susceptible age, may have produced a lasting impression, and may have had something to do in forming that delicacy of thought, and that passion for truth and nature, by which his writings were afterwards distinguished, and which were such strong characteristics of that poet, to whom he seems in many respects, in the tone and colouring of his ideas, to have borne a marked resemblance.

As our tutor had a school in the neighbouring village of Loughill, he could only devote the first part of the day to us, and he was so active and punctual in his attendance, that we were usually dressed and seated on the side of the bed for some time before we had sufficient light to go to our lessons. He generally knocked at our window at the first glimmering of dawn, and repeated the word "up," slowly at first, but then several times in succession, with a rapid articulation and gradually rising voice, until at length it sounded on our startled ears like a discharge of artillery, and put the possibility of sleep quite out of the question. We remained with him until breakfast hour, when he went away to his school, but usually returned in the evening to give us lessons in writing and arithmetic. Our elder sisters, whose education was completed, took the instruction of the little girls almost entirely into their own hands, and during the course of the day made us join them in their French lessons. While these lasted it was the rule to speak nothing but French, and any one who then inadvertently let slip a word of English, had a card instantly hung by a riband round his neck, which was looked on as a mark of disgrace, and obliged to be worn until some other person transgressed in a similar manner, when it was joyfully transferred. As these lessons were over early, there was a considerable space left for recreation, between them and dinner. In the evening, Gerald and I, or one of my sisters, read a chapter or two

in the Bible, after which my father and mother played a few games of chess—rarely, however, more than one. Those who have witnessed their contests at this beautiful game, will not forget the pleasant, good-natured raillery on past triumphs over each other by which they were accompanied, nor the little poetical scraps which the latter brought to her aid on any emergency, and by one of which she was accustomed sometimes, after a pause of deep consideration, to intimate the difficulty of her position—

> "I do not like thee, Doctor Fell—
> The reason why, I cannot tell;
> But this I'm sure I know full well,
> I do not like thee, Doctor Fell!"

Not unfrequently they and my elder sisters, or some occasional visitors, formed a party for whist, or sometimes there was a round game of cards, in which, when our evening tasks were completed, we were occasionally permitted to join. These recreations were soon over, and the family retired to rest early.

The circumstances in which Gerald was placed, therefore, though they did not afford opportunities for extensive or varied information, were not, on the whole, unfavourable to the cultivation of literature, and his early love for it was remarkable. It evinced itself at this time by his generally sitting to his breakfast or tea with a book before him, which he was reading, two or three under his arm, and a few more on the chair behind him! This was often a source of amusement to the rest of the family. He had a secret drawer in which he kept his papers, and it was whispered that he wrote scraps and put them there; but he was such a little fellow then, that it was thought to be in imitation of one his elder brothers, who had a strong taste for poetry, and as it did not, on this account, excite the least curiosity, no one ever tried to see, or asked him a question about

them. His mother met him one night going to his room with several large octavo volumes of "Goldsmith's Animated Nature" under his arm. "My dear child," said she, with astonishment, "do you mean to read all those great books before morning?" He seemed a little puzzled, but looking wistfully at the books, and not knowing which to part with, said he wanted them all, upon which he was allowed to take them. One evening, while one of our young people was reading aloud something about the trade-winds, one of his elder brothers, to whose tastes I have before alluded, and who from his childhood had shown the greatest activity of mind, imagined he could illustrate the subject with a spinning-wheel that was in the kitchen, and went out to try. While the servants observed him with astonishment, and some concern for his senses, Gerald instantly guessed what he was about. On returning to the parlour, his mother asked, "Gerald, where is William?" "He is *spinning monsoons*, mamma," said Gerald, with an air of great gravity. He made a blank book, and many of his hours of recreation were occupied in copying pieces of poetry into it. As our library was not large, the poetry it contained was very select in its character, so that anything he could lay hands on in general, quite satisfied him; but for the most part the pieces he copied consisted of Moore's Melodies, or extracts from his longer poems, which were written out with a care and completeness that showed his high admiration of them, the air being marked at the head of each of the melodies, and even the notes to them being included.

A few more anecdotes of his childhood may not be unacceptable, though I have some fear of dwelling too long upon them. One day an uncle of ours came to the house, brought a large dog with him, and stayed to dinner. Gerald dined at the side table, and the dog stood behind his chair, seeming to watch where his best chance lay. He was one of the most beautiful speci-

mens of the greyhound tribe, being of a mouse colour, with the lofty stature, slender head and limbs, flowing outline, and piercing vision, that give to that species its full perfection. On this occasion he took a dishonourable advantage of these personal qualities, for when Gerald lifted his arm a little from his side, he popped his head through the opening, and the plate was cleared. A second supply met with the same fate, and this was repeated two or three times in succession, the dog coming in unobserved every time the parlour door was opened. At length the quantity the little fellow was consuming seemed to attract his mother's attention. Having supplied him once more, she cast her eye a few minutes afterwards towards the side table, and the state of affairs there set the whole table in a roar. Gerald had this time watched his interests much more closely, and when his aggressor thrust his head again through the narrow defile, he closed his arm upon it and kept it fast locked. When she looked over she saw him very contentedly prosecuting his dinner, with the huge animal's head under his arm, his left hand being, however, a little limited in its motions by the necessity of keeping his prisoner close. The dog did not struggle, nor attempt to get away, the agreeable prospect before him probably compensating for his temporary loss of liberty; but he seemed to follow with his eyes the point of the fork, in the very important semicircles it was describing between his keeper's plate and his lips.

At this time he was very fond of birds, and made repeated attempts to rear them, but most unfortunate were those that came under his guardianship. They seemed ever fated to disappoint the care he bestowed on them. He once asked one of his elder sisters to feed one while he was away somewhere, which she never thought of doing until she saw him on his return within a few steps of the door. Her forgetfulness provoked a general laugh, and she had not time to compose her countenance

again properly, when Gerald found her trying to revive the drooping little victim, but too late. He said afterwards, complaining gently of it to one of the family, "Ellen speaks to me sometimes about cruelty to animals, *but I actually saw her laughing and my bird gasping.*" "I observed," says one of his sisters, "the cat flit by him once or twice with an appearance of fear, and said, 'How have you managed, Gerald, to make the cat so much afraid of you?' 'Oh, not of me particularly, perhaps,' said he, 'but she generally feels a little timid after having killed a bird.'" He usually reared his birds in the nests in which they were found. These were placed in a bandbox for security. He laid the cover on it after having fed them at night, and put it on the top of a high roofed bed in which he slept. On taking it down one morning, he thought it felt unusually heavy, and lifting the cover, which was loose, he found the cat there, taking a comfortable nap, after having disposed of the whole of his young family. The feeling with which he would regard an enormity of this nature may be guessed, and in such circumstances it would not be wonderful if the animal knew some good reasons for flitting by him in the manner represented.

His principal amusements at this period were fishing and shooting. In the latter art his ambition was not very high, being confined for the most part to sparrows, larks, yellow-hammers, and the smaller tribe. He used a rusty old gun of my father's, about the performance of which, in other hands, there were many traditions, but which in his did little credit either to his skill as a sportsman, or to its own ancient fame. He sometimes manufactured his own powder from a recipe found in some old book about the house, a bold idea to which he was tempted by the distance to Limerick, and the uncertainty of messengers. It was, however, very slow to ignite, and though wonderful as the production of a boy nine or ten years old, was, as may be conjectured, but

indifferent stuff compared to what he might have purchased for a small sum in town. He eventually gave up these attempts entirely, his resolution to do so being hastened by the explosion of a large platefull of it which he was drying near the fire, and on which he incautiously let a spark fall. By a singular coincidence, the very sister who was before so dangerously wounded, was sitting before the plate when the explosion took place, but did not suffer any injury this time, though the flame of the powder seemed to fly in her face. In these sporting excursions a cousin of his, to whom he was much attached, and who was a great quiz, used to tell a story of him, which, without pronouncing upon its accuracy, I will just mention, since, though very repugnant to his well-known sensibility, it may, amid the changing and unsettled feelings of boyhood, be considered somewhat characteristic. He said that Gerald one day, when out shooting, had just presented his gun at a little bird perched on the top branch of a tree, and was about to fire, when suddenly the bird began to sing. Gerald's ear was caught; he took down the piece, fell into a listening attitude, and seemed to drink in the melody of the little songster with the greatest delight. When it was entirely over, however, the temptation to a sitting shot becoming irresistible, he resumed his first intention, and "the minstrel fell." This horrible profanation of the tenderness usually allied to the poetical, Gerald strongly abjured all remembrance of, while his friend has strongly persisted in its truth.

With such rude appliances as I have mentioned, his home-made powder and shot, and his flints sometimes formed of pieces of white silex found on the shore of the river, it will readily be believed that his essays as a sportsman consisted rather in a succession of rude alarms, than any very extensive destruction among the feathered inhabitants of our neighbourhood. Such as they were, however, they afforded him much amusement, and

formed a bright contrast with the ill-requited pursuits of his later years. There are few persons, however calmly they may have passed through the after part of life, that do not feel the force of this contrast, and look back with a fondess unexampled to the sunny days of their childhood: and how firmly do its pictures remain fixed in the memory! I can call up those happy visions still, with the distinctness of yesterday; his slender figure, light and active step, and the calm yet thoughtful light that beamed in his eyes. When I have shown all that has passed since; his desperate yet vain struggles for dramatic distinction, his shattered constitution, half gratified ambition, and early death, I cannot help thinking that the public will feel a strong sympathy for the wearied spirit that was obliged at last to place its hopes where they could not again be cheated: even now, while praises are poured forth that can never reach his ear, and the press teems with eulogies too late for his heart to prize, it is not without an intense degree of feeling that I turn to the time, when, with that heart buoyant and light, and with the current of life still fresh upon his cheek, he stooped and stole along the hedges in the afternoon, in the pursuit of some one of the little persecuted inhabitants of our plantation, who, with an attraction for him more keen than the "talisman's glittering glory," flitted from tree to tree.

In the year 1814, being then about eleven years of age, he was sent to Limerick and placed at the school of Mr. T. M. O'Brien, whom I have before mentioned as one of the first classical teachers in the city. Here he had the high advantage of having as an instructor one who was passionately devoted to the ancient poets, and showed a highly cultivated taste in their study. In addition to his natural bent, he therefore caught up much of this spirit, and from this, as well as a good natural capacity, made very rapid progress. He was exceedingly fond of Virgil, Ovid, and Horace, particu-

larly the first, which he read with such an absorbing interest that his lessons lost all the character of a school-boy's task. Lucian, also, he was greatly taken with, though he did not make much progress in it until afterwards. The strong interest he took in these authors, which was so much in accordance with Mr. O'Brien's own tastes, made him a prime favourite with him, and long after he had left the school he was asked for with an affectionate regard, and spoken of by his kind instructor, as one who would yet become distinguished A young man named Donovan, from the classical "Kingdom of Kerry," having opened a school in the village of Loughill, near Fairy Lawn, and being already engaged in teaching two of his brothers, it was determined to take him from Mr. O'Brien's and place him under his care. The tastes, however, which he had imbibed in Limerick never left him, and there was always a strong contrast between the elegant yet simple language which Mr. O'Brien had taught him to seek in his translations, and the rough, homely, and straightforward methods pursued at the village school, which last were sometimes made surpassingly ridiculous, by the literal rendering of expressions purely metaphorical. How much alive he was to the drollery of this contrast is shown by his sketch of a country school in the "Rivals," which, as far as regards the attempts at translation made by the scholars, is not in the slightest degree exaggerated. It must, however, be stated, that the amusing and characteristic commentary on the beauties of the poet in that sketch, is not a correct representation of what fell from the lips of our instructor there, who was a young man of very respectable acquirements, and would have been himself as much diverted by it as any other person could be. It is, nevertheless, not at all untrue. It is a perfectly correct type of a class of teachers that once existed in the south of Ireland, and perhaps may still be found there, whose progress in

the classics, particularly in the western part of the country, forms as remarkable a contrast to their primitive and unpolished manners, as it does to the poverty and almost raggedness of their dress. Even with the more respectable pretensions of our Kerry master, some droll incidents in connection with our studies occasionally took place, of which the following may be taken as a specimen. "Mr. Donovan," said one of the scholars, "how ought a person to pronounce the letter *i* in reading Latin?" "*If you intend to become a priest*, Dick," said the master in reply, "you may as well call it *ee*, for I observe the clergy pronounce it in that manner; but if not, you may call it *ee* or *i* just as you fancy." "Dick" has become a priest since, and a most excellent one, and I have no doubt pronounces the letter in the manner recommended in that contingency. Gerald was excessively amused with this answer, having never learned anything of this conditional pronunciation during the progress of his studies in Limerick.

I have mentioned fishing as one of his amusements, and it was a recreation of which he was exceedingly fond. The country to the southward and eastward of our house was cut by a deep ravine, at the bottom of which ran a river called the Ovaan, or white river, which, during the lapse of centuries, had cut its way down to the very basement, and there, flinging itself over shelving rocks of limestone in cataracts and rapids, sometimes forming dark and deep pools, at others, broad and glistening shallows, sometimes bound by a lofty cliff, sometimes by a pebbly shore or grassy slope, gave rise in its serpentine and winding course to every beauty of which that kind of scenery is susceptible. Part of it was very well wooded, and I do not know a ramble more delightful in its solitude than that which might be had by wandering through the ravine for some miles along its bed. In a wild and lonely glen, on a little green spot near its margin, and close by a huge

cliff, stood the parish chapel, a small cruciform thatched building, in which Mr. Donovan on week days was permitted to hold his school, and which, therefore, besides the beauty of its situation, had other winning associations for us. This, which was a favourite haunt of my brother's in his fishing days, has been long gone to decay. He alludes to it feelingly, and to other scenes associated with it, in the introductory stanzas to the earliest of the "Tales of the Munster Festivals," in which the reader will see the abiding affection with which his heart was drawn to the parents and friends from whom he was too early separated :

I.

Friends, far away—and late in life exiled,
Whene'er these scattered pages meet your gaze,
Think of the scenes where early fortune smiled,
The land that was your home in happier days.
The sloping lawn, in which the tired rays
Of evening stole o'er Shannon's sheeted flood,
The hills of Clare, that in its softening haze
Looked vapour-like and dim, the lonely wood,
The cliff-bound Inch, the chapel in the glen,
Where oft with bare and reverent locks we stood,
To hear th' Eternal truths ; the small, dark maze
Of the wild stream that clipp'd the blossom'd plain,
And toiling through the varied solitude,
Uprais'd its hundred silver tongues and babbled praise.

II.

That home is desolate !—our quiet hearth
Is ruinous and cold—and many a sight
And many a sound are met, of vulgar mirth,
Where once your gentle laughter cheer'd the night.
It is as with your country ; the calm light
Of social peace for her is quenched too,
Rude discord blots her scenes of old delight,
Her gentle virtues scared away, like you :
Remember her, when in this Tale ye meet
The story of a struggling right—of ties
Fast bound, and swiftly rent—of joy—of pain—
Legends which by the cottage-fire sound sweet,
Nor let the hand that wakes those memories
(In faint, but fond essay) be unremembered then

He took great delight in straying along the glen, by the bed of the river, usually taking a book with him, sticking the end of his fishing rod in the bank, and lying down on the grass to read while waiting for a bite. A good deal of time was spent in this recreation, but he was encouraged in the pursuit of it by the circumstance, that one of his sisters, the same whom he had so touchingly charged with the neglect of his bird, had for some time been in a declining state of health, and shown a capricious and delicate appetite, to which fish was a great treat. Though his apparatus for the exercise of this art was even still more rude than that used in shooting, and consisted generally of a crooked pin, with a worm on it, regular fishing-hooks being a luxury which, in practice, he knew nothing of, his success in it was infinitely greater, and he seldom returned at five o'clock—the hour at which he usually made his appearance—without a nice dish of trout, drawn from the shaded depths of this sweet stream. In these excursions he was generally attended by a poor little creature from the village, who seemed to have a wonderful desire for his society. He was a little simpleton named Kilmartin, who went about with a sort of one-sided jerking gait, like St. Vitus's dance, spoke with a very indistinct articulation, and stammered dreadfully, his attempts to make himself understood throwing his countenance into contortions, that only in a more horrible manner relieved its natural expression of imbecility. Wherever Gerald's line was thrown, little Kilmartin's was sure to be beside it, or sometimes flung across it, as if he was determined to share in all his fortunes whether good or evil; and it was amusing, and yet touching and pitiful, to observe the joyous light that struggled feebly in his eyes, and the distortions of face and indistinct chuckling that expressed his pleasure and his triumph whenever he drew a tront from the spot, where the line of his companion lay in dull and unpromising repose

Gerald always looked upon this poor creature with the strongest sympathy, and at length became so accustomed to his attendance, that he felt rather lonely whenever accident or illness prevented his appearance. He often asked him questions, with the view of ascertaining the degree of intelligence he possessed, and though the little fellow's answers could seldom be understood, he yet made such attempts at communication as few others could have drawn from him, and my brother often expressed his conviction, that his mental faculties were not as weak as they were thought to be.

This unhappy object some years afterwards was bitten by a mad dog, and died of hydrophobia, in frightful agony. It was after we had left that part of the country, but Gerald, I remember, was very much affected when he heard it. The memory of these sweet scenes of his boyhood always rested in his mind with an indwelling and powerful feeling that nothing could remove or weaken. He recurs to them again and again, in various passages of his poetry, and a few of the descriptive scenes in his novels are taken from them. One of his sisters, writing from America some years ago, requested him to send her some words to the air of "Roy's wife,"* as she was dissatisfied with those they were accustomed to sing to it. In complying with her desire, he recalls the same subject again, and takes occasion once more to indulge his long cherished recollections in the following beautiful lines:

I.

Know ye not that lovely river?
Know ye not that smiling river?
Whose gentle flood,
By cliff and wood,
With wildering sound goes winding ever

* This air is equally well known in the south of Ireland by the name of "Garnevilla," from some words which were adapted to it by the late Edmund Lysaght, of Clare, which were at one time extremely popular

Oh! often yet with feeling strong,
On that dear stream my memory ponders,
And still I prize its murmuring song,
For by my childhood's home it wanders.
Know ye not, &c.

II.

There's music in each wind that blows
Within our native valley breathing;
There's beauty in each flower that grows
Around our native woodland wreathing.
The memory of the brightest joys
In childhood's happy morn that found us,
Is dearer than the richest toys,
The present vainly sheds around us.
Know ye not, &c.

III.

Oh, sister! when 'mid doubts and fears,
That haunt life's onward journey ever,
I turn to those departed years,
And that beloved and lovely river;
With sinking mind and bosom riven,
And heart with lonely anguish aching,
It needs my long-taught hope in Heaven,
To keep that weary heart from breaking!
Know ye not, &c.

The exquisite tenderness and depth of the feeling conveyed in these lines rendered them, like those touching ones addressed by the late Rev. C. Woulfe to "Mary," but badly adapted to be sung to any air, however beautiful. It is evident they were written after that change had come over his mind, to which I have already slightly alluded, and which took away entirely his early and strong thirst for literary fame. However people in general may regret such an alteration, there are few persons who have arrived at that period of life when reflection begins to prevail, and enables them to perceive clearly the fleeting destiny of every temporal interest, who have not themselves at one time or another been under the visitation of those "doubts and fears" they so beautifully express, and who will fail therefore to

sympathise with that serious cast of thought, which was so prevalent in his later writings, though it lessened their interest, by depriving them of that character of passion which is so prized by the multitude.

I cannot perhaps conclude this chapter better than by the insertion of a few other verses of his—to be found I believe in the story of "Suil Dhuv"—in which the same tender glance towards childhood—the same "longing, lingering look behind"—is given with great sweetness and simplicity :

I.

Old times ! old times ! the gay old times !
When I was young and free,
And heard the merry Easter chimes
Under the sally tree ;
My Sunday palm beside me placed,
My cross upon my hand,
A heart at rest within my breast,
And sunshine on the land !
Old times ! old times !

II.

It is not that my fortunes flee,
Nor that my cheek is pale,
I mourn whene'er I think of thee,
My darling native vale !
A wiser head I have, I know,
Than when I loitered there ;
But in my wisdom there is woe,
And in my knowledge, care.
Old times ! old times !

III.

I've lived to know my share of joy,
To feel my share of pain,
To learn that friendship's self can cloy,
To love, and love in vain ;
To feel a pang and wear a smile,
To tire of other climes,
To like my own unhappy isle,
And sing the gay old times !
Old times ! old times !

IV.

And sure the land is nothing changed,
The birds are singing still;
The flowers are springing where we ranged,
There's sunshine on the hill;
The sally waving o'er my head,
Still sweetly shades my frame,
But ah, those happy days are fled,
And I am not the same!
Old times! old times!

V.

Oh, come again, ye merry times!
Sweet, sunny, fresh, and calm;
And let me hear those Easter chimes,
And wear my Sunday palm.
If I could cry away mine eyes,
My tears would flow in vain;
If I could waste my heart in sighs,
They'll never come again!
Old times! old times!

CHAPTER III.

1810—1823.

DEPARTURE FROM FAIRY LAWN AND EMIGRATION TO AMERICA—IDEA OF BRINGING GERALD UP TO THE MEDICAL PROFESSION—ADARE—HIS FIRST REGULAR CONNECTION WITH LITERATURE—LETTERS TO HIS MOTHER—HIS WRITING AND ACTING TRAGEDIES—REMOVAL TO PALLAS KENRY, AND HIS FIRST JOURNEY TO LONDON.

In the year 1817, my eldest brother having spent several years in the army, came to reside with us at Fairy Lawn. He had been stationed several years in Canada, and being greatly delighted with the country, and the advantages it afforded to settlers, and perceiving the difficulties the family had to contend with at

home, urged them to emigrate. This proposal they were not at first disposed to listen to, but after some time, finding their circumstances still not in an easy condition, and his praises and solicitations continuing, it began at length to be seriously thought of, and was finally determined on and put into execution in the year 1820. My father, however, being now rather advanced in life, and neither he nor my mother enjoying very vigorous health, the severity of the Canada winters was feared for them, and after a good deal of consideration, it was arranged that they should settle farther south They therefore took shipping for the States, and chose for their future abode a sweet spot in Pennsylvania, in the county of Susquehanna, about a hundred and forty miles from New York, to which, influenced by old and happy associations, they gave the name of Fairy Lawn I have already quoted some lines that show the keenness with which Gerald felt this separation. It was the first misfortune that touched his young and sensitive spirit, and he felt it with all the heaviness of a deep affliction. Some of the family, however, were to remain in Ireland. His sister, already once or twice alluded to, was considered incapable of undertaking a long sea voyage, and was left under the care of Dr. Griffin, who, having completed his medical education, had for some time resided with the family, and on their abandonment of Fairy Lawn, took up his residence in the village of Adare, about ten miles from Limerick. A younger sister, whose affectionate attention could never be too highly thought of, remained with her as a companion. These, together with Gerald and myself, completed the party. At this time there was some idea of bringing him up to the medical profession, and he had even made some slight progress in his studies under his brother's instruction, until that passion arose which soon swallowed up all other desires. He once told me how much puzzled he was in one of his earliest essays in the art about

this period. Dr. Griffin being from home, he was sent for to see a man who had hurt his knee severely. One of these empirics, known in the country by the name of "bone-setters," had arrived before him. These persons assume an air of learning in their intercourse with the poor, and pick up technical terms, which they use with as much ease and confidence as if they were familiar with the deepest mysteries of the science. Gerald examined the injured limb with the timidity and diffidence which were natural to him, and which were heightened at this moment by his being placed under the severely critical eye of the bone-setter, who looked on in silence, and when his examination was entirely over, asked with an air of great gravity before all the people—"Pray, sir, do you think the *patella* is fractured?" "I was puzzled," said Gerald, "to think what answer I should give him, *for I did not so much as know what the patella was.* I kept looking at the limb, all the while engaged in trying to keep my countenance. At length I said as gravely as I could, and with perfect truth, 'I do not *know* that it is,' with which he seemed satisfied, so I recommended some soothing applications, and got out of the house as quickly as I could, to avoid any more of his learned questions."

The circumstances he was now placed in, if not favourable to the cultivation of his taste for literature, were at least very much so to its development. The village of Adare was situated on a winding river called the Mague, which, though passing through an almost level country, had many beauties. The seat of the Earl of Dunraven adjoined the town, and contained some enchanting scenery. Its gentle undulating grounds, rich and extensive pastures, and the various aspects of the sweet river that ran through it; its ancient and lofty elms; its enormous oaks, flinging wide their knotted arms, which shaded the turf beneath them to an immense extent; the charming solitude of its distant plan-

tations ; but, above all, its ruins, some of the finest in the south of Ireland, which gave to this feeling of solitude its grandest character, that of reverence and piety —all these were circumstances well calculated to affect such a disposition as Gerald's, and he felt their influence with the full force and fervour of a poet's heart and mind. Ecclesiastical and monastic ruins especially, had always a deep and touching interest for him. Here, within the demesne, is the abbey of the Franciscans, with its slender-shafted windows, shaded cloister, and lofty tower—a ruin that, for those to whom it brings no deeper feeling than a love of the picturesque, must, like Melrose, be seen by moonlight to have its mournful beauties properly appreciated ; the ancient abbey of the Trinitarians, in the village, an order instituted for the redemption of Christian captives, each of the members of which was bound by one of their vows, to offer himself in the place of any captive whose ransom he could not otherwise procure ; and the abbey of the Augustinians, also a beautiful one, the ruins of which are in a better state of preservation than those of the rest. The two last have been long used as the Protestant and Catholic parochial churches, and have lately been beautifully restored, the former by Caroline, Countess of Dunraven, the latter—which has been entirely remodelled and made a beautiful church of—by her ladyship's eldest son, the present Earl. Here also are the remains of the old castle of the Earl of Desmond, remarkable for having been the scene of many fierce contests, until it was dismantled, in 1657, by the orders of Cromwell. Gerald took the greatest delight in wandering with his sisters through these sweet scenes, stealing sometimes at dusk of evening through the dim cloisters of the abbey, and calling to mind the time when religion held her undisturbed abode there; when the bell tolled for morning prayer or the vesper hymn ; or the sounds of war or revelry were heard in startling contrast from the adja-

cent castle. All these ruins, particularly the religious ones, affected him with a warm and reverent enthusiasm, and his familiarity with them at this time produced an impression which, I have reason to think, was never entirely lost during the highest flights of his literary ambition, and which was awakened, and gathered new strength again at a later period, when he perceived the hollowness of such an aim. He looked back to them with the same affection that he felt towards the scenes of his childhood, and everything with which they were associated was dear to him. The following lines from a poem I have already spoken of, contain some allusion to these remains, which will be read with interest:

I.

A ruin now the castle shows,
The ivy clothes its mouldering towers,
The wild rose on the hearthstone blows,
And roofless stand its secret bowers;
Close by its long abandoned hall,
The narrow tide is idly straying;
While ruin saps its tottering wall,
Like those who held it, fast decaying.

II.

Peaceful it stands, the mighty pile,
By many a heart's blood once defended,
Yet silent now as cloister'd aisle,
Where rung the sounds of banquet splendid.
Age holds his undivided state,
Where youth and beauty once were cherished;
And leverets pass the wardless gate,
Where heroes once essayed and perished.

III.

Oh, sweet Adare! Oh, lovely vale!
Oh pleasant haunt of sylvan splendour,
Nor summer sun, nor morning gale,
E'er hailed a scene more softly tender.
How shall I tell the thousand charms,
Within thy verdant bosom dwelling!
Where, nursed in Nature's fostering arms,
Soft peace abides, and joy excelling.

IV.

Ye morning airs, how sweet at dawn
The slumbering boughs your songs awaken,
Or linger o'er the silent lawn,
With odour of the hare-bell taken.
Thou rising sun, how richly gleams
Thy smile from far Knock Fierna's mountain,
O'er waving woods and bounding streams,
And many a grove and glancing fountain.

V.

Ye clouds of noon, how freshly there,
When summer heats the open meadows,
O'er parched hill and valley fair
All coolly lie your veiling shadows.
Ye rolling shades and vapours gray,
Slow creeping o'er the golden heaven,
How soft ye seal the eye of day,
And wreath the dusky brow of even.

VI.

There oft at eve the peasants say
Around the ruined convent haunting,
When dimly fades the lingering day,
Till even the twilight gleam is wanting;
All sadly shrieks the suffering ghost,
Above those bones now mouldering slowly,
And mourns eternal quiet lost,
For fleeting joys and thoughts unholy.

VII.

There, glides the Magne as silver clear,
Among the elms so sweetly flowing,
There fragrant in the early year,
Wild roses on the banks are blowing.
There wild duck sport on rapid wing
Beneath the Alder's leafy awning,
And sweetly there the small birds sing,
When daylight on the hill is dawning.

VIII.

There mirror'd in the shallow tide,
Around his trunks so coolly laving,
High towers the grove in vernal pride,
His solemn boughs majestic waving.

And, there, beside the parting flood,
That murmured round a lowly island,
Within the sheltering woodland stood
The humble roof of poor Matt Hyland.

Beside the beauty of its scenery, Adare had other advantages. Being within ten miles of Limerick, he was enabled frequently to consult such works as his taste inclined him to, and had opportunities of meeting there occasionally, persons whose pursuits were similar to his own. It was in Limerick he first met his friend Mr. Banim, who afterwards, by many important services in London, proved the warmth and deep sincerity of his attachment. Mr. Banim was then in the commencement of his literary labours, and was, I believe, scarcely yet known to the world. There was a Thespian Society established at the time in Limerick, which consisted of several respectable young men of the city, assisted by two or three professional persons. They used to perform two or three times a week, and the receipts were applied to charitable purposes. During his occasional visits to the city, Mr. Banim was accustomed to write critiques on their performances, under the signature of "A Traveller," which displayed considerable knowledge of the stage, and from the superiority of their style attracted very general attention. It was during the progress of these that he became acquainted with Gerald, who had the highest admiration of his talent, and who, young as he was, was excited by his literary tastes to similar attempts. These, however, were carried on with perfect secrecy. A young acquaintance of his, whose tastes were also of the same character, afterwards told me an anecdote of him, which occurred about this period. This gentleman had, under an assumed name, written a letter to one of the Limerick papers, upon some subject of a literary character, the nature of which I quite forget. In the next post a letter appeared, with an anonymous signature, containing some severe strictures

upon it; he brought both to Gerald to consult him as to his reply; they put their heads together, and an answer was agreed upon, to which another letter appeared from the unknown enemy, so completely crushing as to induce the gentleman to "hide his diminished head." "What was my astonishment," said he to me, in telling the story, "to find, when the whole thing was at an end, that both these epistles were written by no other person than my friend Gerald himself, and only just think of the coolness with which he preserved his incognito in such circumstances!"

Up to this time, the passion for literature which had been gradually growing upon him, had only shown itself by the intense interest he took in the poets, especially in dramatic poetry, and in the production of occasional short pieces, such as I have noticed, together with others which were principally of a pastoral character, but now it developed itself so strongly, that all idea of the medical profession was entirely given up; he became very fond of theatricals, and soon began to occupy himself in writing tragedies. I am uncertain whether he completed any regular piece at this period, at least if he did, none of them came under the observation of the elders of the family. He used, however, with the assistance of some of his cousins, to enact scenes from those he wrote; and on one occasion, when it was necessary to poison one of the characters, he made a niece of his, who played the heroine, drink off a glass of infusion of quassia, in order, probably, to deprive her of all pretext for hypocrisy in the contortions of visage that were to usher in death. From his occasional visits to his native city, his talent for writing began to be known there, and his services were found useful in various offices connected with the public press. These engagements, though attended with very little remuneration, presented advantages that he was unwilling to forego. They enabled him, as he says, "to write with quickness,

and without much study ;" though the following extract from a letter to his mother, about this period, will show that they now and then involved compliances which were grating to his natural feeling and early instilled principles of truth :

"I was applied to a short time since by McDonnel, of the *Advertiser*, to manage his paper, and did so for about a month, but could not get him to come to any reasonable settlement. I saw, moreover, that it was a sinking concern. Though a fine, large, well printed journal, having a dashing appearance, it is only a painted sepulchre. Even if he had answered my expectations, I should still have considered the editing of such a paper a most disagreeable office ; for, although it professed a little liberality, it is in reality quite dependent upon the government. His manner of considering my ideas would have amused me much, if I was not so heartily sick of his trifling and timidity. When I wrote, he always threw the proclamations into one scale and the article *de quoi il s'agitait* into the other, and if all did not tally, the latter was sure to be exploded. His maxim was to 'please the Castle,' and I, insignificant as my opinions were, wished to tell a little truth, which could not by any means be always pleasing to the Castle. A few days since, after I had ceased going to McDonnel's, he called to me, and with a very long face told me that an article which I had inserted, had 'pulled the Castle about his ears,' and that he got, by that day's mail, a severe 'rap on the knuckles' for it. This 'rap on the knuckles' I afterward learned from himself was nothing less than a peremptory order to withdraw the proclamations, and I felt really uneasy at having been the means of such a ruinous injury to his establishment ; although if I had foreseen any such consequence, I should have been very sorry, through so vain a weakness as an eagerness to display elevated feelings, to do so against the interest of a poor man, who could only hope to maintain his place with them by doing as they wished. To make some amends, therefore, I filled two columns of an after publication with a truly editorial sketch of the life and character of our Lord Lieutenant, the Marquis Wellesley, most charitably blind to all his foibles, and sharp-sighted as an eagle in displaying his good qualities. It was my first step into that commodious versatility of principle which is so very useful to newspaper writers, but it will be my last also. Indeed, I could hardly call it a compromise, for he is in reality a worthy character. I have since found, with much gratification, that the displeasure of the Castle was owing to a very different cause.

Though I derived little pecuniary advantage from my connection with McDonnel, yet I was not sorry for the time I spent with him, as I could not say it was lost. By constantly attending the courts, I acquired a considerable facility in reporting, which is a very useful attainment in any situation almost, and the short time which I had spared to prepare an original article obliged me to write with quickness and without much study. During the few months I was idle, I applied myself more closely to French, and can now read any book I meet with in that language almost as easily as English. It was not bad at the end of three months to be able to write a pretty long French verse for the newspaper correctly and without assistance. You will say I am grown an egotist, but believe me I only mention it because I know it will be some gratification to you to see that I am not very idly disposed."

The letters to and from America, from one of which the above extract is taken, were very closely written on large sheets of paper, and frequently crossed, so that the correspondence, having lasted several years, is very voluminous. It contains many passages of much interest to the memoir, some of which I may occasionally be tempted to make use of. The following extract, which I find on the same sheet with the above, is from the sister whose feeble state of health obliged her to remain in Ireland, and the delicacy of whose appetite made the industry of his recreations more keen and gratifying in his fishing days. It is addressed to his mother, and shows, more than anything I have yet said, the nature of those hopes and wishes which the writer knew were uppermost in the mother's heart: "Gerald has a biscuit from your sea store, which he says he will produce at the first meal we eat together in Susquehanna. He seems in principle, conduct, and sentiments, more every thing you can wish than any lad of his age that I am acquainted with."

The following letter, of a subsequent date, contains some passages of interest, and gives an account of the success of his friend Banim in his first great literary effort:

To his Sister.

Limerick, May 7, 1822.

My dearest Mary Anne,—Notwithstanding the apology I made to you for not writing, to show you it was not indolence induced me to do so, I will now double my claim on you for an answer. The weather has been exceedingly oppressive here, early as the season is. The end of April was as hot as any summer day I can recollect. I perceive —— sent you some extracts from his tragedy. If I had known he was doing so I would have selected other passages than those he has done, for I do not think they are the very best in the piece. The poem on death I am sure you will like, though I am not fond of such subjects. Kirke White and Mrs. Tighe always put me in the horrors; yet I read this a second time with a great deal of interest. The destruction of the Indian in his canoe is I think drawn with much spirit, as also the shipwreck. I don't know whether you recollect some letters in the *Limerick Evening Post*, signed "A Traveller," which I remember you all admired at Fairy Lawn, containing critiques on the Thespian Society. The writer of them, a Mr. Banim, whom I had the pleasure of knowing very well during his occasional visits to this city, has since written a tragedy on the ancient story of Damon and Pythias, which met with the most brilliant success in Covent Garden. The critics say it is the best historical tragedy which the age has produced. He has also written a piece called "The Celt's Paradise," from which I have seen several beautiful extracts. I was sorry I could not procure more newspapers for you. I could not obtain possession of many London or Dublin ones. Perhaps, however, those which contain an account of the state of our county will be more interesting to you than others, and perhaps, also, you may find some amusement in them if it was only in laughing at my editorial blunders. At all events, whether you laugh at them, paper your hair with them, or make up your home-made sugar in them, I shall be content if you will believe that it was my affection, not my vanity, sent them. Dearest Mary Anne, your fondly attached,

Gerald Griffin.

The quantity of time left on his hands from the unsatisfactory nature of his engagements with the press, made him devote himself with more assiduity to literature, and I believe it was about this time the idea became strongly fixed in his mind of looking forward to it

as a profession. Adare was the scene of his earliest labours. The morning was usually occupied in writing. In the day time, as I have already said, he refreshed himself by a ramble with his sisters through the demesne —wandering by the river side, or visiting the old ruins and enjoying their ever welcome associations. The evening, after Dr. Griffin's return from his professional avocations, was spent in reading some of the most popular literary works of the time, or in conversation, or occasionally in trials of skill at our favourite game of chess. Such was the usual routine of our little family party. Dr. Griffin observed that for some time he had been writing more constantly than usual, but had no idea of what he was engaged in. At length, Gerald called him into his room one morning, and gave him a tragedy called "Aguire" to read, which was founded upon some old Spanish story. On reading it, Dr. Griffin was perfectly astonished at so extraordinary a production from a person then scarcely above the age of boyhood As the play has been since destroyed, we can only form an opinion of it from the impressions then produced on his mind by its perusal. He says there were many passages of exquisitely beautiful poetry throughout ; that the scenes were well contrived ; the passions naturally and forcibly portrayed ; and the interest intense and well supported. We shall afterwards see that it was also highly thought of, by one who was no inferior judge of dramatic excellence, Mr. Banim. When the reader is informed that this play was produced in his eighteenth year—that Gisippus, received with such brilliant success at Drury Lane, was written in his twentieth ; and the Collegians, one of the most thrilling tales in our language, before he had completed his twenty-fifth ; it cannot be doubted that the destruction of this, and two other dramas written at a later period, was a serious loss to literature. These, as we shall find, he made various efforts to get accepted at the theatres in London,

but without success; and Gisippus, the last of them, is the only one of the four that has survived the wreck of his hopes.

I shall have to speak of these efforts in detail afterwards, and will now mention some circumstances that may have influenced the result to which they led. Young as he then was, and entirely removed from the great tribunals before which all dramatic productions must be tried, his interest in such subjects enabled him to perceive that the public taste was vitiated, and that the managers of the time, so far from taking any step to improve it, lent themselves to the childish fancies of the multitude, with all the zeal that a love of full houses and of money could inspire. The theatres indeed had become the scenes of many exhibitions of an amphitheatrical kind, tending merely to attract the admiration of the senses, but of such a gorgeous and imposing character, that many persons of good taste who longed for a better state of things, were for a time dazzled by their brilliancy; while the literary portion of the pieces represented had become quite subordinate, and was wanting in every quality that could give it the least claim to public attention. With a strong sense of this prostrate condition of the drama, and with that sustaining hope which ever lights the eye and stands firm in the heart of the young aspirant for literary fame, Gerald bent himself to the desperate task of, as he himself says, "revolutionising the dramatic taste of the time by writing for the stage." Extravagant as the notion may seem, of a young person totally unknown to anybody, and without a particle of influence or experience, attempting a task of the kind, it is quite certain that he entertained it, and that these lost dramas were constructed upon such a design, though the idea created as much amusement in his own mind afterwards as it could possibly do in that of any other person. These circumstances render it probable that the very character

which would tend to make us regret the loss of these plays the more—that of their being much purer specimens of the genuine drama than those which were popular at the time—was one of the causes why he found it impossible to obtain a trial for them at all. Another in all likelihood was their highly poetical character, and their containing several passages the tendency of which was, rather to indulge the imagination than carry on the purposes of the piece. This, the natural effect of the luxuriance of a young mind, however allowable and even pleasing it may be in a mere dramatic poem intended for the closet, requires exceeding great skill and moderation in its use to make it tolerated to any extent upon the stage. It is perhaps an unhappy circumstance for the poetry of dramatic writings, that the portion of the public that can properly appreciate its merits is but small, and that however theatrical managers may respect the opinions of this intellectual minority, it is very seldom their interest to make its approbation a primary object. However this be, it is, as I have before said, certain, that the high and at that time extravagant aim of his hopes, as well as the warmth of his fancy, had an influence upon the whole cast and course of these, his first dramatic productions, and gave them a character of novelty very little likely to be relished by those in London, who, from experience, and from their want of all sympathy with any attempt at reform, preferred consulting the public taste, whatever it might be. When he showed this play to his brother, he explained to him his desire to try his fortune in the literary world in London. It was a serious consideration, committing one so young to the dangers of a great city, and to the fierce struggle for intellectual existence, in which so few eventually attain any decided success. There were circumstances, too, which might well make Dr. Griffin hesitate. Gerald was his youngest brother; from the similarity of their tastes he had taken more than a

brother's interest in him from his childhood up; his parents had left him under his protection, and, as he took their place, this, with his strong natural feeling, made him share fully their anxiety: besides, his young protégé had always shown a quickness of apprehension, and a capacity which would render him fully fit for whatever pursuit he might turn himself to, and he was young enough for any. On the other hand, his high opinion of Gerald's talent, the extreme beauty of the writings now put into his hands and perhaps somewhat of a brother's if not of a parent's pride in the success he anticipated as certain, led him to attach less weight to these considerations than they deserved. In fact, he felt fully confident that it would require but a short time to have such talent as Gerald's perceived and properly appreciated, and he made but little difficulty in yielding to his wishes. The event proved, after a severe and wasting trial, that the degree of success attained was not worth what it cost, and in the end brought even to the mind of him who was most sanguine of all, the sad conviction, that a constitution sapped and shattered by mental toil, and hopes so deeply blasted that no earthly ones could ever take their place again, were too high a price to pay for the "half of a name," which he considered himself to have won in the struggle. Dr. Griffin little dreamed then of the difficulties both mental and bodily, in heart, in mind, and in frame, that beset the progress of a young writer in London: the incessant intellectual exertion, the continual rejection by the publishers, the separation from friends, the heart-breaking depression of mind, from a sense of literary merit despised and defeated, a feeling heightened by the observation of the worthless stuff every day palmed upon the world as literature, while the reality pleads for its place in vain. There was, besides, another circumstance of great importance left out of the calculation altogether, the full force of which was only perceived at a long and

late period afterwards, but which was then entirely unthought of. It will scarcely be anticipating the narrative just to allude to it. Gerald had, as I have already hinted, always shown a strong sense of independence. When the unfortunate issue of his literary efforts in London had, after considerable perseverance, led him into great distress, this feeling, so far from sinking under it, became heightened, and at length attained for a time a degree of morbid sensibility that could neither have been anticipated nor provided for. Under its suggestion, he concealed his circumstances from his friends, hid himself from all his acquaintances, and went through a degree of suffering extremely painful to think of, and the occurrence of which, indeed, is hardly credible, considering how easily it might have been avoided. It was exceedingly distressing to his relatives when it first came to their ears, though this took place entirely through another channel, and only when the contest was over and their assistance was no longer needed. Could all these things have been foreseen at the time, they would have added in no light degree to the anxiety which his brother felt in letting him pass from under his protection, and trusting him alone to the world. It was, however, as I have said, settled that he should go, though some circumstances delayed his departure for a few months.

During this interval he wrote a play, the name of which I have not been able to ascertain, and was far advanced in a second, founded on the same story which suggested Thompson's "Tancred and Sigismunda." In his moments of leisure the passion for literary fame, already fully awakened, began to grow strong upon him, and he indulged in all those fond visions of the future, and those bright and enchanting creations which the heart of the inexperienced will never be brought to look upon as aërial. At this period of life hope reigns paramount; casts her rich light on all things to come;

belies truth to her face, and, being much the boldest speaker, receives, according to the usual rule of the world, implicit credit. In this instance she had one to deal with who, so far from struggling against her delusions, was caught by every changing light in which they were exhibited; and indeed it would be difficult to have any conception of the degree to which he delivered himself up to their influence. His whole soul was engrossed with the thought of literature and its triumphs, and the desire of excelling in it became so overwhelming, and so deeply planted in his heart, that it was no wonder the storm that tore it away should have rooted up every earthly feeling with it. In truth, as it was this passion that led him into the difficulties he afterwards endured in London, so nothing but its violence and intensity could have supported him under them. If all great performances may be traced to some deep and ruling passion, it is impossible to say what such a disposition as this might not have been capable of, if it had only received the proper encouragement, for at this time it possessed him to such a degree, as made his sister, with whom he used to converse on the subject, somewhat alarmed at its vehemence. When he indulged in those high flights, she used sometimes endeavour to pluck a few feathers from his wing, but without success. She was a person of very extraordinary understanding, with a considerable knowledge of human nature, and much acuteness and solidity of thought. There are some persons who, without stirring from the spot of their birth, seem by a sort of intuitive keenness of mind to have as full a knowledge of the world and its modes of thought, and even of the vices and corruptions of society, as if they had always been its most devoted worshippers, and won their knowledge from experience. It is an old remark, how frequently these intellectual attributes are found in individuals whose health is sapped by some fatal disease, in which instances their exalted quality seems a kind of

compensating gift for the briefness of the term during which they are to be exercised. His sister was blessed with them to the last hour of her life, and that to a degree which it was surprising to witness, considering the extreme and daily increasing feebleness of her bodily powers. Gerald had a strong affection for her, and the highest respect for her opinions, her influence over him being strengthened by the depth of her religious feelings, and by a piety elevated and rational, and quite free from every kind of enthusiasm. In reverting to their intercourse afterwards, I have often admired the tact and skill with which she managed him. She did not venture to offer any direct or violent opposition to his opinions in the first instance. Such a proceeding would have lessened her influence with him in the excited state of feeling by which he was then possessed ; but she met him by dexterous insinuations and allusions to the past history of authorship, and by occasional questions that led to inferences which she knew would attack him in his calmer moments, at the same time stating her opinion quietly, that the object he aimed at with so much earnestness was very difficult of attainment, and even if secured would fail to satisfy him. This prophecy was verified in both points, and her arguments produced the effect she intended, though she did not live to witness it ; and indeed they failed altogether in bringing about the end she had principally in view at the time, which was to moderate the violence of his passion. When, however, the world withheld or gave but sparingly that encouragement on which his heart was so fondly set, and he turned in disappointment from it, he was in a frame of mind more suitable for recognising the wisdom of his sweet sister's counsel, though it came, as the truth ever does, late and tardily. The power with which this altered state of feeling affected him was probably augmented by the circumstance, that he departed on his high mission with her kind warnings in his ear,

while the lips that had uttered them were found for ever sealed on his return. He notices the change himself in a little poem addressed to her after her death, and published under the title of "Lines to a departed friend," in a volume of his moral tales, which is very popular, called the Christian Physiologist. It contains so many touching allusions to their intercourse, and to this altered state of feeling as well as of health, that I make no apology for inserting it entire:

When May, with all her blooming train,
Came o'er the woodland and the plain—
When mingling winds and waters made
A murmuring music in the shade—
I loved to hear that artless song,
I loved to stray those groves among;
And every sound of rustic pleasure
Waked in my heart an answering measure.

But now no more that gentle scene
Of mellow light and freshening green
Seems lovely to mine altered eye;
And that soft west wind hastening by
Seems breathing near me faint and low,
Some warning dirge, some song of woe.
How have I loved, at early morn,
When the dew topp'd the glistening thorn,
When o'er the hill the day-beam broke,
And nature's plumed minstrels woke,
To praise with them the will divine
That bade that glorious sun to shine!

That day-beam burns as brightly still,
The wild birds charm the echoing hill;
But light and song alike are vain
To soothe a heart that throbs in pain;
And pale disease that scene surveys
Without one languid smile of praise.

Thine was the gift, Almighty power!
That brightened many a youthful hour,
Found joys in winter's havoc drear,
When heaven was dark, and earth was bare,
And raised the heart on secret wing
To rapture in the bloom of spring.
That blessing thou hast claimed again,
And left me rapt in lingering pain:

Almighty power! the will was thine,
And this weak heart shall ne'er repine;
In joy or grief, in good or ill,
This tongue shall praise thy mercies still!
But may that feeble praise be blest,
And deeply felt, though ill confessed—
Blest, in my own awakened heed;
Felt, in the hearts of those who read.

Lost days of youth! Oh, holy days,
When joy was blent with prayer and praise!
When the sad heart, now deeply dyed
With many a thought unsanctified,
Trembled at every venial stain,
And shrank from sin, as now from pain!
Oh! not that even in that hour
Of early reason's dawning power,
My soul was pure from thoughts of sin,—
But now so dark the past hath been,
That those first stains of young offence
Were the light hue of innocence!

Departed spirit! often then,
By peaceful fire, in lonely glen,
Did thy maturer reason shine,
A guidance and a light to mine;
Did thy maturer piety
Awake some holy thoughts in me!
Late, wandering in those silent ways,
I thought upon our early days;
Oh! may I never feel again
The pain that touched my spirit then!
For every shrub and every tree
Spoke with a still reproach to me,
And even the scene of boyish crime
Seem'd hallow'd by the flight of time!

What could my heart, in passion tried,
If it could err when by thy side?
Ambitious, there it would not dwell;
We parted—and the faithless fell!
We parted—and the world since then
Has learn'd the lesson o'er again,
That Virtue, humble, simple, fair,
Is all the knowledge worth our care;
That heavenly wisdom is a thing
Above the flight of reason's wing;
That human genius cannot sound
The depths in which her truth is found;
While a poor peasant's simple prayer
Will find her always watching there:

That hearts untaught can learn her rules,
While far she flies from human schools ;
That learning oft is but a rod—
That he knows all who loves his God ;
And every other eye is dim
Save theirs, who hope and trust in Him.
Willing to serve is truly free ;
Obedience is best liberty ;
And man's first power—a bended knee.

'Twere vain to hope, if I could part
Upon this page my bleeding heart,
And to the young inquirer show
How often knowledge ends in woe,
Hearts would no more by earth be riven,
And souls no longer lost to heaven.
No !—human pride and passion still
Will hold the reins of human will ;
And even in passion's fierce excess
Find argument of haughtiness !
Youth's budding virtues will be blighted,
The law of heaven forgot and slighted,
Age follow age, yet, hurrying on,
Trust no experience but its own—
Yet it is something if we steal
One spirit from the dizzy reel ;
A few may wake where thousands sleep,
Millions may scoff, but one may weep !

'Tis something, too, to think that, now,
While I renew mine infant vow,
Thy gentle shade may wander near,
And smile on each repentant tear ;
To find, as thus I glance mine eye
Over those pages mournfully,
Something that might in former days
Have won that blameless spirit's praise
Oh ! it were all, if now, at last,
This offering for evil past
Might pierce the ear of heaven, and win
Oblivion for that faithless sin ;
If thy pure, saintly, fervent prayer
Might find a sweet acceptance there ;
And from that sacred home on me
Draw down the fire of charity !
That I might scatter wide and far
My Maker's praise from star to star ;
And joyous sing how he had smiled
Forgiveness on his erring child !
That all who heard that grateful song
Might learn to grieve for secret wrong ;

And turn their hearts from joys of sense
To holy praise and penitence!

Ah, sanguine hope! not in an hour
Can zeal from passion wrest his power!
Nor former scandals be removed,
Though those we teach be dearly loved;
All the repentant soul can do
Is still to toil and labour through
The remnant of life's shortening day,
And for the rest, to hope and pray.

What a contrast the sentiments conveyed in these lines present to those by which he was animated in the early part of his career! Before he had yet left Ireland, some advantageous circumstances that offered, induced Dr. Griffin to remove with the family to a village called Pallas Kenry, about six miles from Adare and twelve from Limerick. Gerald of course accompanied them, but no other incident of any note took place previous to his departure.

Though most of the pieces which he wrote at this time were filled with the ardour and warmth of feeling which is peculiar to youth, there is about some of them a chasteness and grace of expression, and a maturity of thought, which would not be unworthy of the best poet, even in his brightest hours. The following, written in 1820, in his seventeenth year, may be taken as a specimen:

I looked upon a dark and sullen sea,
Over whose slumbering waves the night-mists hung,
Till from the morn's gray breast a fresh wind sprung,
And swept its brightening bosom joyously;
Then fled the mists its quickening breath before!
The glad sea rose to meet it—and each wave
Retiring from the sweet caress it gave,
Made summer music to the listening shore.
So slept my soul, unmindful of Thy reign:
But the sweet breath of Thy celestial grace,
Hath risen—oh, let its quickening spirit chase
From that dark seat, each mist and secret stain,
Till, as in yon clear water mirror'd fair,
Heaven sees its own calm hues reflected there.

CHAPTER IV.

1823—1826.

GERALD'S EARLY STRUGGLES IN LONDON—TRAGEDY OF AGUIRE PRESENTED—HIS LETTERS—STATE OF THE DRAMA—MADAME RIEGO—MR. BANIM—DIFFICULTIES—PUBLIC TASTE—REJECTION OF AGUIRE—PLAY OF GISIPPUS—AUTHOR'S REMARKS REGARDING IT—SCENE FROM GISIPPUS IN HIS LETTERS—HIS OBSERVATIONS ON THE CHARACTERS IN IT—HIS FURTHER STRUGGLES—MR. BANIM'S FRIENDSHIP—AUTHOR'S OWN DESCRIPTION OF HIS DIFFICULTIES.

To the public, as well as to literary aspirants themselves, the history of the early struggles of a young writer in London must always be a subject of interest. To the former it brings evidence of the costly nature of their amusements to those with whom their sympathy would be strong, if they but knew their condition, and of the many obstacles that stand between them and the exercise of that patronage which they are ever willing to bestow upon merit; while to the latter, who often only hear of an author for the first time when he bursts upon them in the noon of his fame, it reveals the secret, that the reputation he has at last attained is not the consummation of a long series of successes, but was preceded by many trials and disappointments of a very painful nature, under the pressure of which some of themselves, perhaps, at the time lie withering. If to the more desponding of these, the present narrative brings the hope that perseverance may at last prevail, and if it warns the more sanguine with the oft-repeated lesson, that even considerable abilities have occasionally difficulties almost insurmountable to contend with, it will effect some good; and in any case, as the character of an author is sure to be developed with more sharp-

ness under the stern influence of such trials, it would be ridiculous, through any false delicacy, not to enter into as minute a detail of them as our information is at all capable of supplying.

It was in the autumn of 1823, ere he had yet completed his twentieth year, that Gerald first arrived in London. I have dwelt so fully upon the feelings with which he set out, and the reader so well understands the objects he had in view, that the account of his progress there will be much more agreeably given by transcribing the letters received from him from time to time than by any other method. As these treat of many subjects unconnected with his own immediate interests, his opinions and feelings with regard to them will be interesting, and will exhibit his character with a delicacy, vividness, and truth, of which description is incapable. I shall therefore proceed to give them in the order of their date, with such remarks and explanations as they seem to require, and such additional information as I have been able to obtain from other sources.

To his Brother.

London, Monday, Nov. 10, 1823.

My dear William.—I have just had a rather long interview with ——, at his house, and he has kept the tragedy of "Aguire," for the purpose of reading it. He asked me what the plot, &c., of the piece was, and promised to give me an answer in the course of next week, if possible; at least he said I might depend on the earliest he *could* give. I was surprised to find it so difficult to ascertain Banim's address. In fact, I could not learn whether he is in town. I called on Mr. Kemble, who could give me no information, but referred me to Mr. Young, and all the success I could procure in the latter quarter was a request if I should ascertain it to let him know it, as he also wished to see that gentleman. I asked —— if he was in town, and he told me that he had not seen him this year. I am very much surprised that Banim should not have availed himself of the success "Damon and Pythias" met with, to push his fortune; although that piece is not, I think, so much a

favourite here as it deserves. —— says "it is a very effective piece in representation, but not one that would attract houses. The female character, Calanthe, was wretchedly performed on its first appearance, which tended much to injure it." You may remember some time before I left Ireland, I told you the plot of a tragedy, which I at first intended to be called "The Prodigal Son." —— tells me that it is the name of the new tragedy which Banim has presented, and which has been accepted at Drury Lane. He does not know the subject. He asked me if I had written anything else, and I told him I had another unfinished—though, by the way, I have looked over that lately, and scarcely think, even if Aguire succeeded, that I should ever present it. He says there was a new piece in preparation at Drury Lane, where he is engaged, but it has been withdrawn in consequence of some disagreement about the casting of the parts. If it is not again brought on, he will give me an answer next week; otherwise he cannot promise so soon so that until then I can enjoy all the delights of suspense in their fullest force. Every one to whom I showed the play here assured me of its success; among the rest, your old friend Mr. W——, who was particular in his inquiries about you, and whom I like very much, although at first sight I thought I never should. His circumstances are, I believe, so so. I have had a tiresome piece of work since I came, transcribing the play, which, I was told, was almost illegible. With respect to the situation of reporter, it is almost impossible to procure it at present, as the business season has not commenced. That of police reporter is easy enough, I believe, to be procured, but I am told the office is scarcely reputable. I shall take a report of some matter, and send it to the papers the first opportunity. I have had such harrassing work, looking after addresses, &c., together with continued writing, and the terrible damp fogs that have prevailed here lately, that I got this week a renewal of my old attacks of chest. I am, however, much better. With respect to the state of my finances, they are getting low. I was put to some expense while looking for lodgings, as my good friend P—— had no bed. If you could spare me a few pounds, I am pretty certain I can do something shortly. At all events write to me and let me know what you think of my prospects, and of what I have done and ought to do. Believe me, my dear William, ever affectionately yours,

GERALD GRIFFIN.

The letter he received in answer to this, brought him some painful intelligence. His brother, Dr. Griffin, was

seized with a species of nervous rheumatism in one of his limbs, which was at first mistaken for a more formidable affection by some eminent surgeons, and seemed to require the most perfect repose for its cure. The illness, though protracted, did not, in the end, lead to the serious consequences at first apprehended, but Gerald seems to have felt it keenly at the time, as may be seen by the following letter which he wrote immediately :

To his Brother.

London, Nov. 22, 1823.

My dear William.—I never experienced until this morning what the pain was of receiving unpleasant news from home. I opened your letter with anticipations very different from the information it brought me, but I was cruelly disappointed. The account which you give of the state of your health was as unexpected as it was distressing. I am still, however, in hopes that the case is not so bad as you seem to apprehend, but at all events I think you ought to avoid despondency. I have myself experienced, since I came here, the advantage of using every means of distracting the attention from the state of one's health. I have scarcely thought about it, and am much better than I was when in Ireland. I have not once had those palpitations which were my great annoyance, though my chest was a little affected, by too much writing, for a few days.

The bill on Sir E. Flyn and Co. I have received. It was entirely too much for you to send me under the circumstances. Half the money would, I am sure, with economy, enable me to get through until I have procured a way of doing something. I have sent some pieces to the new monthly magazine, and if they are accepted, intend to offer Colborn the first number of a series of papers. He pays liberally for these contributions. The success of this, however, I do not set much reliance upon. I intend to report the trial of the murderers of Weare, which will come on soon. If I can effect it I will agree beforehand with some publisher. I have not yet received an answer from ——, as the new piece which he spoke of has been produced. It is called Cains Gracchus, written by Knowles, but not near so happy an effort as his Virginius, nor so successful. Mr. P—— procures me box tickets now and then for the theatres. I am not so sanguine about my prospects as that I could not easily resign myself to a disappointment. Mr. W—— ofter

advises me to avoid it, as he says there are so many mortifications mingled even with success, that a person who is very sanguine is sure to be disappointed. But among all the *dampers* I meet, there is not such a finished croaker as a young student at the bar, who is himself a disappointed dramatist, and never meets me without some agreeable foreboding or other. With respect to the taste of a London audience, you may judge what it is, when I tell you that Venice Preserved will scarcely draw a decent house; while such a piece of unmeaning absurdity as the Cataract of the Ganges has filled Drury Lane every night those three weeks past. The scenery and decorations, field of battle, burning forest, and cataract of real water, afforded a succession of splendour I had no conception of; but I was heartily tired of the eternal galloping, burning, marching and counter-marching, and the dull speechifying with which it abounds. A lady on horseback, riding up a cataract, is rather a bold stroke, but these things are quite the rage now. They are hissed by the gods, but that is a trifle so long as they fill the house and the manager's pockets. Damon and Pythias has not variety nor scenic effect enough for them. I build great hopes out of the burning convent and the thunder storm, if Aguire should be accepted, as well as a grand procession and chorus which I have introduced in the second act. My dearest William, I hope your next letter will bring me better accounts than that which now lies before me. I have set my happiness, if I should succeed, on sharing with you the pleasures and pains of authorship, and if this unfortunate attack should disable you (though I have fervent hopes it may not turn out so serious as you fear), greater success than I can ever hope for would make no amends. Your affectionate and grateful,

GERALD GRIFFIN.

The following, written on the same sheet, breathes a similar spirit, and brings before us the name of one whose fate excited much sympathy at the time:

To his Sister.

MY DEAREST ELLEN,—I have but a small space left for you, so I must confine myself. William does not mention whether you wrote to or heard from America since I left Ireland. When you write, tell Mary Ann that while her affectionate remembrance of me in her last letter gave me pleasure, I felt no small degree of pain at the air of doubt with which she requested that

"the muses should not supersede her in my affections." I was hurt by it at the time, and have not since forgot it. Tell her that, long as we have been acquainted, she yet knows little of me, if she thought the charge necessary. Since I came here I have discovered that home is more necessary to my content than I previously imagined. The novelty of change is beginning to wear off, and even amid the bustle of this great city I think of you already with a feeling of loneliness, which rather increases than lessens by time. I do not expect you to write to me, as I know it distresses you, but you can remember me now and then, and make William, or whoever writes, be particular in the account of your health. Never give up hope. It is the sweetest cordial with which heaven qualifies the cup of calamity, next to that which *you* never lose sight of, religion. I have been negotiating lately with my host, for lodgings for the widow and brother of poor General Riego. They are splendid apartments, but the affair has been broken off by the account of his death. It has been concealed from her. She is a young woman, and is following him fast, being far advanced in a consumption. His brother is in deep grief. He says he will go and bury himself for the remainder of his days in the woods of America. I am cut short—Dearest Ellen, remember me affectionately to all, and believe me, Yours ever,

GERALD GRIFFIN.

To his Brother.

London, Dec. 29, 1829.

MY DEAR WILLIAM,—I mentioned to you a few days since that I had seen Banim. I dined with him on Thursday; there were Mrs. Banim, and an Irish gentleman, and we had a pleasant evening enough. He had read Aguire twice. He went over it scene by scene with me, and pointed out all the passages he disliked. He then gave me his candid opinion, which was, that after making those alterations the play ought to be accepted and to succeed. He gave it very high praise indeed, especially the third and fourth acts, which he said could not be better. Parts of the others he found fault with. The piece would not suffer by the loss of those passages, as he thought the acts too long. He recommended me to persevere in writing for the stage, and if I did so, to forswear roses, dewdrops, and sunbeams for ever. The fate of the unfortunate Vespers of Palermo told me this before. Poetry is not listened to on the stage here. I could not, on the whole, have expected Banim to act a more friendly or generous part than he has done. On the

second day I called on him (Saturday) he made me stop to dinner. I put the direct question to him, whether from what he had seen it was his real opinion that I should be successful as a dramatist. His reply was, that he thought I had every claim, and since I had dealt so candidly with him, he advised me to write on, and that he would do everything for any piece I wished to bring forward that he would do if it was his own. With respect to the present piece, he advised me to leave it in ——'s hands until he sends it to me, and not call or write to him. If he knows anything of him, he says he will keep and play it. I am very sorry I did not see Banim first. In that case I should long since have known its fate, as he could have procured me an answer from the committee in ten days. With regard to his present views, he has placed me on my honour not to breathe a word of them, therefore on that subject I can say nothing; but I may talk of the Prodigal Son, as I had before heard of it. You recollect I mentioned the coincidence in name with a play of mine. I asked him about it. He showed me sketches of it in his note-book. The story is the same, and the scene is laid in the same place, so that all my fine visions are knocked on the head there. He also lent me part of another manuscript tragedy of his, which will come out at Covent Garden, in which I found the counterpart of my character of Canabe. Is not this vexatious? But, enough of theatricals, as Lucy calls them. Your last letter gave me a great deal of pleasure. I should scarcely have believed you capable of so much perseverance, and I hope you will continue to follow Mr. Abernethy's prescription, as you find it has done you good. The weather here is extremely mild, so I am in hopes that with you the winter will not be too severe for Ellen. I have not been able to procure an engagement since I wrote last. It is very difficult to do so. I intend, however, to make a desperate effort this week, for it must be done before long, or not at all. I have got a cold and an ugly cough at present, but my health on the whole is very tolerable. I have been obliged to lay out nearly half the money you sent me in clothes, as without them I might as well have remained at home. I owe but the last week for my lodgings, but if I cannot get an engagement very shortly, I will give them up altogether, for the rent is too much for me. Mr. P could manage for me I believe, but it would not be to my advantage under the present circumstances. Besides, his prospects are wheeling about sadly, and I fear his speculations are not so prudent as they ought to be. I am now run dry. Knowing as I do the obstacles which have occurred to retard you in your profession, it gives me great pain to think what an expense I have already been to you. I would before have gone to

Mr. P—— while I was endeavouring to procure an engagement, but was unwilling to take that step without letting you know it I could manage not to be an expense to him. but it would be a great advantage to me if I could keep my lodgings for some time. as with such a friend as Banim, acquainted in the first literary circles in London, and willing to give me every assistance in his power, there can be little doubt of eventual success. He is in high estimation at the theatres, and says he will procure me an answer immediately to any piece I wish to present. He has lent me a new French tragedy, which was sent him by Talma; a very fine piece as far as I have read. I don't know if you will be able to decipher this scrawl. I have of course a bad pen and write hastily. Believe me, my dear William,

Your affectionate,

GERALD GRIFFIN.

It is amusing to observe by one of these letters how his first notions about the reformation of the English drama began to decline on observing the tastes that prevailed at the time, and how such unintellectual incidents as "a burning convent," "a thunder storm," and a "grand procession and chorus," which he would have scorned to place any reliance on before he left home, began now to strengthen his hopes. There was no one who would have been more amused by the consideration of this sudden change than himself, with the feelings he afterwards entertained of dramatic pursuits. In another, written about the same time, however, he makes a remark on the subject which is worthy of notice: "When I spoke of the rage for spectacle which at present characterises the London audience, I thought only of 'the million.' The taste of 'the few' is still correct, and real merit will, after all, be successful, even without the allurements of scenery and show." The Vespers of Palermo, to which he alludes in the last letter, was produced at Covent Garden on the twelfth of December, 1823, which was about a fortnight before that letter was written. Mrs. Hemans' friends, as well as others at the time, attributed the ill success of that play to the inefficiency of the actress who personated the principal female character

Constance, and we see by these letters that a circumstance of the same kind was thought to have materially injured the play of Damon and Pythias also on its first appearance. If such trivial incidents as what Mr. Kemble calls a "singularity of intonation in one of the actresses,"* are capable of injuring pieces of considerable merit, or even of throwing them altogether off the stage, it is obvious that where reliance is placed upon literary excellence rather than any other quality, it is difficult for any piece to obtain a footing or maintain its place on the boards in times when the taste for pure dramatic literature is low, since the performance of the principal characters by people of the first repute in their profession is at all times attainable with difficulty, and would then be less appreciated than ever. This circumstance may perhaps account for the hesitation of those to whose judgment Gerald's plays were at the time submitted, particularly if the earliest of them were, as that of Mrs. Hemans was said to be, redundant in poetical imagery. We must therefore look upon the tone of disappointment in the following letter, and the sharp little flashes of half suppressed anger which it exhibits, as the natural effect of the unsuccessful issue of a deeply interesting affair on a mind more than usually sanguine, and we must not be too ready to infer that an unsound discretion was exercised regarding it. Notwithstanding the high praise bestowed upon the play by other good judges, it is probable that it would not have been at all prudent to proceed further with it in the circumstances of the time. Indeed, Gerald himself, as will be seen, admits this fully, almost in the same breath with his censure; and when we remember how deeply his feelings were wound up in its success, and how his pride was hurt at having exposed himself to what he conceived a want of consideration for his feelings in the length of time he was kept in suspense, we cannot help

* Memoir of Mrs. Hemans, by her sister, page 74.

admiring the promptness and candour with which he makes this admission. In this letter we see the first distinct expression of that wish to rely upon his own powers solely, and that utter dislike of all patronage, which began just then in his difficulties to grow more strongly upon him, and of which we shall afterwards meet some singular examples.

To his Brother:

London, January 12, 1824.

My dear William,—I have just received yours with the enclosure, but too late for this night's post. ——has sent me back my piece (I don't like that word rejected), after keeping it nearly three months, without any opinion, other than the mere act of doing so. I had just the day before said to Banim, that I wished he would do it, for I heartily disliked the idea of his being considered my patron if he should accept it. From the description I have received of the manner in which actors deal with those who are brought before the public through their instrumentality, I am in a fine vein for cutting at them. Pope says very truly, they are judges of what is good just as a tailor is of what is graceful. Johnson, that sensible old fellow, always despised them. The fact was, of all the introductions I could get, none could have been slighter than that I handed to ——, though I thought it a fine thing at the time. Of all the people I could have applied to, an actor was the least likely to pay me attention; and of all actors I could have selected, —— was the worst: for you must know he dabbles in tragedy himself; and I suppose you recollect the whisper to Sir Fretful, or Puff, (which is it?) in the Critic,—"Never send a piece to Drury"—"Writes himself?" "I know it, sir." However, after all this, the piece deserved to be rejected, for it had many and grevious sins. Banim said if I change the name, and make those alterations he pointed out, he will present it for me, and get me an immediate answer. I have not seen him since I wrote to you, for I was unwilling to be too troublesome to him, especially as he is himself constantly engaged. I let him know ——'s decision, however, and have a letter from him by me, where, in answer to my question, whether I should send Aguire or another? he encourages me to do the former, but at the same time he leaves the *utrum horum* to myself. For many reasons I have chosen the latter. In the first place it would not be

pleasant if —— should recognise it at the theatre ; secondly, it was known too generally that I was the writer ; and lastly, Banim seems to think it better I should do so. With a true, indefatigable Grub-street spirit, I have therefore commenced a new one, and have it nearly half finished. The plot is that of Tancred and Sigismunda. Banim, I think, would be apt to interest himself more in one which is written under his own eye. He says, at the conclusion of his letter, if I give him a call he will speak about my commencing a connexion with the press in a limited way. I don't know what he means, but I will see him this week. On looking over a number of old books the other day, I found a Comedy founded on that story in Gil Blas, of Aurora and Don Lewis Pacheco, by Edward Moore, author of the Gamester, but I believe a very poor thing. There is a great dearth of talent in that way at present. You were right in supposing that there are a great number of pieces presented at the theatres. Banim tells me he supposes there are no less than a thousand rejected every year. I was born under some extraordinary planet, I believe. You recollect the coincidences I before mentioned to you. A tragedy founded on the story of Aguire, and called the Spanish Revenge, has been presented at Covent Garden and rejected. The profits of a successful play vary from £300 to £700, and over, according to the run it has. The bookseller who bought Mirandola gave £300 for the copyright. I have been very busy lately, both in writing and endeavouring to procure some regular employment. P—— tells me it is very difficult at present, but as soon as parliament opens, he says I would have a very good chance at the Law Courts. Banim said he thought he could be of service to me in that way, and P—— promised to do all he could. A Spanish gentleman, with whom I have some acquaintance, proposed to me to engage in a translation of the drama of his country, which has not yet been published in England. Banim thinks the idea a very good one, and advises me to proceed with a specimen and submit it to the Booksellers. My health is very good; at least I don't think about it. Believe me, my dear William, affectionately yours,

GERALD GRIFFIN.

In the following letter we find the first notice of Gisippus, and perceive some of the author's feelings regarding it. It contains some further allusions to poor Madame Riego, with several remarks on various subjects connected with the stage.

To his Brother.

76, Regent-street, Feb. 1824.
Thursday Night.

My dear William,—I have delayed thus long answering your kind letter, which was duly received, that I might if possible be enabled to let you know something decisive with respect to my prospects, but on hearing again by this day's post, I determined to put it off no longer. I was in hopes before that your apprehensions with respect to the malady might have been premature, but was most grieved to find that you still hold the same opinion. Do you think those you consulted in Dublin have sufficiently considered the case to authorize them to form a just opinion on it? and do you continue applying remedies during those long intervals in their attendance which you complain of? I hope in God that you may get over it soon, for it must be dreadful to you as it is. Since I last wrote I have been making the utmost efforts to secure some immediate way of support, and nevertheless, in that point, still remain in abeyance. Banim, who is very kind to me, can do nothing at present with the press, as those with whom he has influence are all pre-occupied. Of the daily or political press he knows nothing. On my calling on him, I believe the day after I wrote to you last, he urged me to alter Aguire in those passages he pointed out, and told me that he still persevered in his opinions of it; that there were scenes in it which, for stage effect and every requisite, could not be better. I have conned the play over so often myself, that I don't know what's bad or good in it but as I am told, and therefore found the alterations very troublesome. The first four acts now, he says, want nothing. The last scene of the fifth I have yet to change. Banim is much occupied. That comedy of Edward Moore's, from Gil Blas, I find was almost damned for its resemblance to "She would and she would not," in plot, &c. You know his forte was not comedy. The paragraphs which you speak of, neither of them referred to Banim. That of the interdiction, alluded to a tragedy written by Shea, a friend of Banim's, whose "Rhymes of Art" have been so celebrated, and whom Lord Byron speaks so highly of in the "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." As regards the length of pieces, do you know that the "Rivals" was all but damned the first night for its length? Will you excuse my anxiety to have some opinion on which I can rely, of a piece which I have written, (and four acts of which I left to-day with Banim), if I transcribe a scene

from it, merely that you should let me know what you thought of it; whether it was better or worse than Aguire. The story is that which you know already of the two friends in Bocacio. The passage I give you is part of a scene, subsequent to the sacrifice which the one makes to his friend. Tell me what it is really worth, for that is my object in transcribing it. Sophronia and Fulvius have gone out, and Gisippus remains on the stage looking after them. I give the last lines of his soliloquy.

GIS.—They take their places near the window frame—
Gods! how they drink each other's smiles. I would
Be spared that picture. What? yet more?

Enter CHREMES.

CHRE.—Gisippus!
Have you seen Fulvius lately? There has been
Another messenger to seek him.

GIS.—What
Could he have said to call that crimson shame
Into her cheek and forehead? Chremes? ha!
Look there! look there! (*Grasping his arm and pointing off the stage.*)

CHRE.—Sophronia?—and Fulvius?

GIS.—I've given her to him, Chremes; would'st thou think it?
Poor Fulvius! he loved her secretly.
And his love pined him! I have made him blest
In her—and now—I am so happy!

CHRE.—Trust me
You do not look so, Gisippus. I hope
You'll not repent this!

GIS.—Repent? No, no, I don't repent it, Chremes.
I never will. Why should'st thou fancy that?

CHRE.—I only hope it may be as you say;
But yet, your accents suit not with your looks—

GIS.—By all the gods on high Olympus—by
The infernal river, and its shrieking wanderers—
And by their torturing ministers, I swear,
I do not grieve for that which I have done.
My looks are false if they belie my words.

CHRE.—This vehemence contradicts itself.

GIS.—Come on!
I tell thee I am happy! The wild joy
Runs through my breast and riots in my veins;
It eats into my heart, and brain, and soul!—
A smile? a rich one!—How he feasts upon it!
Why should he not be happy, Chremes? They
Were all I loved on earth, and I have blessed them!
Come! come! come! I shall madden with my joy!

Banim thinks the story a beautiful one for the stage. He gives me encouragement, without which I should not feel myself very confident. He *prophesied*, as he said, to-day, that I should hold a very high place on the English stage. I tell you all these things that *you* may see my chances as they stand. Of course it would be at present most imprudent and unwise in me to let such sillinesses go further. Besides these things already mentioned, I have been deeply engaged in the Spanish. The Spaniard's name is Valentine Llanos. I like him very much. We shall present a specimen I think in a few days to a publisher. I will make a most lucrative thing of it if we get a publisher to undertake it readily, and of that I do not think there is much doubt. Llanos is acquainted with Bowring, whom of course you have heard of, and who is now Editor of the *Westminister Review*. I trust in God that I may be enabled to do something which will prevent my again trespassing on you. I could not economise more rigidly than I do. My lodgings I have still kept, as at that time I owed a little, and if I was to go into new I should be obliged to pay ready money for some time, and that is not now absolutely necessary where I am; and considering the difference in charge I could procure another for, the advantage I think was on the side of remaining. I have now shown you my circumstances. Before another fortnight or three weeks, I think I shall be able to let you know that I have been either accepted or rejected at the theatres. I find —— has been with you. He left this, I believe, the very day I received my manuscript. Peace be with him! he has cured me of histrionic patrons.

I was introduced the other day to poor Madame Riego, the relict of the unfortunate patriot. We could not converse very fluently, for she knows very little English. I was surprised to see her look much better than I had been prepared to expect, as she is in a confirmed consumption. You see what a jumble of intelligence I am huddling together; but the unity of action is not necessary in a letter, whatever it may be in a play—and by the way, I have found from experience that it is absolutely

necessary there. I tell everything that comes into my head that I think may interest or entertain you. The paragraph which you mention respecting a quarrel between dramatist and manager, and the consequent rejection of a play, related, I believe, to a Mr. Clarke of Dublin, who imported here a piece of his, which was terribly mauled by his own countrymen, and has not met a very encouraging reception on this side the water; I mean in the green room, for further it did not go. One thing I shall tell you; never waste a thought on those newspaper squibs, they are mere puffing trash. Will you tell me when you write next, what you consider the faults or weaknesses of Aguire? Again, of those paragraphs: good authors find them sometimes put in without their knowledge, and perhaps against their wishes, while bad ones endeavour to make a show off by their means. You may remember seeing one about Banim some time back. It was done without his knowledge by some of the minor performers while his tragedy was in rehearsal with Kean and Young. Have you read Virginius? It will be worth your while to get it, but if you would retain the good opinion it will give you of Knowles, don't read his Caius Gracchus. 'Tis a poor piece of folly, but either will show you that poetry is a cast off ornament in the drama now. In fact, mere poetry on the stage sounds like a weakness. Action is the grand object, and indeed I think justly, considering that plays are not composed for the closet. Milman's Fazio, which I admired so much, and do still admire, I have got quite cold about as an acting play. If the drama was intended to develop the characters of men, and show us ourselves by reflection, that end is not likely to be attained by flowing numbers and poetical conceits. I don't know if I make my feeling clear, but so do I feel at present.

On looking over my letter, I find it a most whimsical piece of confusion, but it will answer the purpose. I hope in my next to be able to tell you that I have done something certain. Heaven knows how I toil for it. I know not how I've got this adamantine health since I came, but though I am writing from morning until two or three at night regularly, I am quite well; if I except a cough that is sticking to me.

Yours affectionately,

GERALD GRIFFIN.

I have *not* finished Tancred and Sigismunda, for the reason that you give for your fears. An accident led me to the conclusion, that it would not be wise in a first piece.

I believe the reason assigned, was the injudiciousness of choosing an old subject for the first piece of an unknown author. By a letter of Dr. Griffin's, which I have discovered among Gerald's papers, I find that the idea of Gisippus was conceived even before he had left Ireland, though I do not believe any progress was made it. He says: "the grand difficulty that struck me in the plot from Boccaccio, in which you are engaged, *when first you mentioned it to me here*, was how to reconcile the lady so naturally and readily to the disposal of her person or affections from one of the friends to the other. How have you got over that?" I shall have to give such a number of letters from time to time, that it is unnecessary to trouble the reader with many, which contain only repetitions of several unsuccessful attempts to bring his writings before the public. They afford evidence of much perseverance, and show that he left no effort untried, that offered a reasonable hope. In one of them he says, "I must have heartily tired and sickened you before now, and I am sick and tired myself. I had little idea before I left Ireland that it was possible I could be nearly five months in London without doing anything: but it is not through my remissness *that* has been the case. A very little time longer will tell me all that I have to expect, and I shall then take measures accordingly. I had a visit from Banim the other day. What with the delays and disappointments I have met since I came here, it is only his encouragement, and his friendship, that keeps hope alive. I shall write to you again when I know the issue of the play, which I have long since finished." The following letters are more interesting. In the first of them we have some further notice of Gisippus, with an expression of his own feeling regarding it, while the short one to his sister, which accompanies it, is again radiant with that hope which beamed upon him so cheeringly even in his

deepest difficulties. In the second to his brother, we find the earliest evidence of that feeling, called first into being by the sickness of hope deferred, which, if it did not afterwards deprive literature of its charms, at least took away from it his heart's best devotion, and ripened into that ardent religious offering in which his life ended. "I mean the terrible idea that *it might possibly be* he was mispending time." The "dismal catalogue of misfortunes," which he alludes to, consisted in the loss of some dear and valued relatives, with whom he had been long intimately associated, and who were all carried off within a short period.

To his Brother.

London, March 31st, 1824.

My dear William,—The enclosure which you sent in your last was an unexpected, though I will confess not an unseasonable remittance, but of this by and by. * * * * * * Banim's friendship I find every day growing more ardent, more cordial, if possible. I dined with him on Sunday last. I told you in my last I had left him four acts of a play, for the purpose of leaving it to his option to present that or Aguire. I anticipate the preference of the new, and have with him succeeded to my wish. He says it is the best I have written yet, and will be when finished "a most effective play!" But what gives me the greatest satisfaction respecting it is the consciousness that I have written an original play. That passion of revenge you know was threadbare. Banim has made some suggestions which I have adopted. I will finish it immediately, place it in his hands, and abide the result in following other pursuits. He advises me to have it presented at Covent Garden, for many reasons. Imprimis they are more liberal; next, Gisippus is a character for Young or Macready; the former I should rather to undertake it, as I have placed the effect of the piece more in pathos than violent passion. He wishes to speak to Young, who is his intimate friend, before he presents it, in order to learn all the Green Room secrets. Young will be in town this week. Banim made me an offer the other day, which will be of more immediate advantage than the tragedy, inasmuch as I need not abide the result. He desired me to write a

piece for the English Opera House. When I have it finished he will introduce me to Mr. Arnold of Golden-square, the proprietor, who is his friend, and get me immediate money for it, without awaiting its performance. This was exactly such an offer as I wanted, and you may be sure I will avail myself of it. It is doubly advantageous, as the English Opera House continues open until next winter, but I must see it first. You are aware that the performances are of a peculiar nature, and the fact is, a tailor might as well seek to fit a man without seeing him, as one might write for a particular theatre without knowing its performers. I do not speak now of the legitimate drama. If you have ever seen Miss Kelly, you may guess what are the performances of the theatre I speak of. In the meantime I am pushing on my Spanish speculation. I have made a tolerable progress in the language. We spoke to Colburn, and had the recommendation of Mr. Blacquiere, whom you may have heard of. He told us he had been speaking to Blacquiere two days before on that subject, and mentioned to him that it was a publication entirely out of his line. This was no rejection, for he saw no specimens. We intend to try the *Row*, and Colburn said he had no doubt but many booksellers would undertake it. You see our prospects go on slowly, but every day I feel the ground more firm beneath my foot. Banim offers me many introductions. He is acquainted with Thomas Moore —who was to see him the other day—Campbell and others of celebrity. Ugo Foscolo of course you have heard of; he asked me if I should wish to be introduced to him, but I do not wish to know any one until I have done something to substantiate my pretensions to such acquaintance, and to preserve it, if I can do so. Yo must not judge of Shiel's ability from Bellamira. Of those of his pieces which have succeeded, it is, I believe, the worst. The less I think that is said about my theatrical views at present the better. O Lord! if I should be damned after all this. But no? that will *not* be the case I am sure, for I have a presentiment of success. What would I have done if I had not found Banim? I should have instantly despaired on ——'s treatment of me. I should never be tired of talking about and thinking of Banim. Mark me! he is a man—the only one I have met since I have left Ireland, almost.

We walked over Hyde Park together on St. Patrick's day, and renewed our home recollections by gathering shamrocks, and placing them in our hats, even under the eye of John Bull. I had a great deal more to say, but am cut short.

My dear William, affectionately yours,

GERALD GRIFFIN.

To his Sister.

London, March 31st, 1824.

My dearest Ellen.—It is now a long time since I have written to, or heard directly from Pallas. William mentioned in his last that you were very ill, but I hope you do not add to your already severe sufferings those of imagination: indeed I know you do not. Oh! my dear Ellen, if I could but transfer to you and William a little of the hope; the bright expectancy that cheers and buoys up my own spirit through the anxieties of suspense, I think it would be well both for your health and happiness. I am not impatient, though anxious. I should myself have wondered if I had stalked at once into reputation and independence. ——'s rejection of me I regard as a dispensation of Providence. I was a *leettle* too confident perhaps, and it was a seasonable humiliation in the commencement of my career. However this does not excuse *him*. I do not say he might not have rejected me, but his manner of doing so was bad. He knew I was a stranger in London, young and inexperienced in such matters, and his countryman, and he kept me in suspense three months; then sent back my piece without comment, wrapped in an old paper, and unsealed! If I had any wish for a little revenge—but I have not—I understand it will soon be gratified in some measure. The affair, without mentioning names, will be taken up in one of Blackwood's forthcoming Magazines—not much to his advantage. I have no enmity to the man, but for justice sake, I don't grudge him whatever he gets from Blackwood for it.

Dearest Ellen, yours,
Gerald Griffin.

To his Brother.

London, May 18th, 1824.

My dearest William.—I received last night, too late for the post, your letter of Thursday. The melancholy intelligence which that of a fortnight previous brought me, was not relieved by this. I don't know what to say, or how to express the feelings which both gave me; to say that I was never so shocked in my life, would give you a very faint idea of them. A person who is at home and amongst his friends can scarcely conceive how terrible it is, in a strange land and amongst strangers, to open a letter with the gratification which the re

ceiving of it always gives, and find it filled with such a dismal catalogue of misfortunes as yours contained. I thought it would never end. It has thrown me into a gloominess of mind, which I have not felt before since I came here, and which I thought I had got rid of entirely. But it is a subject which cannot, and perhaps ought not to be dwelt on much if we would remain contented. My only hope is, that the visitation has for the present passed away, and that Providence in its mercy may withhold a recurrence of it. You speak in a very dreadful way of your own illness, and the idea is the more dreadful from the reality of the cause; but with respect to the apprehensions you express as to the result of the attack, I cannot, nor will not, coincide with you. I look upon it as one of those calamities which are too mighty to be feared. The last attack which you mention, and which deprives you of the amusement of writing, must have left you very miserable indeed, unfurnished as you are with any extensive means of occupying the hours of suffering—I mean as to books or newspapers—they must hang very heavily upon your hands. But I shall not add to your despondency by my own sombre reflections. My dear William, when I speak of your apprehensions, or wish you to avoid them, do not imagine that anybody can appreciate more highly your philosophy and fortitude. I merely seek to caution you against yielding too easily, or rather to resist with all the powers of your mind the *physical* despondence from which no one is secure. For myself, I am quite tired of this, if I may use a *cockney* idiom, *hot-water* kind of life; or our own more rich and expressive mode of conveying the idea, "pulling the devil by the tail." It would be a great thing for me if I could secure a present livelihood, while I prosecuted other views at the same time, for I cannot do anything with confidence or ease while I have the terrible idea starting on my mind at intervals, that it *may* possibly be that I am mispending time; but this at least, I hope, is not the case. At all events there are many things I could then do which I can scarcely do now with comfort; among the rest, writing for magazines, which I have been strongly recommended to try, and which one gentleman whom I know told me he used to make £300 a year by, and yet without permanently engaging himself with any. Of the great theatres I know I cannot form any immediate expectation, and the summer one is not open yet. It is not precisely the kind of piece that you mention that is adapted to it; something nearer to the serious; a kind of *unclassical* tragedy, I apprehend, but have not seen it yet. When you write for those places you

must go to the house to see the principal performers, *take their measure*, and fit them with a character.

You cannot conceive what a sensation the Death of Lord Byron has produced here. Every individual, in every class, who were not his enemies, talk and look as if they had lost an acquaintance or a companion. All his errors and wanderings seem to have been forgotten in an instant, and the delight which his genius gave is all that remains in the memory, even of the most prejudiced. Have you seen Moore's Captain Rock yet? when you do, you will remark a note which refers to Banim—a very friendly one. I wish I knew some friend going to Limerick, I would send you his Loves of the Angels—a very feeble thing for him—and some of Byron's Poems, which have been given me. I find that Banim's amanuensis is a fellow citizen of mine, but I have never seen him, as he writes in another room ; and Banim, who laughed when he told me of it, would not, I suppose, from motives of delicacy, tell me his name : *not that I asked it.* He came over, I understand, with great hopes, from our poor pestered countryman, Sir Matthew Tierney. The comedy from which you have seen extracts, and which you admired so much, is written by the Rev. Mr. Croly, of the *Literary Gazette*, the author of Paris. It has had great success on the stage, more, I believe, than it has met with from the critics, the wise few ; at least I have seen, here and there, hints about Parsons writing five act farces, &c., &c. I have not seen it, but I heard that on the whole it was not worthy of Croly. I will tell you now some things which will give you some idea of the drama, and the dramatic management of the day, which, however, for the credit of the *metier*, I would not breathe to "ears prophane." Of all the walks in literature, it certainly is at present the most heart-rending, the most toilsome, and the most harrassing to a man who is possessed of a mind that may be at all wrought on by circumstances. The managers only seek to fill their houses, and don't care a curse for all the dramatists that ever lived. There is a rage for fire and water, and horses got abroad, and as long as it continues—fire and water and horses are the lookout of the *sovereigns* of the drama. Literary men see the trouble which attends it, the bending and cringing to performers—the chicanery of managers, and the anxiety of suspense, which no previous success can relieve them from—and therefore it is that they seek to make a talent for some other walk, and content themselves with the quiet fame of a "closet writer," which is accompanied with little or none of the uneasiness of mind which the former brings with it. Elliston wrote some time back to Scott, asking him to write a

play, and leaving a blank for his terms. Scott laughed at him. This was told me by a person who had it from Erskine himself. At the same time, allow me to say, that with all my veneration for the Great Unknown, I am not very ready to admit his capabilities for actual dramatic—at least, tragic writing; nor indeed can I immediately fix my eye upon any one who I should say, without hesitation, was qualified to furnish us with a good tragedy, excepting only my friend Banim, and countryman Knowles. They decidedly stand best on the stage at present. Kean is going off to America, and Macready, I understand, speaks of entering the Church, a curious idea enough, but I should be sorry for it. This I have only just heard said, and know not whether it be quiz or earnest, but it is widely reported. That he is not strongly attached to his present profession I am very sure. Have you seen any more of Shiel's works? I think his last piece, the Hugenot, a very indifferent one, and the public thought so too, for they damned it to three nights. For us, poor devils—who love the drama well and are not so confident in other branches of that most toilsome and thankless of all professions, authorship—we must only be content to wade through thick and thin, and make our goal as soon as we may. This saw-dust and water work will pass away like every thing else, and then perchance the poor half-drowned muse of the buskin may be permitted to lift her head above the flood once more. I don't know how it is, though I have never put a line in print since I came here—at least so that I was known in it by any body—I have got a sneaking kind of reputation as a poet among my acquaintances. The Canon Riego, brother to the poor martyr, sent me the other day a Spanish poem of many cantos, having for its subject the career of the unhappy General, and expressed a wish that I might find *materiel* for an English one in it, if I felt disposed to make anything of the subject. Apropos, Madam Riego is almost dead. The fire is in her eye, and the flush on her cheek, which are, I believe, no beacons for hope to the consumptive. She is an interesting woman, and I pity her from my soul. This Mr. Matthews, who was confined with her husband, and arrived lately in London, and who, moreover, is a countryman of mine, brought her, from her dying husband, a little favourite dog and a parrot, which were his companions in his dungeon. He very indiscreetly came before her with the remembrances without any preparation, and she received a shock from it which she has not yet, nor ever will recover. What affecting little circumstances these are! and how interesting to one who has the least mingling of enthusiasm in his character.

With regard to comedy, the surest ground for a comic writer to go on, is to select present manners, follies, and fashions for his target. These *hits* always *tell* well in the performance, and carry off many a heavy plot. Croly has practised this with success in his piece. Shall I tell you a secret? The most successful dramatist of our day, I mean as to the number of successful pieces he produced, wrote six plays before he could get one accepted.

My dearest William, yours affectionately,

GERALD GRIFFIN.

From a passage in one of the letters to his brother last given, it appears that he considered the character of Gisippus well adapted to Mr. Young, or Mr. Macready, though he preferred the former. Had he lived to witness Mr. Macready's performance of it, he would I think have found that there was no sufficient reason for this preference, as all the criticisms of the day, almost without exception, as well as the strong public feeling regarding it, show it to have been a most finished piece of acting. The keen interest which has been excited with regard to this play from several circumstances, makes every particular connected with it of some importance. The following short notice of it written to his mother will therefore be very acceptable, as he not only gives an account of the plot, but enters very fully into his own designs with respect to the characters, and into a pretty minute analysis of the two principal ones. The reader will perceive the circumstances in which it was written: "all in coffee houses, and upon little slips of paper!"

"Here I give you what I believe you have never had anything of—a specimen of my tragedy writing. The drama I have written since I came to London. You'd laugh if you saw how it was got through. I wrote it all in coffee houses, and on little slips of paper, from which I afterwards copied it out. The story is that Greek one of the friend who gave up his love, who loved him not, to the friend who loved her, and whom she

loved; and who afterwards got fame and wealth, and forgot his benefactor. I have been compelled to introduce many additional circumstances, which I cannot detail, but you must suppose that Gisippus, the generous friend, after numberless hardships, arrives in Rome, where he first hears of the wealth and new-sprung pride and pomposity of his college chum Fulvius, to whom he gave up his early love and happiness. Two words on the character of the friends. Gisippus I have made a fellow of exquisite susceptibility, almost touching on weakness; a hero in soul, but plagued with an excessive nervousness of feeling, which induces him to anticipate unkindness, and of course drives him frantic, when he finds it great and real—at least apparently so. Fulvius is a sincere fellow, but an enthusiast for renown, and made insolent by success. This is the fourth act, when Gisippus has not appeared for many scenes—when he was the gay, manly student of the Lyceum—and is supposed entirely forgotten, or not thought of by Fulvius. He then comes upon the stage, after being persecuted for giving up Sophronia by her relatives, and appears a totally altered being, as you may perceive. The preceding scene has been one of splendour, and clash, and honour to Fulvius, who had just been made a Prætor. This is not the play I showed——

(Here is inserted the fourth act of Gisippus.)

"Fulvius succeeds in pacifying Gisippus, and the scene runs on to much greater length, but I have given you enough in all conscience. Give me all your separate criticisms upon this broken bit, by no means the best in the play; but the situation is original. It is, Banim says, one of the best acting scenes. I have had the bad taste to suffer three lines of poetry to creep into it, but I let them stand.

The following, to his sister, under the same date with that to his brother last given, shows further how the fervour of his feeling was beginning to wear down under the vexation of repeated delays. He still, however, contends for the usefulness of the drama, and it is a curious circumstance, that the same arguments he here uses in its defence, were found totally ineffectual with himself at a later period, when his passion for it became lost in a deeper feeling.

To his Sister.

My dearest Ellen.—I give you a thousand thanks for your kind letter, and I am the more grateful for it, as I know writing is no easy effort for you. I am sorry you do not say anything of the state of your own health, but I take that very silence as a sign that you are perhaps experiencing some relief. Do you know I cannot help thinking sometimes, that we should all have been better and happier if we had accompanied the first emigrants of our family and settled with them in Susquehanna. For my part, situated as I am at present, uncertain of the ground I stand on, and sickened by repeated delays and disappointments, there is only one thing that makes me imagine I should not be more at ease there, and that is that I know I never could be so anywhere, until I had tried London; and even yet, nothing but the consideration of being amongst my friends would induce me to make the exchange; I mean to say being amongst them, and seeing them in health and comfort. I look on success now as a matter of mere business, and nothing more. As to fame, if I could accomplish it in any way, I should scarcely try for its sake alone. I believe it is the case with almost everybody before they succeed, to wear away all relish for it in the exertion. I have seen enough of literature and literary men to know what it is, and I feel convinced that at the best, and with the highest reputation, a man might make himself as happy in other walks of life. I see those who have got it as indifferent about it as if totally unknown, while at the same time they like to add to it. But money! money is the grand object—the all in all. I am not avaricious, but I see that they are the happiest who are making the most, and am so convinced of the reality of its blessings, that if I could make a fortune by *spliting matches*, I think I never would put a word in print. I thought to have set your mind at rest upon the question of the drama in this letter, but I have scarcely room for my arguments. Give me leave to say, however, that where an humble individual observes a great deal of immmorality in a very alluring form, I cannot see anything wrong in his making whatever exertions he can to use an efficient means in a more worthy cause. I believe no one ever asserted that the stage was in itself immoral, and to destroy it altogether, would be—to use a medical simile—to abolish a very powerful medicine because quacks had contrived to make it kill. Every night on which you prevent a number of people from doing ill, and help them to do well, is in my opinion, not badly spent. Don't you know that one of the fathers—St. Gregory as I recol-

lect—did not deem it beneath his gravity to write a play? At the time, when the church launched its thunders against the scene, it was certainly deserving of censure; but we are reforming. Old Reynolds, who reads for Drury-lane, would not permit an exclamation bearing a resemblance to a curse, even from a tragic hero. This I was told by a tragedian, who showed in mentioning it great symptoms of contempt for the preciseness.

Dearest Ellen, yours affectionately,

GERALD GRIFFIN.

The "saw-dust and water work," as he calls it, did not pass away as speedily as he anticipated. His friend Mr. Banim's efforts to get Gisippus forward were as unsuccessful as his own were with regard to Aguire, and he was left to his struggles. He wrote for weekly publications, all of which, he says, except the *Literary Gazette*, "cheated him abominably"—finding this to be the case, he wrote for the great magazines. His articles were generally inserted, but on calling for payment, "there was so much shuffling and shabby work," that it disgusted him, and he gave it up. It will be seen by a letter which I received about this time, as also by many expressions in others, that there was no trace of indolence or apathy about him, even when his prospects were most discouraging, but that he was always eager for employment, and desirous to turn himself to any occupation however laborious or ill-requited, that would carry him over the interval during which his dramatic prospects were in abeyance.

"My employment, I mean that which procured me immediate remuneration, has for the present ceased. I have something yet on hands, but though the bookseller who suggested the idea to me promised to engage in it, he would not speak of terms until it is completed. This will not be before six or seven weeks, and though certain of disposing of it after that time, mere *hope* will not lend me her wings to fly over the interval. You may judge what a mercenary scribbler I am, and how unwilling to let a job slip through my fingers, when I tell you

that I engaged to translate, and actually translated a volume and a half of one of Prevot's works, for two guineas! My dear Dan, tell this not in Gath; publish it not in the streets of Askalon."

We have seen in one of the letters to his sister, "the hope—the bright expectancy, that," as he says, "cheered and buoyed up his spirit through the anxieties of suspense." When we consider the length of time he had been in London without doing anything; the utter failure of all his attempts to get his plays accepted; the thorough and intimate sense he had of his own powers, and the hard necessity that compelled a spirit like his, capable as it was of better things, to work at the commonest, almost mechanical drudgery. It is astonishing that such feelings should remain to him at all; and their not having been extinguished in these circumstances, showed a depth and devotedness of character that was worthy of a better recompense. It may have been observed that in most of his letters, though he speaks pretty freely of his plans, expectations, and efforts, he makes but little allusion, except in very general terms, to his circumstances. From a hasty but painfully interesting sketch of his labours in London, which he gives in a letter to his mother, it would appear that this reserve arose from his unwillingness to trespass further on his brother who had already been very generous to him, and to whom, in his early and confident anticipations of success, he thought he should only be indebted for his first outfit. Dr. Griffin never had the least idea that any circumstances could occur, which would tempt him to conceal his real condition. It was, however, one of the remarkable features in his character, that while he could be as cheerful, free, and *degage* as possible in his intercourse with those around him, there was still an extraordinary and unaccountable reluctance to enter minutely, even with intimate friends,

upon the subject of his own feelings and circumstances, and he was yet more unwilling to do this by letter, as he felt that any hints about his necessities would be answered from home with the same ready generosity they had ever been, and which he feared was sometimes productive of inconvenience. There were, however, occasional revealments of a very startling nature in some of his letters, (one of which may have been noticed already,) which induced Dr. Griffin to forward remittances to him without waiting to hear that he stood in need of them. In one of them he says, "I have changed my lodgings and pay at present about half what I did in Regent street." He then speaks of some French translations, and other literary drudgery which enabled him to pay for them, and of some papers of his, by which he got into considerable favour with the periodicals, and says :

"Under such circumstances as these, it is rather vexatious that I cannot avail myself of my own exertions through such a mortifying and apparently trivial obstacle as the state of my *garde-robe*. Banim has been with me twice within the last fortnight ; first to tell me that Dr. Maginn, who is the principal writer in Blackwood, had very kindly offered, without any personal knowledge of me, to introduce me to the Editor of the *Literary Gazette* (his intimate friend), and the second time to ask me to dine at his house with some literary gentlemen, amongst whom was Dr. Maginn. Both invitations I was obliged to decline, (on the score of being closely occupied,) and the next morning Banim called again at my lodgings, and not finding me at home, left a note to say that he was sorry I did not come, but whenever I chose he would feel great pleasure in introducing me to those gentlemen, who were anxious for my acquaintance. With the assistance of heaven, I hope I shall after some time be enabled to get over this difficulty."

Again he says :

"It will be necessary for me now in order to procure more drudgery, to go out among the publishers ; this I cannot do, because of the prevention I have mentioned. The fact is, I am

at present almost a complete prisoner ; I wait until dusk every evening to creep from my mouse-hole, and snatch a little fresh air on the bridge close by. Good heaven! to think that I am here in the centre of mountains of wealth! almost 'upon Change,' and to have no opportunity of laying an *honest* hand upon a stray draught in its flight from one commercial fellow to another, who has no more business with it than I have with —any thing that I have too much of already and don't know what to do with—say common sense and modesty."

The remittances I speak of were generally acknowledged with thankfulness as "unexpected though not unseasonable." It is singular, that in the latter part of one of the very letters in which these announcements are made, I find a sentence which looks as if he again shrunk from the effect of such disclosures. He says : "at present let me distinctly say I am not in want of money, and the furthest inconvenience which I apprehend is the being obliged for some time to remain in *statu quo*." The following written to his sister in America, is but one of many passages which will show the ardour with which he clung to his favourite pursuit, and the many mortifications it subjected him to.

"You have no idea what a heart-breaking life that of a young scribbler beating about, and endeavouring to make his way in London is: going into a bookseller's shop, as I have often done, and being obliged to praise up my own manuscript, to induce him to look at it all—for there is so much competition, that a person without a name will not even get a trial—while he puts on his spectacles and answers all your self-commendation with a "hum—um;"—a set of hardened villains! and yet at no time whatever could I have been prevailed upon to quit London altogether. That horrid word failure,—No!—death first! There is a great tragic actress here, who offered to present my play and do all in her power to have it acted, but I have been sickened of such matters for a little while. I may however set about it some other time. Why I have yesterday written a play (in one act) which is to be published this week with a most laughable illustration by the Hogarth of the day, George Cruikshank. There's dramatic fame for you! In blank verse

too, mind I don't say poetry! I have a conscience as well as another man.

"That horrid word failure.—No ; death first !" The reader will see presently, that this was not the vehement expression of a transitory feeling, nor the vain boast of an energy he did not possess, but that the dreadful alternative he alludes to was absolutely not far from its accomplishment. His mind, indeed, contained the one essential element of all greatness in execution—a deep and unfaltering devotion to its subject that nothing but a downright impossibility could discourage or overthrow. It was not, therefore, to be thrown aside from its purpose by any light or trivial obstacles. This disposition, coupled with his natural independence of character, made him determine at a very early period, to rely as much as possible on his own efforts, and to make it a point, that everything he achieved should be owing to the force of his own genius and energy alone. He remarks somewhere : "It is odd, but I have never been successful except where I depended entirely on my own exertions ; where I had set to work anonymously." He had always an utter distaste for what is commonly called patronage, and depending, as he did, upon the merit of his writings alone for eventual success, was unwilling even to lend himself to that which in the course of events fell easily in his way, except merely for the purpose of bringing them under the notice of the public. He viewed with a dislike almost amounting to loathing, that cringing to and fawning upon great men, by which many gifted individuals of an earlier time sacrificed their independence of character, and in several instances drew upon themselves the undisguised contempt even of those whose assistance they sought. He had from time to time been receiving employment in various ways, but there is reason to believe that this was in general very unremunerating.

"I have," he says, "dashed into print more since my last than at any time. The first of the original articles in the *Literary Gazette* of Saturday week is mine. I also sent a long string of nonsense to the *Literary Chronicle*, to which I perceive they have given high honour. They call me their 'kind correspondent,' and wish to see some more of my handiwork; but I mention these things because a writer of my acquaintance, who has made some efforts to serve me before, called on me yesterday to say that if I would write some similar sketches to that in the *Gazette*, together with some pieces of 'crambo-jingle,' he would get his publisher to present them to the Editor of this new weekly publication that is coming out in connexion with the '*European Review*.' This would be a good thing if I could bring it about, and if I fail will cost nothing but the pains. I have also sent something to one of the magazines, of which I know not the result yet. For some time after I received your letter, I was, without exaggeration, perfectly miserable. The looking for lodgings, for an engagement, and several other matters took up my time so entirely, that I was compelled to break an appointment I had made with Banim, that I would call on him for a particular purpose—to have my criticism, as he did me the honour to say—on a work which he is sending to the press, and which so far as I had read, is really a delightful performance. The consequence was, when I did call, it had been sent off, and though his manner was as friendly as ever, I could see that what he considered the neglect, had somewhat cooled him. I could not explain then, and I perceived that he thought the apology I did make a very lame one indeed. However, I did explain after nearly three weeks absence, and received two or three days since a letter full of kindness and friendship; in short, everything that I could wish. I should almost like to transcribe part of it here; it would so fully show you what manner of man he is."

In another letter of a later date he says:

"You ask me of my dramatic prospects. I have done nothing—I *could* do nothing in them while I was prevented from calling on Banim, my kind, my true friend, which I have not done these two months. The restraint in this instance is absolute torture to me, when I consider what a cold return I must appear to make to his most friendly and pressing invitations. Since I wrote last I have heard or seen nothing of him."

Notwithstanding all I have stated, it may appear extraordinary, that when his affairs began to wear such a gloomy aspect, he did not explain the state of them clearly and plainly to his brother, who would have been shocked at the thought of his allowing matters to run to such an extremity; but I believe he would readily have done so, if it were not for the unfortunate occurrence of that illness to which he alludes in his letters, and which he was sensible would, in a professional person, have a tendency to lead to embarrassment. All the circumstances I have mentioned; the depth and earnestness with which he felt his vocation; his observation that his partial success had been due to himself alone, and his delicacy about trespassing further on his brother; his many distressing efforts to obtain employment, together with the wasting anxiety which such a state of things naturally engendered in a mind like his —seem to have made him adhere only the more strongly to his early determination, and when his difficulties thickened, and his necessities became more urgent, induced him to push those feelings to an extremity; to shrink entirely within himself; and to reject even the commonest offices of friendship; those little favours which it delights to bestow; which are often the very tests of its truth, and without the exercise of which on proper occasions, its professions would be worthless, and itself a mere "shade that follows wealth or fame." It is perhaps, one of the characteristics of all minds endowed with much sensibility, and with a high feeling of independence, to have this sensibility exalted, and to become quick and irritable beyond what is rational, in circumstances such as those I am about to mention. We all remember the indignation with which Johnson, in his poverty, flung away a pair of new shoes which some unknown but kind friend, as related by Boswell, had left at his door. The difficulty which friendship

has to overcome in these instances, is not so much to bestow the favour, which it is always willing to do cheerfully, but to bestow it in such a manner as not to rouse a very universal feeling, which is seldom dormant, and is at such times more than usually watchful. The careful consideration of this difficulty, during the exercise of such favours is, perhaps, one of the surest trials of its sincerity and depth. Mr. Banim was at that time in the noon of his literary reputation. As the author of Damon and Pythias—a tragedy which had met with the most brilliant success—he had won the acquaintance of some of the most distinguished literary characters of the day; and the extreme originality, power, and truth displayed in the "Tales by the O'Hara Family," had rendered them far more popular than any Irish work of fiction since the first appearance of Miss Edgeworth's writings. To this the complete revolution effected in works of that class, by this accomplished lady and Sir Walter Scott, and the attention then beginning to be bestowed upon Irish affairs, also in some degree contributed. Gerald was, as we have seen, at the time, a poor struggler against heavy circumstances; unacquainted with any body, and there was a great contrast between their positions. It is therefore evident, that in any acts of friendship which then suggested themselves to Mr. Banim's mind, he could have been influenced by nothing but the purest generosity and benevolence. We have also seen the deep feeling with which Gerald speaks of his kindness, the strong terms in which he mentions his many friendly offices, and the warm acknowledgments he makes of his goodness of heart. In a letter which now lies before me, he says, "I cannot tell you here the many, many instances in which Banim has shown his friendship since I wrote last; let it suffice to say, that he is the sincerest, heartiest, most disinterested being that breathes.

His fire-side is the only one where I enjoy anything like social life, or home. I go out occasionally in an evening, and talk or read for some hours ; or have a bed, and leave next day." I am the more anxious to insist on both these points, lest on the one hand, the thoughtful and considerate spirit which prompted Mr. Banim to watch over his friend in his necessities, should, by any chance, not be appreciated as it deserves, or should lose any of its advantages by a forgetfulness of the circumstances by which it was attended ; and, on the other, lest the spirit in which his kindness was received, should be considered anything more than the momentary flash of a mind writhing under accumulated anxieties and evils, weakened, perhaps, for the time, by the pressure of circumstances, and trembling with the fear that it was about to lose its last hold of that feeling, which is at all times laudable, a proper sense of independence. Moreover, it is not impossible that Mr. Banim himself may have been entirely unaware of the reality and depth of Gerald's sentiments regarding him, and if the hasty and inconsiderate manner in which his proffered kindness was rejected in this instance should have left any trace of soreness in his mind, the warm testimony contained in these letters, would, I am sure, have removed such a feeling entirely. Gerald had, as we have seen by one of the last quoted letters, not gone near Mr. Banim's house for the last two months, though frequently urged by the most pressing invitations, which he seems to have met by various excuses that were not even to himself satisfactory, and could not, of course, appear so to his friend. This was so unusual an absence, that Mr. Banim made various conjectures to account for it, but without success ; at length a light suddenly broke in upon him, and he began to apprehend that the cause was a much more serious one than any he had fallen upon. He instantly set out in search

of him, but had much difficulty in ascertaining his address, as he had not seen him for some time, and Gerald had, as we have seen, changed his lodgings. At length he found the place, a small room in some obscure court, near St. Paul's. Gerald was not at home. He called again next day. He was still out on his mission, perhaps for "more drudgery." He then questioned the woman who kept his lodgings as to his condition and circumstances. These she spoke of in terms of pity; represented him as in great distress; said she had never spoken to him on the subject, but she was afraid he denied himself even the commonest necessaries, that he appeared in bad spirits, dressed but indifferently, shut himself up for whole days together in his room, without sending her for any provision, and when he went out, it was only at night-fall when he was likely to meet no one that he knew. This was a very distressing picture, particularly when considered in connection with his incommunicativeness, and the silent endurance with which it was going on. Mr. Banim immediataly returned home, and wrote him a very kind letter, offering him some pecuniary assistance, until he should be able to get over his present difficulties. As I am not in possession either of this letter, or the one written in reply to it, and as all that is characteristic in such things depends more upon the manner, almost, than the matter, it would not be quite fair to attempt to give a version of them here, especially as the account I have had of the transaction was not received from Mr. Banim himself. It is sufficient to say that the offer was rejected with a degree of heat and sharpness which showed that he had not succeeded in lulling the dangerous feeling to which I have alluded, and that his good-natured attempt proved so completely abortive, that there was evidently no use in pursuing the matter further. The friends did not meet again for some time, and the cir-

cumstance occasioned a degree of estrangement which it was not easy to repair.

It is difficult, after all, to account for a course so extraordinary. If we suppose it to have arisen from any suspicion of Mr. Banim's motives, there does not seem to have been any ground whatever for such an opinion, and such a supposition is quite irreconcilable with the warm terms in which Gerald speaks of his friendship and disinterestedness; and if we imagine it to have arisen from any objection to take the position of a protégé of Mr. Banim, it does not appear that he had any disinclination to do this, at least as far as regarded the efforts of the latter to bring his plays before the public. The probability seems to be, that he had not up to this time (for we shall find he *had* afterwards with others, as well as Mr. Banim,) any unwillingness to accept of his patronage in securing the success of his dearest and most cherished pursuits, but that his pride revolted when he saw his friendship descend to the petty necessities of life, and, perhaps, the irritation of that fiery moment arose from the discovery that his friend had, in his absence, (for how few friends are admitted to the profoundest depths of the heart,) endeavoured to penetrate the veil of secrecy in which he chose to envelop himself in his distress. Indeed it is vain to conjecture on the subject. It seems to have been a mystery even to himself, if we may judge by the following introductory sonnet to "Suil Dhuv," one of the Tales of the Munster Festivals, in which he evidently alludes to it. There is something affecting in the little pleading allusion he makes to his struggles and ill success, and in the humble confessing spirit in which the sonnet is written. It would appear too, from some passages in it, that there was nothing in Mr. Banim's manner of conferring the favour that in Gerald's opinion could at all justify the mode of its rejection.

I.

I hold not out my hand in grateful love,
  Because ye were my friend, where friends were few,
Nor in the pride of conscious truth, to prove
  The heart ye wronged and doubted, yet was true—
It is that while the close and blinding veil,
  That youth and blissful ignorance had cast
Around mine inward sight, is clearing fast
Before its strengthening vision—while the scale
  Falls from mine eye-balls, and the gloomy stream
Of human motive, whitening in my view,
  Shows clear as dew-showers in the gray morn beam,
While hearts and acts, whose impulse seemed divine,
  Put on the grossness of an earthlier hue,
I still can gaze and deeply still can honour thine.

II.

Judge not your friend by what he seemed, when Fate
  Had crossed him in his chosen—cherished aim,
When spirit-broken—baffled—moved to hate
  The very kindness that but made his shame
More self induced,—he rudely turned aside
  In bitter—hopeless agony from all
  Alike—of those who mocked or mourned his fall,
And fenced his injured heart in lonely pride.
Wayward and sullen as suspicion's soul!
  To his own mind he lived a mystery—
But now the heavens have changed—the vapours roll
Far from his heart, and in his solitude,
  While the fell night-mares of his spirit flee,
He wakes to wave for thee a tale of joy renewed.

Whatever the feeling may have been that influenced him at the moment in this transaction, it is certain that he soon regretted the hasty and inconsiderate manner in which he had acted. A friend of his, to whom he mentioned the circumstance, and whom he was in the habit of consulting on various occasions, took some pains to impress more strongly upon him this sense of its impropriety. "It was wrong," said he, "very wrong—Mr. Banim will now think you were unwilling to be under an obligation to him, even for so paltry a thing as the loan of a small sum of money. You ought to take some

steps as soon as possible to divest him of this feeling; the first time you meet him you should borrow some money from him, whether you want it or not—you can return it again in a few days if you have no business of it." Gerald seemed to give his full approval to this piece of advice, and the gentleman was under the impression that he complied with it, but this I think very unlikely.

An incident took place soon after the circumstances I have just mentioned, which not only showed how deeply this feeling of independence was fixed in his character, but proved that with all the knowledge of human nature which his writings display, he had, on some points, but a very slight acquaintance with the world. The friend to whom I have above alluded, and whose name, from motives that will be obvious, I am obliged to suppress, was one who had known him intimately from his childhood, and at whose house he had always on that account made himself perfectly at home. It was his custom sometimes to call there in the afternoon, and remain to dinner, and these visits were latterly so regular, that when a day passed by without his making his appearance, it was a very unusual circumstance. This gentleman becoming unfortunate in his affairs was arrested for debt, but contrived to get himself placed with his family within the Rules of the King's Bench.* Here he expected Gerald would renew his customary visits, but three or four days passed

* For the information of such of my readers as are unacquainted with the subject, I may mention that the "Rules of the King's Bench," consist of a certain area round the King's Bench prison, within the limits of which persons arrested for debt are permitted to reside, and carry on their usual business, on giving bail and paying a per centage to the Marshal: an arrangement as advantageous to the creditor as to the debtor, where the latter happens to be engaged in trade. A breach of the "Rules," of course, subjects the party committing it to close confinement, and his bail becomes forfeit.

away and there was no trace of him ; at length remembering his circumstances, and the nature of the conversation they held the last time he saw him, and filled with good-natured alarm at the probable consequence of leaving him to himself, this kind friend, disregarding the danger to which he exposed himself by such an act, ventured one night to break the "Rules," and make for Gerald's quarters ; he found him in a wretched room at the top of the house in which he lived. It was past midnight, and he was still at his desk, writing on with his accustomed energy. On a little inquiry, he found that he had left himself without a single shilling, and he was shocked at the discovery that he had spent nearly three days without tasting food ! "Good God," said he, "why did you not come to me?" "Oh !" said Gerald quietly, "you would not have me throw myself upon a man who was himself in prison?" "Then, why did you not write to William?" "Why," said he, "I have been a trouble to William so often, and he has always been so kind and so generous to me, that I could not bring myself to be always a burden to him." His friend immediately insisted on his accompanying him to his house, where he had him paid the attention which his condition required. This midnight visit was a fortunate one, and showed him the existence of feelings, the strength of which he had little suspected, giving at the same time ample proof that Gerald's disposition was one which required much watching.

It is painful to dwell on such a picture ; and what even he himself could have looked to as the result of such a proceeding it is difficult to conjecture. It is singular, too, to consider what an extreme innocence it showed of all the common affairs of life ; for with regard to his objection to trespass on one, who, as he said, was himself in prison, a very little knowledge of the world would have enabled him to perceive that the

very circumstance of his friend's being able to get himself placed in the "Rules," and to live there, argued a certain moderate competency which placed him above immediate want, and his being unwilling even in such a fearful necessity to accept of the hospitality of one at whose house he was always welcome, and where he was almost daily expected, discloses a notion of independence so severe, as to be rarely met with. Though his judgment may have erred as to the manner in which this feeling was evinced, an error which we see made him reject even the warmest efforts of friendship, with an unceremonious harshness, yet most people will look with sympathy upon the principle in which this error originated, and when they have considered the many distressing influences by which his mind was for a long time depressed, will pardon at least, if they do not admire, the strictness with which it was followed out.

The following letter, written in the latter part of the next year gives such a fearful picture of the struggles I have attempted to describe, and exhibits so characteristically the manner in which he was relieved from them, that this seems the proper place for it. It presents such evidence of energy, perseverance, manly endurance, and lofty and honourable principle, that it cannot fail to be deeply interesting. I cannot conceive anything more dreadful than the sufferings it so forcibly pourtrays, if we consider the high sensibility of the mind that was subjected to them. Nor can I think of any state of things more directly tending to insanity, if his constitution had been at all predisposed to it, than the circumstances he speaks of, when he describes himself as working on without hope, merely to divert his mind from the "horrible gloom," that in spite of himself, he felt growing upon him.

15, Paddington Street, Regent's Park. London,
October 12th, 1825.

My dear, ever dear Father and Mother.—To make sure of your hearing from me now, I send a second letter. I have just received from the editor of the *Gazette*, J. W——'s letter of the 6th of last August. By the merest chance in the world it reached me, as its direction was indeed the most uncertain possible. Mary Anne's I never got. Under the circumstances, as they appear to you, it is matter more of pain than astonishment to me, that you should have been so entirely at a loss in finding excusable motives for my silence, and I have no objection whatsoever to offer to J—s's "unwilling suppositions." It is one of those misfortunes (and I hope the last of them,) which the miserable and galling life I have led since I came to London (until very lately.) has thrown on my shoulders, and which, of course, I must endure as well as I can. But if you knew, my dear Mother, what that life has been, it would, I believe, have led you to a less injurious conclusion to me. Until within a short time back I have not had since I left Ireland a single moment's peace of mind—constantly—constantly running backward and forward, and trying a thousand expedients, and only to meet disappointments every where I turned. It may perhaps appear strange and unaccountable to you, but I could not sit down to tell you only that I was in despair of ever being able to do anything in London, as was the fact for a long time. I never will think or talk upon the subject again. It was a year such as I did not think it possible I could have outlived, and the very recollection of it puts me into the horrors. William has, I suppose, let you know my movements, and I fear I shall be repeating him if I set about telling you how I have fared. But I have a long sheet before me, and may as well just glance at a few of them. Let me first, however, beg you to be satisfied that this it was, and no neglect—I was not guilty of it for an instant—that prevented my writing; beside that when I do write I must fill up a large sheet, or send none. When first I came to London, my own self-conceit, backed by the opinion of one of the most original geniuses of the age, induced me to set about revolutionising the dramatic taste of the time by writing for the stage. Indeed the design was formed and the first step taken (a couple of pieces written,) in Ireland. I cannot with my present experience conceive anything more comical than my own views and measures at the time. A young gentleman totally unknown, even to a single family in London, coming into town with a few pounds in one

pocket, and a brace of tragedies in the other, supposing that the one will set him up before the others are exhausted, is not a very novel, but a very laughable delusion. 'Twould weary you, or I would carry you through a number of curious scenes into which it led me. Only imagine the modest young Munster-man spouting his tragedy to a room full of literary ladies and gentlemen; some of high consideration too. The applause however of that circle on that night was sweeter, far sweeter to me, than would be the bravos of a whole theatre at present, being united at the time to the confident anticipation of it. One of the people present immediately got me an introduction to —— (I was offered several for all the actors.) To —— I went—and he let down the pegs that made my music. He was very polite—talked and chatted about himself and Shiel and my friend—excellent friend Banim. He kept my play four months, wrote me some nonsensical apologies about keeping it so long, and *cut* off to Ireland, leaving orders to have it sent to my lodgings, without any opinion. I was quite surprised at this, and the more so, as Banim, who is one of the most successful dramatic writers, told me he was sure he would keep it: at the same time saying, what indeed I found every person who had the least theatrical knowledge join in, that I acted most unwisely in putting a play into an actor's hands. But enough of theatricals! Well, this disappointment sent me into the contrary extreme. I before imagined I could do any thing; I now thought I could do nothing. One supposition was just as foolish as the other. It was then I set about writing for those weekly publications; all of which, except the *Literary Gazette*, cheated me abominably. Then, finding this to be the case, I wrote for the great magazines. My articles were generally inserted; but on calling for payment—seeing that I was a poor inexperienced devil, there was so much shuffling and shabby work that it disgusted me, and I gave up the idea of making money that way. I now lost heart for every thing; got into the cheapest lodgings I could make out, and there worked on, rather to divert my mind from the horrible gloom that I felt growing on me in spite of myself, than with any hope of being remunerated. This, and the recollection of the expense I had put William to, and the fears—that every moment became conviction—that I should never be enabled to fulfil his hopes or my own expectations, all came pressing together upon my mind and made me miserable. A thousand, and a thousand times I wished that I could lie down quietly, and die at once, and be forgotten for ever. But that however, was not to be had for the asking. I don't think I left anything undone that could

have changed the course of affairs, or brought me a little portion of the good luck that was going on about me; but good luck was too busy elsewhere. I can hardly describe to you the state of mind I was in at this time. It was not an indolent despondency, for I was working hard, and I am now—and it is only now—receiving money for the labour of those dreadful hours. I used not to see a face that I knew, and after sitting writing all day, when I walked in the streets in the evening, it actually seemed to me as if I was of a different species altogether from the people about me. The fact was, from pure anxiety alone, I was more than half dead, and would most certainly have given up the ghost, I believe, were it not that by the merest accident on earth, the literary friend who had procured me the unfortunate introduction a year before, dropped in one evening to "have a talk" with me. I had not seen him nor anybody else that I knew for some months, and he frightened me by saying I looked like a ghost. In a few days, however, a publisher of his acquaintance had got some things to do —works to arrange, regulate, and revise; so he asked me if I would devote a few hours in the middle of every day to the purpose for £50 a year. I did so, and among other things which I got to revise, was a weekly fashionable journal. After I had read this for some weeks, I said to myself, "Why hang it, I am sure I can write better than this at any rate." And at the same time I knew that the contributors were well paid. I wrote some sketches of London life, and sent them anonymously to the Editor, offering to contribute without payment. He inserted the little sketches, and sent a very handsome sum, to my anonymous address for them; desiring me to continue, and he would be always happy to pay for similar ones. This put me in great spirits, and by the knowledge I had acquired of literary people and transactions altogether, I was enabled to manage in this instance so as to secure a good engagement.

The Editor made several attempts to find me out. He asked my name plainly in one letter, and I told him Joseph (Gerald's name in confirmation.) This did not satisfy him. He invited me to his house in the country (a splendid place he has got) and I declined. He repeated the invitation—and at last finding I could not preserve the incognito any longer, I left the publisher, and secured myself with him by making myself known. I went to his country house and found him there with his wife—a very elegant woman, and family; surrounded by harps, harpsichords, pianos, piazzas, gardens, in fact a perfect palace, within and without. He professed the highest admiration for

me, for which I did not care one farthing; but that at first it led me to suspect he had some design of cheating me at the end; such is the way of the world; but I do so much for him now, that I have in some degree made myself necessary. I have the satisfaction to see—and he sees it too—my articles quoted and commended in the daily papers; satisfaction. I say, as every thing of that kind gives me a firmer hold of the paper. The theatrical department is left altogether to me; and I mortify my revengeful spirit by invariably giving —— all the applause he could expect, or in justice lay claim to. I assure you I feel a philosophical pride and comfort in thus proving to myself that my conduct is not to be influenced by that of another, no matter how nearly the latter may affect my interests. Mr. W——, the Editor I speak of—has this week given me a new engagement on a new weekly publication—and also on one of the Quarterly Reviews, of which he is Editor; that is, as he told me plainly enough, if he liked my articles, that they should be inserted and paid for; and if not, sent back to me. I have sent one and he has kept it. This you must know is no slight honour, for all the other contributors are the very first men of the time. The review appears on the same day in four different languages, in four countries of Europe. Thus, things begin to look in smiles upon me at last. I have within the past fortnight cleared away the last of the debts I had incurred here, with the good fortune of meeting them in full time to prevent even a murmur. With the assistance of Heaven, I hope my actual embarrassments (it is laughable to apply the words to such little matters as they are) have passed away for ever. Will you direct a letter for me, my dear mother, to the address I have given above, and as soon as you receive this? I have not seen a line from one of you since I came to London. Let it be a long one, and contrive to say something about every separate individual of that dear circle to which my thoughts are constantly and affectionately wandering, and where I have resolved on wandering myself as soon as the despotism of circumstances will allow it. I sometimes luxuriate in the prospect of being able to arrange matters with a publisher here, so that a trip might set me down, at least as it found me; and such an arrangement, it is not improbable, I may accomplish when I have established a better connexion here. My dear Father and Mother,

Your affectionate Son,

GERALD GRIFFIN.

CHAPTER V.

1823—1826.

PERFORMANCE OF GISIPPUS AT DRURY LANE, IN 1842 —LETTERS TO AMERICA—THE AUTHOR'S ACCOUNT OF HIS LABOURS—FIRST SUCCESSES—HIS GREAT MENTAL ENERGY—HIS WRITING ANONYMOUSLY—SUCCESS OF THESE ATTEMPTS—ACCOUNT OF THE DISCOVERY OF HIS INCOGNITO—SATIRICAL VERSES—VERSES ON RECENT TOPICS—FEELINGS OF DEPRESSION—POETRY—ANECDOTES—INDEPENDENCE OF CHARACTER—MR. CRABBE.

The play of Gisippus, with the origin of which the reader is now familiar, was performed for the first time at Drury Lane in the year 1842, and received with the utmost enthusiasm both by the press and the public. It was one of the pieces selected by Mr. Macready in his efforts at that time to restore the classical drama to the stage, and from the number of times its performance was repeated to overflowing houses, the attempt must be considered, as regards this piece, eminently successful.

I proceeded to select from our author's letters a few which give a more particular account of the manner in which he gradually surmounted those difficulties of which he has given such a distressing picture. It may be interesting however, first to lay before the reader a short letter which he received from his mother, in answer to the harrowing one last quoted. Though she was unacquainted with these difficulties in detail, it contains many passages that are characteristic.

Fairy Lawn, Susquehana County, Dec. 26, 1825.

My ever beloved Gerald.—We were sitting with a little party of friends on Christmas eve. when your letter reached me, and a more welcome visitor, unless indeed it were the dear writer himself, could hardly have appeared amongst us. It was

unlucky that I could not procure your address since you left Ireland. I did all that writing could do to obtain it and yet failed. The sympathy of his family would have been some comfort to my poor Gerald under the adverse course which his probation as an author had subjected him to. It is an ordeal however, which some of our greatest writers have been obliged to pass through.

I have, dear Gerald, travelled with you through your mortifying difficulties, and am proud of my son.—proud of his integrity, talents, prudence, and above all, his appearing superior to that passion of common minds, revenge; I must own, fully provoked to it by ———'s conduct. I hope however *they* may soon have to seek you, not *you* them. Perhaps after all, it may have been as well that we did not know at the time what you were to endure on your first outset. We should in that case have been advising you to come out here, which, perhaps, would have been turning your back on that fame and fortune, which I hope will one day reward your laudable perseverance and industry. When the very intention you mention of paying us a visit delights me so much, what should I feel if Providence should have in reserve for me, the blessing of once again embracing my Gerald.

We have had one of the finest summers and most delightful autumns you can imagine, the latter I like best here, the woodland scenery is so beautiful, tinged with a thousand dyes at that season—the air so still and so serene, that if you come to visit us, your muse will surely be inspired. It is very interesting to witness the progress of vegetation here, after the winter is over it is so very rapid. Nothing can equal the variety of colours the woods exhibit in the latter part of the year. They look very beautiful indeed, though I suppose I shall not admire them so much this season as I did the last, they are so associated in my mind with the approach of winter, which I do not like, notwithstanding it is the season of amusement to all the people here, who are continually sleighing about, and go hundreds of miles to visit their friends. The place about us is pretty thickly inhabited by the Yankees, as they call the people of New England. They are decent and obliging, and seem to take an interest in showing us the easiest mode of doing farming business, as theirs is in many things different from ours. They have an agreeable accent, and are very intelligent, but their peculiar application of words is sometimes very diverting. A man called here the other day, who was going to Chenango, a town about nine miles off. He told me that if I had got any little *notions* to send for, he would bring them for me with

great pleasure. I have observed some others use the word in the same way since. May God bless my dearest Gerald, prays his fond mother,

ELLEN GRIFFIN.

By the next letter, written soon after, we find him in the House of Commons as a parliamentary reporter. This is the same letter from which I have already made an extract relative to Gisippus, and in which he copied the fourth act for the purpose of obtaining the opinion of his American friends upon it. It was about this time he began to turn his attention to novels, tales, and other prose writings, from the ill success of his efforts in the drama, and it is interesting to observe, by the warmth of his expressions on the more encouraging prospects now open before him, how little his early ardour seems to have been dissipated by that ill success. The book with which he states he was occupied was the first work which established his reputation as a powerful and original writer—the volume published under the name of "Holland-tide," or Munster Popular Tales.

To his Mother.

15, Paddington Street, Regent's Park, London,
Feb. 1, 1826.

MY BELOVED MOTHER,—I received your affectionate letter while I was at breakfast this morning. I had been expecting it with impatience and anxiety for the last month, and I thought from the quick passage your letters generally make, that some accident must have prevented mine from reaching you. Since I wrote last I have been continuing my literary engagements with increasing encouragement, and might have formed many new ones, but that I have been occupied with a book, which will be of more permanent and considerable, though not so immediate advantage. I have also taken the situation of parliamentary reporter for a session; not that I needed it, but it will be of great use to me to know all the usages of the house, and the manner of the talking senators of the day. My duties in the gallery commence to-morrow, and I do not delay an

instant writing, as I fear I shall have an immensity to do during the session. Mr. W—— and I still get on very well together. He has given me the reviewing department of his paper, as well as the political and dramatic; so that here I have been made a critic almost before I became an author. I have had one severe attack of the chest this winter, but on the whole am much better than I have been during that season for many years, and this improvement I attribute (after Heaven's mercy) to the buoyant excitement of mind and heart into which I have been thrown by the stirring prospects the last few months have laid before me. I feel that, situated as I now am, if no new and great misfortune occurs, it is not possible for any person to have a fairer course before him, and notwithstanding my disappointments in the first instance, I assure you I have enough of my eager confidence remaining to enter upon the first trial with glorious spirits. All I fear for is my health. Let the great God continue that, and if all my exertions should fail and my wishes should still remain unaccomplished, I shall have nothing —nothing for it but to sit me down quietly and say, "My honest friend, Gerald, you deceived yourself, you took a wrong course, you never had any claims to the high place you aimed at, you're a blockhead—be quiet." A doubt often startles me, and that is: if I should succeed in all that I am at present labouring to accomplish, whether the joy which will attend that consummation may equal the delicious feeling with which I now contemplate the probable result of my efforts—the strong, ardent, glowing hope, made doubly exquisite by the *slightest* mingling of uncertainty which stimulates every movement at present. But what have I to do with the future more than to do my part, and hope it may prosper? I have been most delighted, dear mother, with your kind, kind letter. Any remembrance from my old and dear friends coming upon me in the midst of arduous, though congenial occupations, is a mere gratifying relief to my heart and mind, than I can express to you. I hope you will write again, without delay, when you receive this, as a person's address in London is so uncertain; but direct as before.

How I should wish we were all here, provided one can have one's friends about one. I can quite enter into Johnson's sentiments with respect to London, and those of Madame de Staël with regard to Paris. There is no place like a great metropolis for a fellow who cannot content himself with the quiet ease and security of a still life; or rather who is naturally of a spirit so irregular and so dependent for the proper exercise of its energies on the excitation of outward circumstances, that he must

be continually in the way of that excitation, if he would not lead a neutral life. But it may be I treat myself too severely in this long sentence. I would not have you think but I do. Mary Anne asks me to give her some mark by which she may know my papers, but I cannot furnish one. I put five hundred different signatures; often none whatever, as I would not have acquaintances here recognise all I chose to write. The letter she speaks of was not mine, I believe it was Neale's, the American novelist, of whom I spoke to you before, and I'll tell you why I think so—because he met me after it appeared, and said it was "a capital thing." I will not finish or send off any letter until I give you an account of my *debut* in Parliament. To-morrow is expected to be what the press folks call a *heavy* night. You tax me with my illegible writing, but I fear I cannot amend it, for I must not stay to shape my letters, and I have, I believe, got a bad habit from the facility with which the printers here make it out. I verily believe, if I shut my eyes, or fling the pen at the paper so as to make any kind of mark, the London printers would know what I intended to say. They always send me back my manuscript with my printed proofs for correction, and I actually have repeatedly been unable to make out what I had written, until I had referred to the same articles in print. What a dull, mechanical, imperfect mode of communication this is though, of writing, and reading, and speaking? Why cannot we invent some more rapid and vivid means of transferring our ideas? Why cannot we commune in spirit, or by intelligence? I suppose I must give myself a lady's reason in reply: It is because we can't. Well, we shall do better in Heaven.

Saturday, Feb. 4.—I have just dragged myself up here, after the Lord knows all the work I have done since Wednesday. I have, on the first night I attended the house, had the Chancellor of the Exchequer's speech to report, ("a deuced cramp piece of work," as Tony Lumpkin says,) and I understand, my report gave high satisfaction. Indeed, the proprietor told me I should never again have to give them so much matter as I furnished that night, and promised to raise my salary. I shall write often, and let you know how my plans get on. You, my dear father, would be surprised, I dare say, if you heard some of those folks speak, who enjoy so high a reputation for parliamentary eloquence. There are many, whom I supposed persons of extraordinary ability, and I am astounded, on seeing them get up in the house, to find what absolute blockheads they are. H—— for instance—he is the most stupid, tiresome, actual ass that ever opened his lips. It is solely to

the reporters he is indebted for the straightforward, sensible air his speeches assume. But there are other splendid fellows, whom it is positively inspiring to listen to. It will be of the utmost service to me, this attending the house, and I find, somehow or other, that the more work a man is made to do, the more he is able to do, and the more he desires to do. I have had just now a scolding letter from W—— for preferring the House of Commons to him; and here's the editor of a new monthly publication has been (now give me credit for modesty) wishing for an introduction to G. G. to give him an engagement, which, however, I can't take. I am very, very sorry I filled so much of this sheet with my tragedy trash, as I find I have a great deal to say, and here's my paper run out, but I will write soon again, and I will never more be guilty of this extracting offence. I won't quarrel with you for saying it was J. W——'s letter renewed our correspondence. I assure you I had repeatedly, and even the week before, commenced a letter, but could not bring my heart to go through, in the state of mind I was in, to say, "My dear friends in America, I came over here to be great all at once, and"———— "but enough of that, an' thou lovest me, Hal"—I don't understand what right Richmond Hill has to be four miles from Fairy Lawn. When a body hears of a number of his friends being in a distant place in foreign parts—I don't know how it is—but he gets a confused general idea, that they are all cooped up as it were in a band-box, where one cannot poke out his elbow without another's ribs groaning for it. But give my true and affectionate love to B. W., the great, fat, malicious thing. I saw an amendment of hers in J——'s letter, in which she had not so much as a "how do ye do" for poor me. Tell her I write by this post to her and him. And now, my dear father, mother, and friends, God bless you all, and bless America for your sake,

Prays your affectionate,
GERALD GRIFFIN.

The following extracts from some of his letters will show how earnestly he toiled, during such times as afforded any occupation for his hand or his pen:

"During the last two months I have been more occupied than you can conceive without my explaining. This situation, which was to have taken up six hours of my time per day, goes much nearer to the twelve regularly. I never return before

evening to my lodging, and then, to half complete every evening's work keeps me drudging until two or three—sometimes four and five o'clock every morning—unless when I happen to doctor myself, and that is not often. I can't afford to lose a certainty, and therefore must submit to this, but the consequences to me are very grievous. I have not since I wrote last been able to furnish articles for periodicals, although I had made arrangements with some, and was actually obliged to leave a series incomplete in one instance, consequently received nothing. The work of which I speak above is dry drudgery—making indexes, cutting down dictionaries, &c., not one of which, when I have completed what I have on hands, will I ever undertake again. I was villainously deceived about them. I am actually quite stupid, and can hardly see to write with pains in the eyes. I have made many efforts to get out of this drudgery, but unsuccessfully, for want of time. I proposed to a bookseller to translate or adapt 'Les Causes Celebres' of the French Courts, a good idea, and he caught at it, but he could not engage in it so quickly as I wished, and I now find Knight and Lacy are doing it, so that spec's gone. I broke my word to E—— about writing, but could not avoid it. I have not been in bed before three any night this week past—and it is now after two. I assure you nothing is more hateful to me (tell me if I speak for or against myself) than to sit down to write a letter, when I am as at present wearied with anxiety. You can't conceive the utter drudgery of beating your unfortunate brains to write articles without receiving remuneration regularly, and I have, since tea this evening, written and put into the post a number of articles, for which perhaps I must battle for my three farthings; otherwise I *could* write. All this while, here is my Spanish friend—who has just been with me—because he had a little capital to work upon, sat down at his ease, and wrote a three volume book—a novel—for which he received £200.—£100 more to be added if it reaches a second edition, and that's likely, for it is highly praised—'*Don Esteban*.' I got a letter the other day, from a company of booksellers in the Row, to furnish them with some articles for a new magazine, which I can't do. I have not seen three acquaintances for as many months, and the fact is—here I am, alive and *in statu quo*. One thing that worries me out of my life is, that I am losing too much time ever to be able to retrieve it. It sometimes vexes me very much. I am too ready to undertake what I can't do, and that insures me a continual round of anxieties. With all that I have spoken of above, I agreed to furnish a bookseller with matter for a

pamphlet of the Catholic meeting here, and did so; I wonder how. 'Twas about as much as would make one of the common size of novel volumes, and furnished in five days! without even interfering with my regular engagements."

These extracts serve to point out the trials and pains of authorship. The following passages are more encouraging:

"The very day I received your letter I set to work, and since that time have achieved a multiplicity of engagements with publishers and periodicals. In the first place, I procured an introduction from Dr. Maginn, (an LL.D., whom I believe I mentioned to you before as a friend of Banim's) to the editor of the *Literary Gazette*, and got an engagement from him to furnish sketches, &c., at a very liberal remuneration,—a guinea a page. Then I sent articles to the *European Magazine*, which I accompanied with the offer of a series, if they would pay for them, and requesting that the others might be returned if they did not feel disposed to accept them on the usual terms. Here also I was successful—there was not a word of objection, and they have already inserted several pieces. Then I made an essay on one of the lions—the *London Magazine*—and was accepted there too. As this was very lately, I know not what the net proceeds will be, but I am told by an old contributor that I have made 'a palpable hit.' I know their usual pay is twelve guineas a sheet. Then I got an engagement from the proprietor of the new Catholic newspaper, to furnish reports, &c., by which I have already made several guineas. Still having time on my hands, I sold six hours per diem—from nine to three—to the publisher of several weekly publications for a guinea a week, which salary, however, he has assured me that he will raise. Then Banim tells me he can get any reviews which I may choose to write, inserted in the *Universal Review*, a new one, edited by Croly, the author of 'Pride shall have a Fall'—and also with the *Quarterly* he can do something—I mean *Knight's Quarterly Magazine*. So far so good. Then he has repeatedly offered to hand any essay or sketch I give him to Thomas Campbell, whom he knows intimately. I think I'll put out my best leg and make an advance on that gentleman—though I don't know how it is, but if I were only now entering London with the experience I have, I should take a very different course from that which I have followed. It is odd—but I never have been successful, except where I de-

pended entirely on my own exertions; where I have set to work anonymously. I have been so pressed for time lately, that I cannot find a few spare hours to correct a two act piece I have written for the English Opera House, though Banim has repeatedly promised to introduce me to the manager the instant I have it finished. The same reason has prevented my doing anything further with respect to the winter theatres."

The subjoined passage contains a curious and amusing account of the manner in which some of his engagements originated:

"I am *in statu quo*, with one exception; that is, that I have got an engagement on a paper (*The News of Fashion.*) of which you've seen a number. I sent the editor a couple of essays or sketches of London life, or some trash of the kind anonymously. He begged to know my name. I did not tell, but offered to continue them gratuitously. He wrote to say he would be glad to *pay* for them. I had no objection whatever, and he gives me a pound per page—fair enough. I am furnishing him now with a regular series, of which he has had six in number already. I generally get in from thirty shillings to two pounds per week in this way, which, if it continues, is pleasant enough, considering that it does not intertere with my other occupations. The gentleman, however, is confoundedly apt to slip a column or so in the reckoning, which is not agreeable.

"This editor of the *News* has dealt handsomely enough too. He made out several artieles which I had published anonymously in his paper, before I dreamed of asking him for an engagement, and paid me liberally for each of them. This I took as an inducement to make me *do my best*. It is pleasant too, inasmuch as the rest of the paper is furnished by the first periodical hands of the day. By the way, he don't know me as it is. He sends the money to my address every week by a livery servant, who never says a word, but slips the note to a servant—touches his lips, and, mum! presto! off he is. All very romantic, isn't it? A good illustration of a remark I made to you concerning patronage in the literary world is this. I applied openly to this same gentleman about a year since through his publisher. He wouldn't have any thing to do with me. Lately however he determined, it seems, to find me out, though I gave a wrong name, and I was a little surprised one

day to see here in my room a tall stout fellow, with mustachio'd lip and braided coat, announcing himself as Mr. W——, after I had three or four times declined invitations to his country seat (wishing to keep *incog*). I went there yesterday, and had a long chat with him. He has a perfect palace there, with Corinthian piazzas—garden—vines—and the Lord knows what besides; a magnificent apartment with low windows going to the garden, &c. On one side, a splendid double-action harp, for which he gave, as he says, three hundred guineas. On another a grand piano—his wife a pleasing woman—no great shakes of a musician after all. We settled that he should give me a £100 a year—paid weekly according to what I sent. I have just been scribbling off now two hundred lines of an epistle to Liston on his return to London—poetry of course!"

This was the instance in which, as the reader will remember, he gave the name of Joseph while he chose to preserve his incognito.

He had been from time to time, as he says, "dashing more into print latterly than at first." The pieces he wrote consisted both of prose and poetry, and were published, some in the *Literary Gazette*, and some in the *News of Literature*. Speaking of them himself, he says: "They are great trash, with, however, a few novelties, and some passable writing—free and easy on my part you will say. The editor tells me they are admirable, but he's a quiz." In another place he says: "By the rhymes I sometimes send you, you may perceive that I am putting myself in training for Warren's Jet Blacking." The prose pieces seemed intended to delineate the manners, feelings, and habits of thinking of the peasantry of the south of Ireland, and were usually engrafted on some short tale, sometimes of a deep and touching interest. Those in verse, which he designated "crambo jingle," were generally of a light and lively character, struck off, in the heat of the moment, on any subject or incident that happened to catch the public attention at the time. The spright-

liness of the following, and its freedom from all bitterness, is remarkable, considering how severely he had suffered from the false taste he satirises.

When dullness, friend of peers and kings,
Sworn enemy (alas!) to me,
Last shook her flagging, dingy wings
O'er the first island of the sea,
She fixed on London as a place
Where she might find some friends or so,
And travelling up, at mud-cart pace,
She hired a cellar in Soho.

But sad reverse! since her last visit,
A novel rage had seized the nation,
"Sacre!" the goddess cried—"how is it?
Genius—my foe—grown into fashion."
In vain she rail'd—her ancient friends,
The booksellers, had burst her trammels,
And in the new league found their ends,
And left her for the Moores and Campbells.

An unknown lawyer in the north,
Shook her Minerva press to splinters;
Her favourite children sunk to earth,
And hateful light profaned her winters.
If she took up a rhyme, 'twas Byron's;
If to the stage she turned her sight,
Kean scared her from its loved environs,
And Fanny Kelly kill'd her quite.

Despairing thus—despis'd, decried—
Dullness put up her ardent prayer,
"Grant me, O mighty jove," she sighed,
"Some ally in my hour of care;
Look on my votaries' sunken jaws,
My ragged file of thin lampedos,
Have mercy on their yearning craws,
Send some bad taste on earth to feed us."

Her prayer was heard; the rafters o'er her
Sundered—and through the fissure came
A pale white form—he stood before her,
Lanky and gawky in his frame.
Over one bony shoulder hung
A pot of coarse paint, with a brush in't;
His front was like white parchment strung—
The devil couldn't have raised a blush in't.

A brazen trumpet hung beside him,
On which he blew a thrilling blast;
With doubt and hope the goddess eyed him;
"Fat Madam!" he exclaimed at last,
"I am your servant—sent by Jove,
To bid you never be cast down,
By me your reign shall prosperous prove,
By me you yet shall sway the town.

"My name is Puff, the guardian sprite
And patron of the dull and shameless,
Things born in shade I bring to light,
And give a high fame to the nameless.
Me modest merit shuns to meet,
His timid footsteps backward tracking;
The worthless all my influence greet,
From ——'s books to Turner's blacking.

"Receive me, goddess, in thy train,
And thou shall see a change ere long,
The stage shall be thine own again,
Thine, all the sons of prose and song;
—— shall delight the wenches
Where Richard shook the tragic scene once,
Fat Chester shall draw crowded benches,
And Fanny Kelly play to thin ones."

The propheey was registered,
The prophecy has been fulfilled,
The brazen trumpet's boast is heard
Where once the voice of Genius thrilled.
Reader, before your hopes are undone,
This axiom you will bear in mind,
That puffing has been proved in London
The only way to raise the wind.

The next was written on the occasion of Miss Dawson going up with Mr. Graham in a balloon. It appeared in the *News of Literature and Fashion.*

MR. GRAHAM TO MISS DAWSON IN THE CLOUDS.

"Mr. Graham now handed Miss Dawson into the car, and in a few minutes the aeronaut and his accomplished and beautiful fellow-voyager were lost to the gaze of the admiring multitude."
Kendal Paper.

"Here we go up, up, up,
And now we go down, down, down,
Now we go backward and forward,
And heigh for London town!"—*Dean Swift.*

Who says the moon is made of cheese?
The sky a sheet of paper?
The little stars so many peas—
The sun a mere gas taper?
That all the clouds are chimney smoke
The Sun's attraction draws on!
'Tis clear as noon tis all a joke
To you and me, Miss Dawson.

The secrets of the sky are ours—
The heaven is opening o'er us—
The region of the thunder-showers
Is spreading wide before us.
How pleasant from this fleecy cloud
To look on ancient places,
And peer upon the pigmy crowd
Of upturn'd gaping faces!

Oh! what a place were this for love!—
Nay, never start, I pray—
Suppose our hearts could jointly move
And in a lawful way,
Like Ixion I should scorn the crowds
Of earthly beauties to know,
And love a lady in the clouds—
And you should be my Juno.

Speed higher yet—throw out more sand—
We're not the last who'll rise
By scattering with lavish hand
Dust in our neighbours' eyes.
Away! away! the clouds divide—
Hish! what a freezing here!—
And now we thread the mist-hill side,
And now the heavens appear.

"How blest," (so Tommy Moore might sing,)
"Did worldly love not blind us,
Could we to yon bright cloud but wing,
And leave this earth behind us!
There, fed on sunshine—safe from woe—
We'd live and love together!"
Ah, you and I, Miss Dawson, know,
'Tis very foggy weather.

Suppose some future act made void
And lawless Gretna marriages,
The snuff-man joiner's trade destroy'd,
And nullified post carriages:

What think you if a Gretna here,
With post-balloons were given?
Such marriages (we all could swear)
At least were made in Heaven.

How small, Miss Dawson, from the sky
Appears that man below—
The Triton of the *nabbing* fry,
The saddler-king of Bow?
A fig for Dogberry, say we!
For leathern bench and "watchus!"
A fig for law! I'd like to see
What Bishop* here could catch us!

Suppose we smash the stars for fun?
Have with the larks a *lark?*
Or hang a cloak upon the sun
And leave the world all dark?
Or upwards still pursue our flight,
Leave that dull world at rest,
And into Eden peep—and fright
The banquet of the blest?

Whiz! whiz! the fatal word is spoke—
The sprites are round our car—
Our gas is spent—our pinion broke,
And, like a shooting star,
Down, down we glide—the clouds divide,
They close above our head—
Now safe and sound we touch the ground,
And now——we go to bed.

These verses will serve to show that the prevailing turn of his imagination was lively and cheerful. There were times, however, when his mind fell into the opposite mood, and when the tone of his writings exhibit a degree of painful loneliness. I have heard him say more than once, that there was nowhere such a perfect desert as London to one without friends; and that a person might spend whole years there, with a sense of solitude as great as if he actually lived in a wilderness. The following seems to have been written in one of

* The reader will not forget the celebrated Bow-street officer of this name.

those gloomy moments. The feeling it displays is extremely natural and tender, and the faithfulness and absence of all affectation with which it is translated into language is remarkable. It presents, moreover, a very true picture of his own disposition—one which glowed with affection, yet was reserved in its expression—which burned with ambition of the loftiest kind, yet was continually beaten from its aim, and while it prized the sweets of friendship, and lived upon hope, was doomed to be disappointed in both. It was published in the *Literary Gazette* of July the 3rd, 1824, with the signature of "Oscar."

My soul is sick and lone,
No social ties its love entwine;
A heart upon a desert thrown
Beats not in solitude like mine;
For though the pleasant sunlight shine—
It shows no form that I may own,
And closed to me is friendship's shrine—
I am alone.—I am alone!

It is no joy for me
To mark the fond and eager meeting
Of friends whom absence pined—and see
The love-lit eyes speak out their greeting;
For then a stilly voice, repeating
What oft hath woke its deepest moan,
Startles my heart, and stays its beating—
I am alone!—I am alone!

Why hath my soul been given
A zeal to soar at higher things
Than quiet rest—to seek a heaven,
And fall with seathed heart and wings?
Have I been blest? the sea-wave sings
'Tween me and all that was mine own;
I've found the joy ambition brings,
And walk alone!—and walk alone!

I have a heart:—I'd live
And die for him whose worth I knew—
But could not clasp his hand and give
My full heart forth as talkers do.

And they who loved me—the kind few
  Believed me changed in heart and tone,
And left me, while it burned as true,
  To live alone!—to live alone!

And such shall be my day
  Of life, unfriended, cold, and dead,
My hope shall slowly wear away
  As all my young affections fled—
No kindred hand shall grace my head
  When life's last flickering light is gone;
But I shall find a silent bed,
  And die alone!—and die alone!

As I shall not have to return to the consideration of his difficulties again, I may, before I close this chapter, be allowed to say a few words with regard to his bearing under them. The reader, I am sure, must have viewed with admiration, the steady energy, perseverance, and industry, which so young a person continued to exhibit during the progress of a long train of disappointments, and this with so untiring a constancy, that I do not think he ever let slip an occasion that could have given him an additional advantage. Nor can any one fail to be struck with the warm and generous feeling, rectitude of principle, and unshaken reliance upon Divine Providence, with which they were associated. On calling to mind the countless instances in which the bright treasures of nature and grace hoarded up during early youth, the purity of moral feeling, and deep religious reverence cherished in that innocent time, are squandered, spoiled, and sunk in the corruption of a great city, we cannot help turning with an affectionate and admiring interest to those favoured individuals who never for a moment lost the consciousness of their worth, but preserved them with unwasted faith, amid circumstances involving the doom of thousands. It is true, there is something in the pursuit of literature itself which tends to preserve the mind from the contamina-

tion of the grosser passions ; yet, while it raises a barrier against these, it is still open to many dangers, not, perhaps, of a less serious character. It may be doubted, indeed, whether the mind is more truly darkened by the grovellings of sense, than by the blind pride of intellectual ascendancy which prompts it, while it glories in its freedom from the tyranny of a lower nature, to plunge with a bold scrutiny into the mysteries of religion, to believe itself omnipotent as it is all-searching, and to treat every thing as an absurdity which it is unable to explain. Such dangers as these, too, are the greater, the higher the intellectual pre-eminence. They too often end in scepticism, irreligion, and infidelity ; and it may be said that there is seldom a more signal triumph of morality and religion over the corruptions of the world, than when a young and gifted mind, reared in the simplicity of an unthinking virtue, is suddenly flung into such society as besets it in a city like London, and comes out of its gloomy atmosphere with the light of its early truth unclouded. We shall find, by some of his later letters, that Gerald had reason to see and feel those dangers fully, and to be thankful for his deliverance from them. Such results are rare in the history of literature. Johnson was a singular example of one preserved from these dangers, and not so much by the power of the reasoning faculty—for there is often, as I have said, less of safety than of peril in that —as by the inborn and enduring strength of his moral feelings. I know but of one other character to whom, in the points I have alluded to, Gerald bore some resemblance, and with whom he might well be proud to be compared—the ever venerated Crabbe. In him there was the same untiring industry, the same warmth of feeling and disposition, the same untainted purity of mind ; above all, there was in his days of distress and suffering, the same firm reliance upon Divine Providence

and submission to its decrees. These qualities, indeed, existed in Mr. Crabbe in so remarkable a degree, that no one who has the least sensibility can fail to be touched by the deep and unaffected devotion of the sentences in which they are expressed. In observing upon these resemblances, it is impossible not to perceive that there is a point in which the parallel is lost, and in which Gerald's character has a decided advantage. During Mr. Crabbe's early struggles, the days had not yet gone by (though they were already numbered) when the smiles of great men were the sunshine that ripened the harvest of literature; and it is painful to think that a man like him, who in every other respect claims our keenest sympathy, should have been not only willing to bend under the slavery of patronage, but should have even courted its commonest gifts with a weak and almost servile adulation. If it must be confessed that there is something extreme in the degree to which Gerald pushed his notions of independence, I still think such a severe and unbending feeling would be considered preferable to that too yielding and undignified spirit in which all sense of this principle is lost. No one, I am sure, can read, without a degree of pain proportioned to his respect for Mr. Crabbe's memory, the epistles to Prince William Henry, and to the Earl of Shelbourne, which are given in the early part of his life by his son, and which, besides that they exhibit him in a point of view extremely unpleasant to witness, contain nothing that is at all worthy of his later writings; neither is it easy to reconcile one's self to the circumstance of his accepting a gift of a hundred pounds from Lord Thurlow, after his lordship's previous unfeeling neglect of him, and at a time when, under the kind and successful patronage of Mr. Burke, he had become an author of considerable note, and his necessities could not have been very urgent. Johnson would have either spurned

the offer with indignation, or declined it with the same manly dignity with which he rejected Lord Chesterfield's proffered patronage in circumstances somewhat similar.* When a prince or minister of state, as such, chooses to bestow place or pension on men distinguished for their learning or talents, he has two objects in view: to encourage literature as a great national benefit, and to reward those who have contributed to its advancement. Though the second of these objects may be more gratifying in its exercise, the first is certainly by far the most important; but both are legitimate, both are undertaken for the public advantage, and paid for out of the public purse. But it is not easy to recognise any principle upon which a private individual, no matter how exalted his station, can be called on to pay a considerable sum out of his private purse to a person distinguished by literary talent or other marks of genius, for it would be too heavy a tax upon any individual for the national advantage, and it would not be accepted as a charity. Happily, for the respectability of authorship, the vast extension of literature in modern times has set aside such practices for ever.

* It is difficult to account for the apparent insensibility of Mr. Crabbe's biographer on this point. So far from perceiving anything unpleasant in such a position, or from having a notion that it would have been more dignified to have refused such a present, when he had on a former application been treated with such apparent contempt, he seems only to participate in the surprise and gratification which Mr. Crabbe felt, that the present was a hundred pounds instead of ten or twenty, as he expected it to be, and says, "It was a supply which effectually relieved him from all his present difficulties."

CHAPTER VI.

1823—1826

LETTERS FROM LONDON—LITERARY PEOPLE—DR. MAGINN—MR. CAMPBELL—MISS LANDON—MR. ALARIC WATTS—DEATH OF MR. FOSTER—THE O'HARA TALES—PUBLIC TASTE—LITERARY PUFFING—PARTY TO WESTMINSTER ABBEY—RELIGION IN LONDON—MR. KEATS—CATHOLIC MEETING—O'CONNELL—SHIEL—AUTHOR'S OBSERVATIONS ON LITERARY REPUTATION—SONNET—HE DEVOTES HIMSELF TO WRITINGS IN PROSE—STATE OF HEALTH—DRAMA ACCEPTED AT THE ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE—HIS FEELINGS UPON IT.

In giving an account of Gerald's trials in London, I omitted to notice several of his letters which related principally to literary subjects and literary people. These may now be found interesting. They breathe a deep and earnest spirit, and contain many passages which illustrate, in a remarkable degree, the power of that passion to which I have already so often alluded.

To his Brother.

London, Nov. 10, 1824.

My dear William,—Since my last I have visited Mr. J—— several times. The last time, he wished me to dine with him, which I happened not to be able to do, and was very sorry for it, for his acquaintance is to me a matter of great importance, not only from the engine he wields—and a formidable one it is, being the most widely circulated journal in Europe—but also because he is acquainted with all the principal literary characters of the day, and a very pleasant kind of man. He was talking of Maginn, who writes a good deal for *Blackwood*, and spoke in high terms of his talents; nevertheless, though he is his friend, he confessed he did not think him a very considerate critic, and thought there was something unfeeling in his persecution of Barry Cornwall, who by the way is an acquaintance of my Spanish friend's. You may have seen those letters to Bryan Proctor in *Blackwood's Magazine*. Barry Cornwall is, he says, one of the mildest, modestest young fellows he ever

knew, and does anything but assume. Maginn, however, imagines that those he attacks think as little of the affair as himself, which is by no means the case. The other day he attacked Campbell's Ritter Bann most happily, and at the same time cuttingly, and afterwards wanted J—— to get up a dinner and bring Campbell and him together. J—— begged leave to decline. He is a singular looking being, Dr. Maginn. A young man about twenty-six years of age, with gray hair, and one of the most talented eyes, when he lets it speak out, I ever beheld. Banim, who is his bosom crony, says, he considers him the most extraordinary man he ever knew. He attacked Banim too before they were acquainted, but that's all forgot long since. Hazlitt praised Banim in the *London Magazine*, and of course rendered it imperative on *Blackwood* to abuse him. Have you seen Campbell's late poems, any of them? I have been told that the volume of his, which is coming out shortly, Theodric, &c., is very poor indeed—lamentably so. Campbell is the most finical, exact kind of fellow in the whole world. As an instance, I have heard that he was asked to write a little poem some time since for the occasion of Burns' monument, which was then in agitation, and in which my informant took great interest. Campbell consented, but directed that proofs should be sent to him to the country, and before the poem appeared had actually sent five or six messengers back and forward to and from town, with revisions of commas and semicolons!! There is a young writer here, Miss Landon, the author of the "Improvisatrice," a poem which has made some noise lately, who has been brought out by J——, and to be sure he does praise her. She sent some pieces to the *Literary Gazette* a few years since, and through that journal (without intending any insinuations as to desert) has made herself popular enough to run through a few editions. J—— has asked me to meet Alaric Watts at his house, when the latter comes to town, which he intends shortly. Watts is a very sweet writer in his own way, and ra her a favourite. I have got, a few days since, a note from my friend Banim to know "what has become of me?" and he adds as a spur that Dr. Maginn has just been with him, and said that Mr. J—— expressed himself highly pleased with the series I am at present furnishing him. I dined the other day—at least about a month since—with him and a friend of his, an artist of the name of Foster (to whom, if you recollect, Madame de Genlis dedicated one of her works, and expresses her gratitude for his assistance in some of her literary labours). He is one of the most delightful, facetious fellows I ever saw. My dear William, ever affectionately yours,

GERALD GRIFFIN.

This Mr. Foster had been acquainted with Gerald about a year and a half before this meeting, and had then procured him some introductions to parties who he thought might be useful to him. He was the same friend who, by the merest accident, dropped in one evening, in the hour of his greatest distress, "to have a talk with him," and of whom he says in a letter which I have already given, "I had not seen him, nor any body else that I knew, for some months, and he frightened me by saying I looked like a ghost." He appears to have been a person of the most warm and generous disposition, and highly esteemed by those who knew him. In this instance he was the chief cause of Gerald's deliverance from his embarrassments, though the latter did not know at the time the full extent to which he was indebted to him. Immediately after the visit alluded to, he went straight to Dr Maginn and described what he saw. Dr. Maginn, with extreme good nature, immediately communicated with the editor of the *Literary Gazette* and this led to the engagement which Gerald alludes to above, and to the series of papers he there speaks of. How singular it is that one has so often to lament the untimely and disastrous fate of persons gifted with qualities so endearing as those I have mentioned! It was about a year or so after these transactions, that this young man, to the inexpressible grief of all his acquaintances, put an end to his existence by shooting himself through the head with a pistol. For some time before this shocking act, he had been observed occasionally to labour under a depression of spirits which was quite unnatural to him, but there was nothing else either in his circumstances or manner to lead his friends at all to anticipate so dreadful a result. Gerald was deeply affected by the occurrence, and told me the following touching incident in connection with it. A maid was engaged in making up a room next to that in which the horrid catastrophe took place. Mr. Foster walked up

to her, took her by the hand, pressed it warmly between his, and with tears in his eyes looked silently into her face with an expression of the most melancholy earnestness. It might have been a recognition of some former kindness of her's ; or perhaps it was his last farewell to the world in the person of the only human being who was near him at the moment. Having repeated this heart-broken gaze, he pressed her hand and departed. The maid looked on in mute astonishment, and resumed her occupation, when presently the report of a pistol was heard in the adjoining apartment, and all was at an end. "The stupid girl," said Gerald with vehemence in relating it, "to look on with her stupid wonderment at such a state of things and say or do nothing ! *If it had been an Irish girl,* she would sooner have plucked out one of her eyes, than allow such a circumstance to pass before her without instantly finding out the meaning of it."

To his Brother.

London, June 18th, 1825.

My dear William,—I do not intend to send this until I have more to tell you than I can do at present. Your letter was a great prize. I wish you could send me what you intend. I know not how to turn it to account, until I see it all ; but I apprehend the idea of a journal is not good, for mine must be all tales, short and attractive in their appearance.

I called the other day on a celebrated American scribbler, Mr. N——. He is a pleasant fellow, and we had some chat. He has been filling half *Blackwood* since he came with American topics, and is about *novelising* here, as I perceive, by the advertisement of "Brother Jonathan." His cool egotism is amusing. "Tragedy, Mr. Griffin," says he to me, "is your passion, I presume? I wrote one myself the other day, and sent it in to the players ; they returned it without any answer, which was wise on their parts. I was sorry for it, however, for I thought it was such a thing as would do them a good deal of credit *and me too.*" He is, I believe, a lawyer. You understand my reason for mentioning this precisely in that place. He is, I think, clever. Have you seen Banim's O'Hara Tales? If not, read them, and say what you think of them. I think

them most vigorous and original things ; overflowing with the very spirit of poetry, passion, and painting. If you think otherwise, don't say so. My friend W—— sends me word that they are *well written*. All our critics here say that they are *admirably* written ; that nothing since Scott's first novels has equalled them. I differ entirely with W—— in his idea of the fidelity of their delineations. He says they argue unacquaintance with the country. I think they are astonishing in nothing so much as in the power of creating an intense interest without stepping out of real life, and in the very easy and natural drama that is carried through them, as well as in the excellent tact which he shows, in seizing on all the points of national character which are capable of effect. Mind, I don't speak of the fetches now. That is a romance. But is it not a splendid one ?

Plays are now out of fashion completely. Elliston advanced Banim one hundred pounds on his tragedy, and yet is not bringing it out. Stephens is at Drury Lane ; Elliston is done up—" peppered for this world, I warrant ;" and the management changes. But theatrical affairs are wonderfully altered. No person of any respectability goes to a play now. Even the pit of the Opera has been blackballed, and the boxes of that house are the only places of this kind where people of any fashion are to be found. Nobody knew anything of Banim till he published his O'Hara Tales, which are becoming more and more popular every day. I have seen pictures taken from them already, by first rate artists, and engravings in the windows. Tales, in fact, are the only things the public look for. Miss Kelly has been trying to pull Congreve above water, and has been holding him by the nose for the last month, but it won't do ; he must down. When I came to London the play-goers were spectacle mad, then horse mad, then devil mad, now they are monkey mad, and the Lord knows, my dear William, when they will be *G. G. mad*. I wish I could get "a vacancy at 'em," I'm sure. Every day shows me more and more of the humbug of literature. It is laughable and sickening. What curious ideas I had of fame, &c., before I left Ireland ! Even the Waverly novels were puffed into notice. Nothing is done, can be done, without it. Here I see —— puffed by his own family. A good writer puffing himself. Men of talent writing in one periodical, and replying to, criticising, and praising the particular article in another—dramatists who don't understand common grammar or spelling ! (I see every play that is produced in manuscript, with stage criticisms, &c., while in rehearsal.) These, however, are generally (always, indeed) minor house scribblers—I mean the bad spellers. I found a gem from

one of them the other day—no, by the way, it was a Drury Lane dramatist. A piece was produced a few weeks since at that theatre, and subsequently published. A letter from him to the publisher ran in this way: "Dear Sir, since I saw you I have been thinking it would be better commence Scene II., Act II., thus: Instead of 'Rooney discovered drinking,'—say 'Rooney discovered drinking,'—say, 'Rooney discovered *slightly intoxicated*, gets up, and staggers forward.' Yours very truly, &c." Honour bars the names. I am idle as to dramatic affairs. Our best tragic actress here offered to present my play, and do all in her power for it. I should not have time for anything of that kind, even if I were not so situated with Banim as to put it out of the question. The proposal was made without my seeing or even knowing the lady. A friend of her's and mine met me after he had just escorted her to rehearsal, told me what she had said, and asked me to come and see her, or meet her at his house. I will go and see her, I believe, when I have time, and perhaps read her some of the piece, but no more at present. A curious thing to have such an offer without seeking, and declined too!

I have undertaken to patronise the little Miss Fortescue in the *News;* interesting little thing. I called at her friend's, and her mother made her act the part before us. I thought she would have died with fear and shame, and after a Covent Garden rehearsal too! My Spanish friend's book is nearly, I believe, going to a second edition—£100 in his pocket if it does. I like him well enough; he is a mild, unassuming sort of body, and we are growing great friends. Here's the publisher of the *Dublin Magazine* sent me four numbers of it, and begs contributions, which he promises good pay for. He has been asking these four months or more, and I can't find time to send him one. Dear William, affectionately yours,

GERALD GRIFFIN.

To his Sister.

London, June 21st, 1825.

MY DEAREST ELLEN,—I sit down at last to do what I assure you the non-performance of has lain heavily upon my conscience for a long time, and would have troubled it very much indeed if I did not feel that circumstances justified me—shortly—to have a little conversation with you and Lucy. As I have much to say, I shall forthwith begin to throw into my sheet all manner of news in all manner of ways—and pray, beware of charging my abruptness to the account of carelessness or haste, for

as far as regards this letter, I am resolved to take the world easy, let business go as it may.

I sent you word, I believe, in my last, that the *News* was rather a *dull paper*. Allow me with all expedition to retract that hasty and most injudicious criticism: people's opinions will undergo changes, and I confess to you that mine is considerably altered since I have become one of the parties concerned in the judgment. I think *now* there are *some* very fair things indeed in the *News*. I assure you I'm quite serious. If you mutter anything about inconsistency, I can only say, in the words of Touchstone, (a gentleman with whom I would not be thought to have too many ideas in common,) "Thus men will grow wiser every day."

I have a great mind, for want of something better to say, and having begun to egotise so much, to—but no; some other opportunity—I must get a long sheet, for I must not forget Lucy in this. They are queer people here as regards religion. I went last Sunday to hear the anthem sung in Westminster Abbey; it had a most imposing effect. But I accompanied two young ladies—don't start—'twas by their mamma's sanction—the pews were full, so I led them up to the reading-desk when the sermon began. Here we stood, and I supposed I was in for a dead *bore* of an hour at least. One of the damsels, however, turned round, and with the greatest *nonchalance* in the world—not taking much pains to lower her voice neither—said to me, "Come, we'll go see the monuments now." You must consider that we were so situated, that our moving would, in a Catholic *Irish* chapel, be considered (to talk moderately) highly scandalous. But the exordium was scarcely commenced, when we three got on—brushed by the clergyman—and turned out of the choir. I, recollecting Father F—— and the like, expected to hear a reproof thundered after us from the pulpit; but no such thing—'twas just like a drawing-room—ladies and gentlemen made way, bowed and curtsied, and off we went to Willy Shakspeare and Ben Johnson; and that, to my knowledge, was all the ladies thought or knew about church that day—pleasant party, that was all.

Well, what more have I to tell you about myself? Nothing, so let us change the subject. I heard from William that you had lately been rather worse than otherwise. This fine weather must, however, have had its usual effect on you, and I do hope that you have been able to enjoy it. I would give a great deal, Ellen, if I could give you the power of mastering sickness, which I feel in myself—or that, in addition to the cheerfulness of spirit, (which I believe you would suffer no circumstances that merely affected your own happiness to remove at least the

appearance of.) you had some object in view, sufficiently exciting and alluring to induce anything like a forgetfulness of present suffering. Look forward, dear Ellen, don't shake your head and sigh, but entertain the conviction that I do—that happy days on earth are in store for us all. In all the depressions and disappointments to which I have been subjected since I came here—this hope, this conviction, has never forsaken me. We all love one another too well to be contented asunder, and there *is* a just Providence above us. Not a day passes that I do not see in prospect the reunion, scattered as we are over the world, which I more than trust will one day take place. Perhaps it is a merciful dispensation of Heaven that I should be dosed so strongly with this stimulating hope, depending so much on my own exertions, and all alone as I am here. But the presentiment is, I am sure, too forcible to be deceitful, and I only wish I could make you join me in it. You have suffered, and are suffering a great deal, dear, dear Ellen, and depend upon it you must be repaid in some measure. There is more evenhanded justice—temporal justice—in the world than a first glance would make us suppose, and I am one of those who believe, that no person ever left the world—taking the mind, of course, as a passive object—who had suffered more or less on the whole than his fellow. I don't know if I make myself understood, but, at all events, I wish you would endeavour to admit this fervency of hope to as great a degree as I do. Above all things, Ellen, let me warn you of those false scruples which would lead you to refrain from any means of raising your spirits, which may present themselves. That is not religion, it is crime, and serious guilt. It is a cold, suicidal proceeding, which has not the least excuse to palliate it either on the score of mental sickness or the pressure of circumstances, and, as I am a Catholic, and believe in death and judgment, must, I think, be answered as the most wanton infliction imaginable. But there is enough of this matter. Dearest Ellen, take my counsel; answer this, and believe me, most affectionately yours,

GERALD GRIFFIN.

The incident about the two ladies in church, in this letter, reminds me of another which Gerald once mentioned, and at which he was considerably amused. It related to the subject of what are called "voluntaries," in church music. One Sunday while at luncheon at the house in which he lived, two ladies who had just returned from church were discussing the propriety of a cer-

tain air which had been played there that day, one of them affirming that airs of that class were perfectly allowable, the other, that they were shockingly profane. After listening with much interest to an argument which was carried on pretty learnedly on both sides for some time, Gerald asked the name of the air, and was told it was, "Here's a health to all good 'lasses."*

To his Sister.

London, June 21st, 1825.

My dearest Lucy,—Now what must I say? I only assure you that I took up this sheet in the resolution of devoting half of it to you, and here I am with scarce room for a word. I think it probable I may some of these days become acquainted with the young sister of poor Keats the poet, as she is coming to spend some time with a friend of mine. If I do, I will send you an account of her. My Spanish friend, Valentine Llanos, was intimate with him, and spoke with him three days before he died. I am greatly interested about that family. Keats you must know was in love, and the lady whom he was to have married, had he survived Gifford's (the butcher) review, attended him to the last. She is a beautiful young creature, but now wasted away to a skeleton, and will follow him shortly I believe. She and his sister say they have oft found him, on suddenly entering the room, with that review in his hand, reading as if he would devour it—completely absorbed—absent, and drinking it in like mortal poison. The instant he observed anybody near him, however, he would throw it by, and begin to talk of some indifferent matter. The book displays great genius, but, unfortunately, it afforded one or two passages capable of being twisted to the purpose of a malignant wretch of a reviewer, such as Gifford is, with much effect. Dearest Lucy, affectionately yours, Gerald Griffin.

* On mentioning this anecdote one morning at a friend's house at breakfast, a Protestant clergyman who was present said, that his gravity was once in danger of being very seriously disturbed by an incident somewhat similar. He had been requested to preach in one of the churches of some town in Germany, I do not remember where. While walking through the centre of the church towards the pulpit, arrayed in his vestments, and with all the solemnity proper to such an occasion, the choir suddenly struck up, "See, the conquering hero comes!"

The strong expressions he makes use of in this letter with regard to the reviewer, is but one of the many signs of the deep sympathy he felt for those who struggled in the painful path he had himself chosen. Notwithstanding his admiration of Mr. Keats' genius, I have, however, afterwards heard him say, that there were very many passages in his book fairly open to severe criticism, and that he did not think the review altogether so unjust as he had at first imagined it.

To his Brother.

London, December, 1825.

My dear William,—I have just got a paper from you, which finds me with more to do this day than I can well accomplish, but you wish for a line by return of post, and I will rather write a brief letter than put it off. Nothing particular has happened, except that I did not get a fraction of money for five weeks, which, coupled with the failure of our printer, gave me some uneasiness. The paper, however, has changed to another establishment, and all goes on well. Most of what was due to me I have been paid, with proper apologies for the delay, occasioned by the printer's break.

Well, an' hoo do ye get on wi' the Sawneys? Hoo do ye like auld Reekie? I was perfectly electrified, then overpowered, then transported, when I heard of your being in Edinburgh. It came upon me all in a heap. Is the confounded rheumatism, then, gone for ever and ever? As for my own affairs, I have little more news to tell you than what you have got above. I have had so much to do lately for this paper, that my anecdotes hang fire most confoundedly. I dined with Panim last week, and found him far gone in a new novel, now just finished, "The Boyne Water," (good name?) which is far superior, in my humble judgment, to the O'Hara Family.

This is one of my buoyant days, but do you know that I am generally most miserable? The tormenting anxiety of a literary life—such a one as I lead—is beyond all endurance. When I send off my bundle of papers for the evening, I sit down here sometimes to think on my future prospects, and go to bed at last, actually feverish with apprehension. There is nothing but doubt and uncertainty about it. No profession, no hold on society, no stamp, no mark, and time rolling on, and the world

growing old about one. However, we must only work on as we can.

You mention Banim's brother having been among you. Banim himself has been all over the north of Ireland since his return from France, and brought over the world and all of materials for his new novel. He has spent an immense deal of labour and study in acquiring a perfect knowledge of all the historical records of the period, and procured a great deal of original information, and other matter, during his rambles. I am exceedingly glad to see him prospering so well, because I conceive him to be an excellent and a worthy man, putting out of the case my own obligations to him.

As for the Catholic meeting, I liked O'Connell's uncompromising spirit, and wondered at the exemplary patience with which John Bull sat to hear himself charged with perfidy, &c., so roundly. All these parts of his speech were received in dead silence. You ask me about Lawless. My opinion is, that he is a very well meaning, very mischievous fellow, not very far from blockhead. As to the general opinion here, the whole affair is very little talked about at all, and it is a doubt to me if one man out of ten (take Englishmen as they are) ever heard of Lawless. You have a queer notion on the other side of the water, that your concerns are greatly thought about here. It is a doubt to me if the "dear little island" were swallowed by a whale, or put in a bag and sent off to the moon, if the circumstance would occasion any further observation than a "dear me," at one end of the town, and a "my eyes!" at the other, unless, indeed, among the Irish mining speculators, or some gentlemen equally interested. In all that does not concern their interest or feelings, these are the most apathetic people breathing. Yet all wish well to the measures when spoken of. I did not like the display in the Freemason's Hall. O'Connell was too familiar—offensively so—and as for Shiel, if you take Blair's position for granted, that nothing deserves the name of eloquence which is not suited to the audience, and to the circumstances under which one speaks, *he* was certainly, at least on this occasion, no orator.* People have long since found out that wordiness to be nothing more than dull humbug. Besides, his exordium (to speak in his own way) was most ineffably silly. I sent you a paper last week—a new one—rather stupid I think, though some of our first rate men write for it. My dear William, yours affectionately,

GERALD GRIFFIN.

* By a subsequent letter to Mr. Banim it will be seen that he had not on this occasion an opportunity of fully estimating Mr. Shiel's powers.

To his Sister.

London, July 17th, 1826.

My dearest Ellen.—I wonder how you had the hardihood to find the plot of Banim's book so bad. I and the *Edinburgh Review* (mark the distinction) find it very interesting. He was most anxious when I last saw him to know what I thought of the Boyne Water, which I had not then entirely read, and I have just been writing to him the comfortable advice to stick to the tales. What a passion he will be in! at least if I judge by myself. It is superior to the tales in many respects, but not so calculated for general popularity. I spent a very pleasant evening the other day with the sister of John Keats, his intended bride, (as beautiful, elegant, and accomplished a girl as any, or more so, than any I have seen here,) and the husband of the former, who is an old friend of mine.

A play I have not read nor seen for some months. Der Frieschutz I saw last summer twelvemonth. It is wretched trash—but such music! I never was so terrified in my life. You would suppose the devil himself was the composer. You can have no conception of it without hearing it in a full orchestra, and well played, nor indeed can you know anything of the power of music until you have heard it.

Situated as I am at present, with only a couple of friends, whose society I can enjoy very seldom, almost without opening my lips sometimes for a whole day, I am completely on thorns until (I will again repeat it) I have got something better in the shape of acquaintance, than I can at present see about me. This is not self-conceit. It is a plain and true speech. I fear very much, by the way, that you are over charitable in supposing that where there is stupidity and vulgarity there can be virtue or active moral worth. A stupid and vulgar man (the meaning of the words properly considered) may be innocuous, but he cannot be a really estimable character—for he is incapable of a motive, even when he happens to act well. The words were strong ones, however, and I should not have used them, but that I must at the time have been thinking of some Bookseller. There never was a poor devil who so thirsted for society, so utterly barred out from it as I am at present. I can't know such people as I want to know and as I have been accustomed to converse with; and those that would know me, I *don't* want to know.

I received some time since a letter from —— containing a most original illustration, in a notice which he gave me of Campbell's Theodric. He would be a far, far cleverer and more

original writer than I am, (free and easy on my part you will say,) if he were in my place. After all, London is the only fair field for any fight with fortune, and I can perfectly enter into the feeling of the man in the play, who says he had rather be hanged in London than die a natural death in the country. It requires, however, a little immediate certainty to brush through at first. Why does he content himself with vegetating in an obscure country village? Why is he not all afire, as I—contemptible I—am, until something important—something lasting is achieved? I am now near two years in London, and I assure you I have not a moment's peace, day or night. I am actually miserable—miserable. I could not possibly endure this life much longer—this eternal restlessness—burning to do something—just to raise myself if it were only by the neck and chin—to take breath—to be *so* far elevated above the mass of the stupid and the vulgar, with whom I am surrounded, and confounded; but time—time and patience—I must do what many a better man has done before me—be patient and persevering. I find in myself considerable energy of character, but not sufficiently self-sustained and independent of circumstances. These have much less effect on me than they had, however, and I may at last be able to do my work without them. I live in a state of eternal change, sometimes in the utmost buoyancy, during which I work like mad, and at others, I sit down in an evening, and can't put a sentence together, nor by any force fix my attention on what I am about. On these occasions I take up a book to review, and God help the poor author if he gives me "a vacancy at him." But that's a joke. If you knew what a mercy writing to me is at those times, you would do it oftener. William's friend F—— has been tickling my fancy about the highlands, but if I *can* go anywhere it must be home. What are high mountains but high mountains after all; and unless I had some greater object than pleasure in visiting them, I should find none in doing so. My dear Ellen, ever affectionately yours,

GERALD GRIFFIN.

Notwithstanding this last remark there were few that felt the beauties of mountain scenery more intensely than he did, and this faint attempt to depreciate them looks as if he felt the temptation a strong one, and feared it might draw him from his determination to return home, if that were possible.

To his Brother.

London, July 31st, 1826.

My dear William,—I have just got your letter, and write to say that there is at present no chance of my being out of town any time before winter. I have been as hard at work, and to as little purpose as usual, since I wrote last. The *News of Literature* is dead and buried, leaving me unpaid to some amount—enough to be disagreeable. I am sorry to perceive you write in unpleasant spirits—these things I have forgot a long time now, for I have been so seasoned by partial success and great disappointment, that I am become quite indifferent about either, though I am still pulling on from habit.

My friend Llanos goes to France next week, which I regret as deeply as it is possible for me to say. As to success, or disappointment, or uncertainty, or apprehension, they are all nonsense. The only plan is to persuade yourself that you will get on gloriously, and that's the best success going. I have, within the last year, seen and talked with some of the most successful geniuses of the day, and I perceive those who enjoy brilliant reputation to be conceited, impertinent, affected fools, "out of their inspiration," and all others are just about as happy and as miserable as the rest of the world whom nobody knows nor cares about. I don't know whether you are aware of the low ebb at which literature is at present. *That* accounts for my obscurity of course. I write this at such a New-market rate to overtake the post, that I scarcely know what I have said; but it is not of much consequence, as we shall have the happiness of meeting so soon. I stick by honest Cab's motto, "Hang sorrow—care 'll kill a cat—up tails all—and a rouse for the hangman." Dear William, yours affectionately,

Gerald Griffin.

In a letter which I received from him the following month, he says:

"I am sick and tired of this gloomy, stupid, lonely, wasting, dispiriting, caterpillar kind of existence, which I endure, however, in hope of a speedy metamorphosis. It would amaze you to know all I have done, and done to no purpose, within the last twelve months; but I am still adhering to my plan of working my way unassisted; not that I have any objection to get a lift when circumstances make the obligation tolerable to me. My numerous disappointments here have not at all dis-

pirited me. They have deadened my anxieties a little, and so I work with more vigour, and less fear and trembling (a curious consequence of failure). I'm beaten about here, and there, and everywhere, and fairly don't know what will become of me, but I must only try and make the best of it."

The following, which is one of those sonnets I have before alluded to, appears to have been written on one of those occasions.

FAME.

Why hast thou lured me on, fond muse, to quit
The path of plain dull worldly sense, and be
A wanderer through the realms of thought with thee?
While hearts that never knew thy visitings sweet,
Cold souls that mock thy gentle melancholy,
Win their bright way up Fortune's glittering wheel,
And we sit lingering here in darkness still,
Scorned by the bustling sons of wealth and folly.
Yet still thou whisperest in mine ear, "The day,
The day may be at hand when thou and I
(This season of expectant pain gone by)
Shall tread to Joy's bright porch a smiling way,
And rising, not as once, with hurried wing,
To purer skies aspire, and hail a lovelier spring."

The engagement on the *News of Literature* it was which gave him the opportunities he mentions, of "seeing every play in manuscript while in rehearsal." It was, however, one about which he seldom felt any security, and the paper, as we have seen, eventually dropped while still somewhat in his debt. The uncertainty of these employments made him naturally anxious to achieve something that would give him a lasting hold on the public mind, and it was plain that this could only be accomplished by some regular work of some importance, either in the shape of a drama, or a novel. With writings of the latter class there was still considerable difficulty. The reader will remember what he says in one of his former letters about the heart-breaking life of a young writer in London; going about from book-

seller to bookseller, and only to find his manuscript rejected everywhere. It is a fact well known to all who have made any attempts in literature, that the circumstance of a writer being known or unknown to the public, makes immensely more difference as to his chance of acceptance with a publisher than the amount of talent he possesses. If he is utterly unknown, let his ability be what it may, he will find it extremely difficult to get it even looked at, while if he has ever been before the public, even in a position only moderately favourable, this circumstance will be sufficient to procure it the requisite attention. I do not speak this absolutely as to every case, but it is well known, nevertheless, to be the usual course. This, therefore, was the principal advantage he seems to have derived from his connection with the *News of Literature*, that it gave him opportunities of making an acquaintance with the public, which he found useful afterwards in his dealings with the publishers, when he turned his attention to writings in prose. To these he now devoted himself with the same ardour and eagerness, yet with rather less of the high enthusiasm, that characterised his efforts in the drama. Independent of any coldness or indifference on the part of the publishers, it was a difficult time for a new author to make an essay in novel writing. Though the taste for compositions of that class was decided and strong, no one but an original and powerful writer could have succeeded. Sir Walter Scott had utterly swept away all the sentimental stuff with which that species of literature had been so long deluged, substituting for it a train of feeling and of action more suited to common sense and nature, and the public would thenceforth endure nothing but reality. His fictions, too, were so splendid, and the tide of his stories was poured forth with such a homely and unconscious strength, that no one who did not feel confident of considerable power could hope to approach such a model. Gerald, besides,

was an Irish writer, and his friend Mr. Banim had already pre-occupied the field of Irish fiction with a series of tales of such deep interest, and vigour, and truth of colouring, that they deserved the name of dramas rather than stories, and had become universally popular. Whether it was that his sense of these difficulties convinced him that any effort in that direction should possess extraordinary merit to be at all successful, and that this conviction made him wish to delay them until he could enter upon the subject fairly, and with all the consideration it deserved, does not appear, but I perceive in his letters from this time forward, various signs of preparation for devoting himself to this walk almost exclusively. "At present," he says, "I am working up my recollections to furnish a book which I shall call 'Munster Anecdotes,' a good title, with illustrations, &c. I have even had it announced in the *Literary Gazette*—rather too soon, for I can do nothing with it just now. My anecdotes are all short stories, illustrative of manners and scenery precisely as they stand in the south of Ireland, never daring to travel out of perfect and easy probability. Could you not send me materials for a few short tales, laying the scene about the sea-coast—Kilkee? novelty at least. Reality you know is all the rage now." The time he was able to devote to these new pursuits was, however, as yet but small, his engagement with the *News of Literature*, while it lasted, keeping him so constantly occupied, that he found it impossible to accomplish all the editor required of him, while his employment as a parliamentary reporter during the session, frequently kept him up until four or five o'clock every morning. "Every moment," he says, "brings something with it of the most pressing necessity. Besides my poor neglected anecdotes, which cry out unto me from the depths of a large table drawer, I have a three volume novel to correct in manuscript, concerning which I am sorely plagued—the

author, who by the way gets £300 for it, is constantly worrying me to have it done. Then, jogging about to the newspapers, and then W——, from whom I have just now got a parcel of books to review ; so that, as L—— would phrase it, I can scarcely allow my ogles a blink at snooze time." In these engagements, which were occasionally diversified by the production of a piece at the English Opera-house, (of which more hereafter,) he seems to have passed over the remainder of the season without accomplishing anything of much importance until the publication of "Hollandtide," which took place, as I have said, in the latter part of the following year.

The constant pressure of this anxiety and incessant application seems to have gradually preyed upon his strength, and produced an effect which exhibited itself in a very sudden and startling manner. He had been, before this, subject to attacks of rheumatism, of one of which he says : "I brazened it out for some time, but it fairly knocked me down at last, and I was for a few days scarcely able to crawl about with fever and headache." Previous to the sudden seizure mentioned in the extracts which follow, he had, however, been in pretty good health.

"Since my last, I have had some bad and some good fortune, and let me tell the bad first. It was a return of one of those palpitations, which fairly shook me to pieces almost, for about ten minutes. I never had it to anything like the extent before or since, and, leading so very regular and orderly a life as I do, it surprised me a little. To be sure, I exercised a great deal, and to that Mr. W—— attributed it ; but though that is now more than a fortnight since, I have not yet recovered the shock it gave me. 'Tisn't a little thing, by the way, of this kind that can frighten me seriously. I had been in excellent health for a long time before. However, be that (I say in my very heart of hearts) as God pleases."

"The news which I have called good, Lord knows whether wisely or no, is, that I have had a play accepted, with much compliment thereon, at the English Opera-House. I began it last Tuesday week, sent it to Banim (at whose pressing suggestion I set about it) on the Tuesday following, and this day

received word from the latter that it was accepted, and that Arnold, the proprietor, (who has also himself been a wholesale dramatist,) expressed 'a very high opinion of your humble servant's dramatic promise, and that'—pish! what signifies what he said? I will write again after I have been introduced to him. Banim concludes that it will be played this season, though I confess I hardly expect it. Much as I had known of Banim's kindness, I hardly looked for this great promptitude. This little bit of success (so far) would have been very delightful about a year ago, and even now I own I am not indifferent to it, though a great deal, if not all, of the delicious illusion with which I used to envelop it is lost to me; but a better feeling I believe has come in its place, the hope that, through its means, I may be enabled to do some little good before more time goes by, and that I may not have been a useless cipher my whole life through, a consciousness which has embittered the last few years very considerably. It would be better to say nothing of this until it has arrived at a conclusion; although, if Miss Kelly (on whose shoulders the whole weight of the play must rest) deceive me not, I have nothing to fear; and *that* is nothing, for she is a wonderful actress—I mean *the* Kelly. I have said a great deal more than such a trifle merits, but I speak only because, if successful, it will not be trifling in its consequences."

"I have heard from Banim. Arnold agrees to buy the piece beforehand for £50."

There is something affecting in the calmness with which he received this piece of good news, which would have once been, as he says, so highly prized by him, and in his sudden fear, so naturally expressed, of being again misled by the hope awakened by Mr. Arnold's favourable opinion. The reader cannot mistake the painful feeling which suggested the expression alluded to. A week or two after this was written, or early in the month of September, 1826, his brother, Dr. William Griffin, who is now no more, and who had not seen him since his departure from home in the latter part of 1823, arrived in London from Edinburgh.—I obtained from him the following interesting account of what he observed during the few months that he remained with him in town.

CHAPTER VII.

1826.

AUTHOR'S OCCUPATION AS A REVIEWER—HIS STATE OF HEALTH ON HIS BROTHER'S ARRIVAL—PROPOSAL FOR A GENUINE ENGLISH OPERA—CORRESPONDENCE WITH MR. ARNOLD ON THE SUBJECT—CORRESPONDENCE WITH MR. BANIM—GERALD'S DISTASTE FOR PATRONAGE—INSTANCES OF IT—HIS LOVE OF ORIGINALITY—NEW COMEDY WRITTEN AND SUBSEQUENTLY DESTROYED—FREQUENCY OF COINCIDENCES IN LITERATURE, AND STRONG NATURAL PROBABILITY OF THEM—COMPLETION OF "HOLLAND-TIDE."

"On my arrival in London from Edinburgh, in the month of September, 1826, I found him occupying neatly furnished apartments in Northumberland-street, Regent's park, of which he gives a description in one of his minor tales. I had not seen him since he left Adare, and was struck with the change in his appearance. All colour had left his cheek, he had grown very thin, and there was a sedate expression of countenance, unusual in one so young, and which, in after years, became habitual to him. It was far from being so, however, at the time I speak of, and readily gave place to that light and lively glance of his dark eye, that cheerfulness of manner and observant humour, which from his very infancy had enlivened our fireside circle at home. Although so pale and thin as I have described him, his tall figure, expressive features, and his profusion of dark hair, thrown back from a fine forehead, gave an impression of a person remarkably handsome and interesting. On inquiring about his health, he told me he had never perfectly recovered from the severe attack of rheumatism about which he had written to me, that he was not so strong as formerly, passed uncomfortable nights, and was subject to distressing palpitations.

"On giving me an account of his literary pursuits in the course of the day, he pointed with a smile to the locality of the workhouse, which was nearly opposite to him, and said, 'You see how provident I have been in the selection of a residence—if all fails me I have a refuge at hand.' He was at the time regularly engaged in writing articles for some of the periodicals, and devoted his spare hours either to the tales afterwards published, under the title of Holland-tide, or to the composition of an opera for Mr. Arnold's theatre. Occasionally some newly published works were sent to him for review, or some manuscript ones for his opinion as to the probability of their success if published. This occupation of reviewing, and of passing judgment on unpublished manuscripts, gave him little trouble, and the remuneration was liberal. He was often highly amused at receiving from the editor of some periodical, three volumes of a newly published novel, accompanied by a request that he would not cut the leaves. This, which he at first conceived so very ridiculous, and so apparently impossible with any justice to the author, he eventually found was almost a matter of necessity with many of the publications sent to him. They were of so trashy a description, that no one of ordinary taste could possibly get through even the first few chapters. His usual plan was to glance through the early part of a work, so as to obtain some notion of the plot; a peep here and there in the second volume gave him an idea of the skill with which it was developed; and a slight consideration of the latter end of the third, or slaughter-house, as he used to call the concluding part of a disastrous story, or fifth act of a tragedy, satisfied him both as to the genius of the author and the merits of the performance. He no doubt made a more intimate acquaintance with his subject, when his first hasty supervision gave him reason to believe it was written by a person of more than ordinary talent, and did not appear to feel conscious of having done

any injustice during the short period he was engaged as a professional critic. I remember his adverting more than once, as if amused at the recollection, to a letter of remonstrance he received from a well known authoress, whose poems he appears to have dealt rather severely with, is a notice published in the *News of Literature and Fashion.* I do not know whether he made any amends in this matter, but, though not sensible of having committed a wrong, I am sure, from his manner of speaking of her letter, he regretted that anything he had written should have given pain to the amiable writer.

"He was indefatigable at his work, arose and breakfasted early, set to his desk at once, and continued writing till two or three o'clock in the afternoon—took a turn around the park, which was close to his residence, returned and dined—usually took another walk after dinner, and returning to tea wrote for the remainder of the evening, often remaining up to a very late hour. I afterwards discovered his keeping these late hours (often extending to two or three o'clock in the morning) was rather a matter of necessity than choice. Whenever he retired to rest early, he was liable to be seized by the palpitation of which he had been complaining, and the distressing nature of which I had no conception of until I witnessed an attack. It usually came on during sleep, out of which he started, frightened and pale, with an apprehension of sudden death. I slept in the same room with him, and, as he always kept a light burning at night, I could easily, while he was suffering in the paroxysm, count the throb of his heart by the motion of his night dress, or by the sound of the stroke, as it beat against his chest. After some time the symptoms gradually declined, when he again laid down and usually obtained some refreshing sleep before the hour of rising in the morning. As the fit for the most part came on at an early hour of the night, he learned by experience that he could generally escape it altogether by remaining up

until the time of its usual visitation was past. He subsequently ascertained that the warmth of the feather bed tended to bring it on, and substituted a thin mattress. Sometimes he preferred lying on the sofa or on the chairs without any bed, and with merely a counterpane or cloak thrown over him. Although, in the intervals of relief, he seldom expressed any alarm about the nature of these attacks, I discovered, in occasional conversation with him on the subject subsequently, that he had been studying the articles on palpitation and affections of the circulating system in Rees' Cyclopædia, and became impressed with the feeling that he was suffering with organic disease of the heart, which would terminate in sudden death. This impression lowered his spirits very much at times, and, in a mind always deeply influenced by religious feeling, perhaps first led to that habitual seriousness of thought, and grave consideration, which ended in his retirement from the world. His natural cheerfulness of manner and elasticity of mind were, however, seldom long subdued, even by the depressing influence of a complaint which he believed to be incurable. He hardly ever seemed to think about it, except when suffering with some uneasiness about the heart, or immediately after a violent fit of palpitation; and I have often seen him, on awaking in the morning from a short sleep, into which he had fallen at the close of a severe attack, fling himself out of bed, and commence singing some popular song from the fashionable opera of the day. Singing was a constant habit with him on getting out of bed in the morning and while making his toilet, and the same song generally lasted him for several days. He called this being haunted by a tune, and I can very well remember how often I have been startled from sleep in the morning by 'Old King Cole,' the jolly air with which he happened to be taken when he first arrived in London.

"'Old King Cole
Was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he;
He called for his pipe,
And he called for his bowl,
And he called for his fiddlers three

"As I have touched on the subject of his illness, I may, perhaps, be excused, as a matter of medical interest, for pursuing it a little further. After some length of time, a singular change took place in the symptoms. The fits of palpitation became less frequent and distressing, but he was occasionally affected with sudden weaknesses or faintings, which he had not previously experienced. In walking along the streets he was apt to be seized with a kind of swooning fit, which obliged him to catch the nearest bars or railings for support. He described the sensation as rather pleasing or agreeable than otherwise, and I believe would have made no effort to resist it, if it did not occur in the street, or make him apprehensive of falling. In Ireland, afterwards, the palpitations again became very distressing, and the symptoms in a greater or lesser degree, and with very variable intervals of relief, continued for several years. During three or four years he scarcely ever slept without a light burning in his room. When it is recollected that this complaint originated in acute rheumatism, occasioned such very distressing symptoms, and continued for so long a time, few medical men could entertain any doubt of his being afflicted with organic disease of the heart or pericardium, yet he finally effected his own cure by a resolute perseverance in a particular diet and regimen, which, after the failure of all medical treatment, he planned for himself. His meals were rather spare, but nutritious; he took few vegetables, and no stimulants, and he made long pedestrian excursions daily through the country, when the business of the morning, which includes his writing a certain prescribed

number of pages of whatever work he was engaged in, was over. He slept on chairs, or on a hard sofa at night; undressed at two or three in the morning, and got to bed; and at five arose again, took a cold shower bath, dressed, and commenced the engagements of another day. He was so resolute in following out this system, that I have seen him, when he has happened to sleep longer than usual on the sofa, arise at half-past four, undress, and in a few minutes, on hearing the clock strike five, get up again, take his bath, and dress for the day. In less than six months his health was wonderfully restored, and at a somewhat later period, when visiting Killarney, he was able to ascend to the top of Mangerton, and even Carraan Tual, the loftiest mountain in the Reeks, without difficulty.

"I mentioned that he was at this time engaged in writing for the English Opera-house. His first communication with Mr. Arnold was occasioned by an effort he made some months before, to induce that gentleman to bring out an English Opera which should be wholly recitative. I had received a letter from him early in the previous year, in which he gives the following account of the manner in which his proposal originated: 'I wrote some time since a leading article in the *News*, proposing a new plan for an English Opera, with directions for recitative—everything. This attracted some attention from the other periodical dabblers, as being novel, so I followed it up, and gave a regular essay on Italian and English Opera, lightly done, and merely resulting from my own impressions of the effect of both; wanting to have the English Opera really operatic—sung through from first to last, and hinting the species of recitative that would be suitable. I then proposed it to Arnold, at the same time sending him a little opera of the usual kind. He wrote to me to say he should feel very great pleasure in paying attention to any operatic piece I should send him, and has since brought out

a piece called "Tarrare," on a partial exercise of my principle, but in very bad taste. Instead of making it recitative, as I recommended, his stupid musician adapted the Italian, which, though cleverly done, has no effect; it is not understood, in fact, with English words. Arnold has kept my little opera still, and I hope will play it.' The following reply is Mr. Arnold's. The correspondence will be interesting, as, if there has not been as great an advance made in that direction since as might have been expected, it will be seen that it was not for want of the subject being proposed and duly considered.

"Theatre Royal, English Opera-House,
"January 12th, 1825.

Sir,—As the opera you did me the favour to send in August last, arrived too late in the season for any chance of representation, I detained it, with others, for the purpose of consideration at a period of better leisure, and am sorry to say, that, after mature deliberation, I am much afraid you will not find the drama answer your expectations in performance, an opinion I the more regret, as the poetry in general appears to be much above the ordinary rank, and as I see by your letter which accompanied it, that you have given much attention to the subject of operatic writing. I am unfortunately compelled to differ with you also in your ideas of the nature of the genuine English Opera. You are, of course, aware, that such recitative operas have been frequently tried, though 'Artaxerxes' is the solitary instance of any one keeping possession of the stage. And in that opera, the beauty of the drama, and the fortunate coincidence of its exquisitely beautiful music, have certainly held out an alluring temptation to future experimentalists: but I am so absolutely certain that the taste of the English public is yet so decidedly opposed to recitative, that, with all my admiration for the higher order of the musical drama, I must be strongly tempted indeed by the poem, and the composition, before I would venture on so hazardous and losing a speculation. You may have noticed last season in the introduction of 'Tarrare,' that I introduced a much larger proportion of recitative than has ever before been tolerated since the time of 'Artaxerxes,' and I am convinced it is by gradual and judicious advances alone that the town will be ever brought to sanction it.

"I beg you to receive my acknowledgements of the trouble you have taken in writing your former letter to me on this subject, and remain, sir, your very obedient servant,

"G. Joseph, Esq. "J. Arnold.

"Gerald makes the following remarks on this letter in one which I received from him a few days after he got it: 'I received the other day a long letter from Mr. Arnold, who is dramatist to his own theatre, about my proposition for a new species of English Opera. He enters with some talent into the subject, and gives me an account of the steps he has been taking to bring "the town," as he phrases it, into a relish for the higher order of the musical drama, but he fears they are still too unmusical for my plan. The fact is, I believe what W—— said to me on the same subject is true, that I could not find a composer in England of genius enough to accomplish the idea.' In a letter to his sister of a later date, he says, 'You seem horrified at the idea of my endeavouring to introduce recitative operas altogether on the English stage. You mistake my meaning. There *is* one opera of that description on the boards already (Artaxerxes,) but I want to have *purely English music, and characteristically English recitative*, instead of an adapted Italian one, which does not express the same sensations in the same way as an English one would. As to singing all through, "why should feeling ever speak?" Eh? Arnold has entered into the subject at great length with me. I have a full sheet from him, in which he says, "The town is" (like you, my dear lady,) "not yet impressed with a sufficient veneration for so high an order of the musical drama as that I mentioned, and runs into a long sermon on the matter.

"It will be observed that this letter of Mr. Arnold's is directed 'G. Joseph, Esq.' Joseph was one of the many assumed names under which he transmitted his contributions to the periodicals or theatres. He after-

wards, however, obtained an introduction to Mr. Arnold through his friend Mr. Banim, and an opera, 'The Noyades,' which was presented at the theatre by the latter, met with a ready acceptance. He was paid £50 for it, and encouraged to write on. As he took no more than a fortnight to write one of these operas, and the payment was so liberal, one would have imagined, when his other literary labours paid him so badly in comparison, that he would have devoted his whole time to them, as long as the encouragement continued. But, far from evincing any disposition to take advantage of Mr. Arnold's favourable opinion of his abilities, there appeared an evident reluctance about him to send in a new one, which he finished soon after my arrival in London. After much hesitation, and without giving any satisfactory reason for what appeared to me a most extraordinary proceeding, he sent the piece to the English Opera-house anonymously. At the end of a fortnight or three weeks he sent another, without awaiting the issue of the first. An answer at length arrived by the post, not directed to the initials and address sent with the pieces, but to 'Gerald Griffin, Esq., 24, Northumberland-street, New Road.' It was simply an acknowledgment from Mr. Arnold of the receipt of the new operas, and an assurance that he would take the earliest opportunity of giving them the fullest consideration. Looking upon the reply as gratifying, I was not a little surprised to observe that Gerald was extremely disconcerted at having been discovered as the author, and showed no feeling of satisfaction in anticipation of the probable acceptance and success of these new pieces. It was a considerable time before I learned any explanation. It appeared that the coolness which took place between him and his friend Banim on a former occasion, although of a very passing nature, left a sensitiveness on both sides, very unfavourable to that perfect confidence which is so essential to

the continuance of a good understanding between intimate friends. Gerald, though fully sensible of Mr. Banim's kindness and friendly solicitude about him, could not by any effort wholly divest himself of the instinctive reluctance he felt to place himself under deep obligations to one upon whose good nature he had no other claim than his own difficulties; and his friend, conscious of this feeling, was perhaps too observant of the least expression which betrayed it. The consequence was—as soon as an opportunity of rendering Gerald a service occurred—some unhappy misconception on both sides. After the former misunderstanding, Mr. Banim, far from losing interest in Gerald's welfare, sought anxiously to render him services in the only manner he saw they would be accepted, by procuring him a market for his labours. Aware of his dramatic talent, he was continually urging him to write for the theatres, and especially for the English Opera-house, where, from his own intimacy with Mr. Arnold, he was sure any recommendation of his would meet with attention. He at last obtained a piece from Gerald, to be presented at the English Opera-house, out of which, sometime after, arose the following correspondence:

"*John Banim to Gerald Griffin.*

"Thursday, August 18th, 1826.

"My dear Sir,—Yesterday, I handed your piece to Mr. Arnold. He read it instantly, and agreed with me in thinking it one of high order. Here and there, however, I suspect you will have to cut and alter; and perhaps your songs must be re-written, and appear with less poetry, and more *set*ableness about them. I conclude that your little drama will be produced this season, and some day soon I'm to have the pleasure of introducing you to Mr. Arnold, who thinks very highly of your dramatic power I assure you, and whom you will find possessed of all the technical acquirements calculated to mature it. "My dear sir, faithfully yours,

"John Banim.

"*Gerald Griffin to John Banim.*

"Thursday Evening, August, 1826.

"My dear Sir,—I shall be obliged to go into the city to-morrow, so that I must take this opportunity of mentioning that I have just seen Mr. Arnold. I gave him the piece, with the alterations of which you spoke to me, and he said he would read it again, and supposed he should have the pleasure of seeing you in a day or two. Talking of money matters—for he spoke of the mode of payment, though he said nothing decisive—I'm such a stupid, awkward fool, that I could scarcely understand the business properly; but I thought there appeared to be some feeling on his part of unwillingness to incur risk, or some such thing. If this was at all the case, I certainly should not take any remuneration previous to its being produced. My feeling on the subject is a great deal that of indifference, but if the piece were found profitable to the theatre, I should by no means be content that it should be otherwise to me, and that is all I feel about it. I should be perfectly satisfied to let the piece be played, and let Mr. Arnold calculate its worth by its success. I trouble you with this, my dear sir, in the hope that you may make use of it, as far as you think proper, in case Mr. Arnold should speak to you on the matter, as he said he would. A far greater object than any payment in specie to me would be the being enabled to take my trial soon. How can I apologise to you for all this? I am, my dear sir, yours sincerely,

"Gerald Griffin.

"It is evident that the feeling of 'indifference' which Gerald expresses in this letter, related entirely to the *mode* of payment, as to whether it should be absolute and unconditional, or dependent upon the success of the piece. Mr. Banim, however, seems unfortunately to have formed some misconception of the expression, as appears by the following letter:

"*John Banim to Gerald Griffin.*

"Tuesday Morning, August 23rd, 1826.

"My dear Sir.—Yesterday, after calling another day without seeing him, Mr. Arnold spoke to me finally about your piece. He is well disposed towards it, and if you permit will act it. I could see none of the indecisiveness you mentioned

in your last, nor did he say a word that could make me believe he thought he ran any risk in the matter. Perhaps you mistook him in your interview. He now desires me to inform you that you may get paid in proportion to its success and the established terms of his theatre, or sell your drama at once for fifty pounds, including the publishing copyright. Should you prefer the former mode of remuneration it will be necessary for you to ascertain, by calling on him, what are the usual terms of paying authorship in his theatre *by nights*. I know nothing of it. I invariably preferred a certainty beforehand; indeed, he got a piece of mine for less than he offers for yours, and I believe I have not been a loser. Mr. Howard Payne did not. I am informed, receive more from Covent Garden, either for his Clare or Charles II.

Miss Kelly has been ill, and perhaps but for that your piece would now be in progress. Mr. Arnold still thinks he will produce it this season. You inform me that your feeling on that subject is one of a great deal of indifference. This I must regret, particularly as I have been the cause of giving you trouble in a matter which does not interest you. I assure you, at the time I first wrote for the English Opera-house, and waited month after month even for an answer, I would not have been indifferent to whatever chance might have got my piece read and answered two hours after it had been handed in, and the transaction finally brought to a close in a few days. I am, my dear sir, truly yours,

"JOHN BANIM.

"However you may decide, Mr. Arnold hopes to close with yourself.

"*Gerald Griffin to John Banim.*

"Tuesday Evening, August 23rd, 1826.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I have just received your letter, which I hasten to answer. I am exceedingly obliged to you for all the trouble you have taken with the play, and am most gratified with the conclusion. I feel the entire extent of the obligation which you have conferred upon me; I always felt it, and I thought I said so in my first letter, but a mistake you have fallen into with respect to my last, renders it necessary for me to explain.

"The indifference of which I spoke (as probably you will find by referring to the letter) related entirely to Mr. Arnold's mode of payment, or indeed payment at all in the first instance, as, from the conversation I had with you on the subject,

and subsequent interview with Mr. Arnold, I concluded that nothing worth being very anxious about was to be done in the way of money, at a summer theatre. It was far from an object of indifference to me, however, that a play of mine should be produced. When you thought I meant to say this, you gave me credit for a greater piece of coxcombry than I was conscious of. It has been the object of my life for many years; I could not profess to be indifferent about it, still less could I be indifferent to the nature or extent of the obligation when conferred. Let me beg of you to take this general assurance in preference to any construction which possibly may be put on casual words or sentences. I am, my dear sir, very truly yours,

"GERALD GRIFFIN.

"To this letter, which certainly seems sufficiently explanatory, Mr. Banim unfortunately returned no answer, believing, as he afterwards mentions, that both parties were content and all cause of misunderstanding removed. Gerald, however, very naturally expected some acknowledgment of the fact, and not receiving it, ceased to urge any renewal of an intimacy, the interruption of which he felt did not rest with him. It would seem extraordinary that Mr. Banim, after having always evinced such a kind interest in Gerald's affairs, and received so ample an explanation of the slight misconception which occurred, did not evince some sign of returning confidence; but I believe the fact to be, that before an opportunity occurred for declaring it, a new and more annoying cause of jealousy arose. At the time that Mr. Banim's works were in the very highest estimation, and when indeed the assistance of no new author could have added to their reputation, he offered Gerald a place in the O'Hara family, and urged him to contribute a tale. To a person wholly unknown, and whose most successful work could not have procured for him a third of the price from the booksellers which could be obtained for it as one of the O'Hara tales, this was a very generous proposal. It was, however, declined by Gerald on the plea that he was unequal to the task. Holland-tide appeared some months

subsequent to this, and almost immediately after the conclusion of the correspondence respecting the drama accepted by Mr. Arnold. It was hardly surprising that, under such circumstances, Mr. Banim should feel he was treated disingenuously, especially as he was convinced Gerald had Holland-tide written at the time he declared his inability to write a tale for the O'Hara collection. This, however, was really not the case. Most of the tales in Holland-tide were written in an inconceivably short space of time (not more than two or three months) before their publication, and entirely at my constant urging, and I can testify, from the difficulty I had in inducing him to make the effort at all, how very diffident and doubtful he was of success. I do not mean that he exactly underrated his own powers, but I believe he did not think that his engagements with the periodicals, which he could not give up, would allow him sufficient time and consideration to attain the success he was ambitious of, in a regular work of fiction. In any event, indeed, I do not believe he would have joined an author of established fame in his labours, however advantageous it might be in a pecuniary point of view. If there was any one object dearer to him than another in his literary career, it was the ambition of attaining rank and fame by his own unaided efforts, or at least without placing himself under obligations to those on whom he felt he had no claim ; but, independent of this, and highly as he must have appreciated the kindness of Mr. Banim's proposal, he might not unnaturally conclude that the public would consider his own early efforts as indebted for success, more to the assistance of his eminent friend than to any original or independent merit they possessed. He had, besides, on all occasions, an almost morbid horror of patronage, arising partly from a natural independence of mind, but yet more from the depressing disappointments of his early literary life. When first he came to London, he

sought, by a few introductions and the friendly exertions of literary acquaintances, to bring his productions favourably before the public, but without the slightest success. His powers seemed to be undervalued precisely in proportion as he made interest to procure them consideration, until at length, disgusted by repeated failure, he resolved in future to trust wholly to his own unfriended exertions, and if they should not sustain him to abandon the struggle. It was soon after forming this resolution that success first dawned upon his efforts, and that he was anxiously sought for as an anonymous contributor by the editors of perodicals, who when he was previously introduced to them would give him nothing to do. In proportion as his success increased, the remembrance of the many mortifying disappointments he had formerly experienced seemed to sink more deeply into his mind, and he gradually acquired a degree of sensitiveness with respect to patronage, that made him recoil from even the ordinary and necessary means of obtaining attention for his pieces. This may have influenced him much less with respect to Mr. Banim than others, but it was probably the chief reason after he had finished Gisippus why he did not succeed in getting it played. He at one time sent the first and second acts to Miss Kelly, who was struck with the genius they displayed, and said if the remainder of the piece was equal to what she had read, she would present it at Drury Lane for him, and that she had little doubt of being able to get it brought out. Much gratified with this unexpected kindness, Gerald sent her successively the third and fourth acts. With these she professed herself equally well pleased, and awaited some time for the fifth, but she never received it. When he had attained what he so anxiously sought for—the approval and interest of one of the most popular actresses of the day, who had full interest to get his drama attentively considered—he showed an unaccountable reluctance to

avail himself of the kindness, and in fact finally left London without doing so.

"To return to the subject of the operas. The misunderstanding to which I have adverted made him at first reluctant to send them all to Mr. Arnold, and finally induced him to send them anonymously. He felt no doubt that if he transmitted them with his real name, he would be indebted for their acceptance to the introduction he had had from Mr. Banim in presenting a former one. Mr. Arnold, however, recognised the writing, and it is amusing to reflect on the perfect perplexity into which he must have been thrown by such a proceeding. That an author, and above all a dramatic author, who had a piece already accepted, should in sending a new one fling aside the name by which he was known and estimated, and enter the lists among a host of anonymous writers, seemed altogether preposterous. Mr. Banim, to whose judgment all new pieces presented at the English Opera-house at the time were submitted, happening to call, Mr. Arnold pointed to the plays, and, mentioning the circumstance, made some good-natured inquiries, which seemed seriously to call in question the soundness of Gerald's faculties; asking him, at the same time, what could possess him to send his dramas under an assumed name? Mr. Banim at once saw through the mystery, and this new sign of Gerald's resolution not to lie under any possible obligation to him, tended to widen the breach which the letter already given must otherwise have so happily closed.

"During the time I remained in town (I believe about three months,) Gerald, though constantly engaged for the periodicals, accomplished a great deal of work of a most important character. Besides Hollandtide, he wrote two or three operas, and completed about as many acts of a new comedy. It was a delightful piece, written in easy blank verse, and reminded me more of the comedies of the olden time, than any drama

written since the days of Beaumont and Fletcher. The plot alone would have almost ensured its success. It was suggested by the general ruin which was overwhelming the most opulent houses in the city at that time, by speculation in the mining and other bubble companies to an extent little short of frenzy. An old merchant, finding himself on the brink of ruin by these rash speculations, endeavours to prevail on his daughter to sacrifice her affections for a young and amiable man, to whom she is attached, and marry a rich suitor whose wealth might redeem his credit. Although in a great measure committed to the former by the long encouragement she had given to him, her father, by artful appeals to her filial affection, and representations to his decaying health and the certain ruin that must otherwise await him, at length obtains her consent to become the rich man's wife. The scene in which this consent was obtained was intensely powerful, and although he never completed beyond the third act, one can readily conceive the deep interest the succeeding events might have commanded. There was a very amusing under plot. The completion of this play was prevented by an unfortunate observation of mine. On reading the parts which he had finished, I was struck with the similitude of the scene between the father and daughter, and that between Mr. Vere and his daughter in the Black Dwarf. The contrivance, situation, and interest of both were indeed so like, that I thoughtfully said, "Why, Gerald, this scene is in the Black Dwarf." He seemed incredulous, and said it was impossible, but on my persevering in my assertion, he sent out for the book (which I believe he had never read) to the nearest circulating library. When on a perusal he came to the scene to which I referred, he laid down the tale in perfect dismay, acknowledging it was the very same scene, and that all his labour was gone for nothing. As it is so usual for dramatists to take their plots from the prose tales of

other authors, I had not the remotest idea at the time that this discovery would influence the progress of the play, but all my entreaties could not afterwards induce him to add another syllable to it, and I presume he finally destroyed what he had written, as it was not found among his posthumous papers. A similar incident, though not of the same consequence, occurred some nights afterwards, when I returned from a walk, with Peter of the Castle, a new tale by the O'Hara Family. Gerald was engaged in writing one of the tales of Holland-tide, and had at the moment just concluded an amusing description of Shrove-tide. Anxious to see his friend's new work, he laid down his pen, and glancing at the commencement, found the very first chapter contained a description of Shrove-tide much more ample than his own. He at once tore out the latter from his tale, and I am not certain that he ever completed it. There appeared to be almost a fatality in the many instances in which he had been thus anticipated by contemporary writers. We have already seen that on his first arrival in London, and after he had sent his tragedy of 'Aguire' to the theatre, he found that another play of the same name, and founded on the same story, had already been presented ; that Mr. Banim had anticipated him in the play of the Prodigal Son ; and that in another piece of his, which he afterwards showed him, he discovered the counterpart of Canabe, a character in an unfinished play of his own.

"These coincidences he came at length to look upon as occurrences rather to be anticipated than wondered at. There is, after all, in the human mind very little individuality in the power of originating what is new. However singularly, and as it were by its own special selection from the thousands of incidents passing before it in the world, or by its own secret power of invention, it may endeavour to construct some new tale or drama, it will be found that its selections or inventions have

been unconsciously suggested by some relations they bear to the acquirements, or literature, or fashion of the day, which are equally at the same time influencing other minds. So far, therefore, from its being improbable, in the selection or construction of new stories, that other writers should at the same moment hit upon the same choice or invention, the probability really is always in favour of their doing so. This fact was so strongly impressed upon Gerald's own mind, that I never knew him plan any piece suggested by the circumstances or events of the times, that he was not most anxious to bring it out speedily, lest he should be forestalled by some other writer.

"On the completion of Holland-tide, Gerald took the manuscript to Messrs. Simpkin and Marshall, who returned him a favourable opinion in a few days, and on a second interview purchased the copyright for £70. As his constitution seemed much shaken by his prolonged and exhausting labours, and he looked upon this connection as giving him an opportunity of making a character with the public, the effect of which he had much reliance on, I was able to persuade him to accompany me to Ireland towards the close of the year."

CHAPTER VIII.

CONTINUATION OF THE CORRESPONDENCE WITH MR. BANIM — EXPLANATIONS — RECONCILIATION — ALLUSION TO RELIGIOUS OPINIONS—CLARE ELECTION OF 1828—CONCLUSION OF CORRESPONDENCE.

As the correspondence with Mr. Banim, which has been just entered upon in the preceding account, gives a very clear perception of Gerald's real character and disposition, it will be better to proceed with it in this

place. It will be found to exhibit both in a point of view highly favourable, and I feel the more bound, therefore, to go on with it now, as I have already brought before the reader, in a very pointed manner, some circumstances which may have given a contrary impression, and some acts of his which seemed to do violence to their friendship.

The last letter which he wrote, though sufficiently explanatory, had, as we have seen, been followed by no reply. Though he found it impossible, from this circumstance, to take any further steps towards renewing their former intimacy, the cessation of their usual intercourse was deeply distressing to him. He could never look upon the loss of Mr. Banim's friendship as any other than a deep misfortune, and above all, feeling keenly as he did the many valuable obligations he owed him, it was peculiarly painful to him to have it thought, as it perhaps might be, that he lay open to the imputation of being ungrateful to so excellent a friend. The letters we have seen do not give any adequate conception of the depth of this feeling, for whenever any painful emotion affected him strongly, it was in general very much controlled in its expression. It is only the length to which he pushed his efforts to procure a reconciliation, and the overflowing and undisguised delight which he manifested on being restored at last to his friend's full confidence, that can show us how severely he felt the privation of it. The last letter was written, as we have seen, in August, 1826. In the month of January following, being about to leave town, and not having received any reply to it, he wrote the following :

Gerald Griffin to John Banim.

January 19th 1827.

Dear Sir,—My brother, who is leaving London with me in a few days, has asked me for a manuscript, which you may remember having had the kindness to read at my request a long

time since. If you will leave it out for his messenger on Satur day, and excuse this trouble, you will oblige,

Yours, &c., GERALD GRIFFIN.

I have got a book of yours, which I will return on Saturday. I don't know what has made you forget me so completely, but if it was anything in my last letter, I am catholic enough to be sorry for it. I thought you did not treat me fairly.

To this letter no reply was received. He therefore, on the twenty-ninth of the same month, wrote as follows:

Gerald Griffin to John Banim.

January 29th, 1827.

MY DEAR SIR,—I went to Mount-street yesterday, and to-day, in the hope of seeing you, but in the first instance I had taken a wrong number, and in the second did not find you at home. I leave London early to-morrow morning, and wish to say a few words on your last letter before I go. After thinking a good deal on the subject, I am very willing to admit the truth of what you say, and to acknowledge that some unfortunate circumstance in my temper or disposition has prevented my meeting your kind exertions to serve me as they deserved. Requesting you to accept my thanks now from my heart for all you have done for me, and hoping that I may return in a better spirit, I remain, my dear sir, yours very truly,

GERALD GRIFFIN.

I saw Mr. Arnold for the first time last week since I had the happiness to see you. He is very kind and cordial, and requested that I would present you his remembrances.

Having sent this letter to the post-office, Gerald left town. It appears by the post-mark to have been received by Mr. Banim on the day it was written, yet, notwithstanding the nature of its contents, the greater part of the year was allowed to pass away without any acknowledgment of its receipt, or anything being sent in the shape of a reply to it. In the mean time, Gerald having again spent some time in town, and being again about to leave it, wrote in the month of October as follows:

Gerald Griffin to John Banim.

24, Northumberland-street, Regent's Park,
October 19th, 1827.

My dear Sir,—I have been endeavouring to find you, in vain, since my return to London. I inquired at Mount-street, at Mr. Colburn's, and from Mr. Arnold, but could only learn that you were then at Hastings. In case I should not be able to see you before I leave London, I wish to communicate in writing what could be done with more satisfaction in person.

Had I the pleasure of seeing you before I left England this letter might be unnecessary, and I am very sorry now that I did not. I wish to explain to you more fully the cause of the long silence which we both seemed to expect should be first broken by the other, and the fault of which, I am ready to acknowledge, rested with myself. The fact was, I felt hurt by your letter, in which you charged me with wanting a sense of the advantage I had derived from your kindness, (which charge, recollecting the temper of my previous letter, I fear you were not without grounds for,) and acting on that feeling I wrote again, what I at the time thought ought to be a satisfactory answer. I expected a few words to say whether it had been so or not, but they never came, and thence that absence which you say astonished you. It was an error, I acknowledge, but yet not wholly without excuse. I never entered your house without reluctance, even when you were most warm and kind; excuse me if I could not do so when you seemed to wear an altered face. That, and that alone, was the cause of my absence.

For the rest I have only to say, I owe you much, and I thank you. If it has seemed otherwise to you, believe my present assurance. It must have seemed otherwise, or you would not have left my letter unanswered. Be a good Christian—forget and forgive.

I hope to leave a parcel directed for you at Mr Colburn's, of which I request your acceptance, begging at the same time that you will keep my secret, as it is not my concern alone. I take also this opportunity of assuring you of the sincere delight with which I heard of an event in your family, which must have been a source of much happiness to you.

I have another favour to beg of you, which I am sure you will not hesitate to grant me. It is, that you will expunge from the play which you presented for me, the passage in the scene between the Irishman and the hero, comprising the few sentences just before "she talks philosophy." You may laugh at my introducing this matter, but I am unwilling to trouble Mr.

Arnold myself, and the passage may be objectionable. Once more wishing you all the health, happiness, and peace which you can desire or deserve, I am, with sincere esteem and gratitude, Yours,

GERALD GRIFFIN.

My words have so often failed to convey what I intended, that I am not without apprehension lest by any possibility I should again be misconceived. I wish, therefore, to say once more distinctly—and to entreat you to understand and believe it—that the only feeling at present on my mind is that of sincere regret for what has passed, and anxiety that you should be satisfied of it. Either in vanity or in folly, or in whatever you please, I thought I filled *too humble a part* in the whole transaction, and this made me fretted with myself, and forward to anticipate a slight, where I am certain, on proper reflection, none was intended. It was not what you deserved, but it was my mistake; your not answering my letter confirmed me in this bad feeling, which, as I have learned to correct, I hope you will no more remember. G. G.

To this letter Mr. Banim at last sent the following reply, which led to the subjoined correspondence, ending in a perfect renewal of their former intimacy and good understanding:

John Banim to Gerald Griffin.

Bath Hotel, Piccadilly, Nov. 1827.

MY DEAR SIR,—You mistake in thinking that I have ever had the most remote notion of a misunderstanding with you. The last letter we interchanged on the subject of your drama, a year and a half ago, seemed to me quite satisfactory. When you were leaving town about six months after, your note suggesting that some peculiarity (or a word to that effect, or perhaps stronger) of your own mind must have caused your previous doubts, I recognised as a most ample though unnecessary explanation. I became assured you were content, as I was, with our renewed good understanding, and sincerely in this feeling I desired in a letter I wrote to Limerick to your cousin last April to be kindly remembered to you. I do not know how I shall make further answer to your letter of the 19th October, received by me only two days since; one sentence alone—viz., "I never entered your house without reluctance, even when you were most warm and kind,"—sounds somewhat strangely to my ear,

because, during our years of close intimacy, when your visits were always welcome to me, I had never supposed such to be the case. I have written to Mr. Arnold to the effect you wished.

The parcel you do me the favour to procure me has not appeared at Mr. Colburn's.

I am, my dear sir, yours very truly,

JOHN BANIM.

Gerald Griffin to John Banim.

No date.

MY DEAR SIR,—When I received your last letter (late on November 6th,) I hurried off to the Bath Hotel, in the hope of being able to see you, but was much disappointed at finding you had left it that morning. I am pleased to learn my mistake, but I was led into it by your letter of last January, and —allow me to say—your long silence after my former note on leaving London. Your remembrance I never received.

You will oblige me by accepting these volumes, which, though faulty enough, may yet answer the purpose for which I send them. I leave London to-morrow morning, and regret much that all my efforts should have failed in endeavouring to see you, the more especially as I do not purpose returning for some considerable time.

The feeling which renders one reluctant in trespassing on the kindness of a good friend, I can scarcely think so new or strange as you seem to imagine. I should be very sorry it was so; but I ought to remember a conversation on this subject which showed me that your opinions on this matter were different from those of,

My dear sir, yours sincerely, GERALD GRIFFIN.

For "reluctance" read "diffidence," and perhaps we may agree.

John Banim to Gerald Griffin.

Seven Oaks, Kent,
April 17th, 1828.

MY DEAR SIR,—Not till the other day, when I ran up to town, did I receive at Mr. Colburn's the "Tales of the Munster Festivals," with the accompanying note. How long they had previously lain there I cannot tell, nor has a reference to your note enabled me to decide, as it is without date; but I feel very uneasy under the apprehension that you may have sent them about the time of publication, because if you reckoned on their

speedy transmission to me, your not hearing from me in the mean time must have seemed to place me before your eyes in a light very different indeed from that in which I sincerely wish, as I ever have done, to be regarded by you.

My best thanks for the volumes. I have read them with the highest gratification, and warmly congratulate you on the talents they display, as well as the success they have met with. That you thus at last triumph in a great degree, as I hope, over the neglects and annoyances of your first residence in London, is to me a matter of some triumph also, to say nothing of the pleasure it affords me, because, in common with all who were known to you, I claim the foresight of having long destined you to no common fortune in the battle for literary fame. Accept my very best wishes for your continued and augmented success.

I am very sorry you did not see me at the Bath Hotel last autumn, or that I did not soon after get something like the note that accompanied your tales. The simple explanation of one simple word given in the postscript of that note, would have saved me ever since the exceedingly painful feeling of thinking you unkind; but I now heartily rejoice at being undeceived, and the hand that you hold out I take, ay, and shake, exploded as is the custom, not only with an unalloyed feeling of, believe me, warm esteem and friendship, but with a lightened bosom, and a mind more at rest, than the idea of our estrangement would allow me to experience.

I hope you will drop me a line very soon. I shall be very uneasy till I know you have got this. Accept my most grateful thanks for the handsome terms in which my tales are mentioned in certain printed pages. Mrs. Banim joins me in kindest remembrances and good wishes, while I remain,

My dear sir, yours truly and affectionately,

JOHN BANIM.

However peculiar the frame of mind may be thought which influenced Gerald to decline the good offices of those who were sometimes disposed to forward his views, these letters certainly contain ample evidence of a warm and generous heart, and a most amiable and affectionate disposition. They are, indeed, equally creditable to both the friends, and exhibit very distinctly the difference of their characters; for though Mr. Banim may, perhaps, be blamed for keeping his friend so long under a painful anxiety, yet, when he does write, his manner

is open-hearted, straight-forward, and clear; while Gerald, with an affection evidently quite as fervent, seems—until the mists which had clouded their friendship were dispelled—much more guarded in its utterance. As some of those which follow touch upon a subject of a very serious character, I feel that I cannot introduce them without some remark. The reader will remember in the "Lines to a Departed Friend," quoted in the early part of this memoir, a few expressions in which Gerald seems with a deep and painful sensitiveness to accuse himself of a temporary loss of religious feeling. He alludes more distinctly to this in a note which will be found in the preface to "The Christian Physiologist,"* a very beautiful work—the first of a series designed for the amusement and instruction of the young. These letters seem to give some insight into its real nature, yet, from the note to which I allude, it would seem, even on his own showing, that what he felt so painfully, scarcely deserved the name of opinion, and my belief is, that neither with Mr. Banim nor him (though both in a certain degree confess it) did it ever amount to more than

* "We would pray the reader not to consider these few lines as an intrusion on his time, but to pardon them, as originating in a sense of duty, which the writer owes to his Creator, to some dear friends, and to himself. It has happened that in younger days, when his character was yet unformed—unsettled—his mind but indifferently developed—his heart filled with ambitions and distracting passions, which rendered self-knowledge and clearness of judgment not merely difficult but impossible, the opinions (if they then deserved the name) of the writer of this book were different from those which may in a slight degree be found scattered over its pages, and more particularly in the portrait above alluded to. It is a satisfaction to him, therefore, to leave a record of the real, solid, and deeply pondered opinions of his manhood, in the hands of those whom the example or conversation youth (for a certain period) might have had the slightest influence in misleading. He does not deem it incumbent on him here to furnish, even to those persons, the foundations and support of his present opinions, for the same arguments, and still more sacred modes of conviction, which were successful with him are open to all. He only wishes that all those in whose presence his lips may have ever rashly dropped a sentiment of error, may now clearly understand that the opinions here put forward, as they were those which education

that partial forgetfulness of religious duty, which should not, under any circumstances, be spoken lightly of, but which is, perhaps, not unfrequent with those who are left early to their own guardianship. He speaks of these opinions as taken up in his younger days, "when his character was yet unformed, his mind but indifferently developed, and his heart filled with ambitious and distracting passions, which rendered self-knowledge and clearness of judgment," as he says, "not merely difficult, but impossible." Under these circumstances, remembering his early struggles, and the kind of spirit, as regards religion, that prevails in intellectual circles in London—remembering, too, the entire absence of all his early associations, it is not wonderful that the errors he accuses himself of should have arisen. It is, indeed, all things considered, rather to be wondered at that they were not more deep and irretrievable. Whatever they amounted to—whether to mere carelessness in religious practice, or to serious questionings of important religious truths, its not uncommon consequence, or even to an actual loss of faith in some of them for a time—it is certain from these letters, as well as other passages in

instilled into his mind, are also those in which it is his fondest hope to die. The conviction of their truth, as it is by far the most intimate impression which has ever been made upon his soul, is also doubly dear to his heart, from his slight and brief experience of the hollowness and insufficiency of others. But this is not the place for him to say all he feels upon this subject—all his sorrow for the wanderings of his own mind, and all his anxiety for the safe-conduct of those who have the same inexperience, and all the same dangers to contend with. Some future work, perhaps, may afford him an opportunity of speaking more fully upon it, than it would be proper to do even in a note to a book intended, in a great measure, for amusing purposes. For what has here been said, he entreats the reader's indulgence, for he is sensible that there is often an obtrusion in self-blame, as well as in self-praise, between which it is difficult to follow the path of discretion and simple duty. Nothing, indeed, but duty can render entirely blameless the obtrusion of feelings so sacred and intimate upon the attention of others, but he calculates with confidence on the reader's just construction of his words, which leave him at liberty to return with a lighter heart and soul to the vigorous employment of time."—*Preface to the Christian Physiologist*, page xi. note.

his writings, that in calmer moments they brought him intense pain, took a deep and enduring hold upon his mind, and prompted him afterwards to every kind of reparation, which his keen sense of their mischievous influence demanded. I have reason to believe, that communications were made, and letters written with the same view, to others also as well as to Mr. Banim, and I shall give, further on, a few addressed to one dear and valued friend of his, now no more, which throw additional light on this subject, and in which, in an earnest, yet gentle and unobtrusive manner, and with the most tender and affectionate solicitude, he endeavours to remove from his mind the evil which he supposes his conversations, and the apparent worldliness even of his later religious practice, had occasioned. Those letters came into my possession since the former edition of this memoir was published, and exhibit in a remarkable degree the depth to which the feeling I speak of penetrated. One would have thought, that, as the number of persons who were exposed to this influence could not have been large, it would have satisfied his ideas of what was necessary, to make his retractation with each of them privately, as he did with Mr. Banim, and not to reveal openly to the whole world what it never had the least suspicion of, and otherwise never could have known ; that, in fact, as those matters were of a private nature, and had given no public scandal or disedification, it would be mischievous rather than serviceable to religion, voluntarily and without any apparent necessity to make such disclosures. But, besides the certainty that no cause whatever is bettered by concealment, it must be remembered that the course I have spoken of was not in every instance possible ; and even if it were, he had no means of knowing to what extent the evil might have passed beyond those to whom it was originally communicated. He probably thought, therefore, that his only remaining alternative was, by an open

unreserved declaration, to meet it in every possible channel into which it might have flowed; to render misconception in future impossible; and thus, in an humble spirit, once for all to unburden his heart, and discharge the duty which, as he says, "he owed to his Creator, to some dear friends, and to himself." Many will think his sensibility on these points exaggerated, and his efforts pushed to an extreme altogether unnecessary; others, on the contrary, will be of opinion, that much too worldly a view is often taken of these matters, and that their real intrinsic evil is, for the most part, entirely unappreciated. Without entering into any discussion of this question, it is clear, at least, that Gerald took by far the safer side, and the fervent and charitable endeavours to which his conscientious feeling stimulated him, and the gentle mode in which they were carried into execution, will, I think, tend greatly to exalt his character.

Gerald Griffin to John Banim.

Pallas Kenry, Ireland,
April 22nd, 1827.

My dear Sir,—I had the happiness to receive late last night your most acceptable and friendly letter, for which I return you my warmest thanks. It was a pleasure indeed which I had almost despaired of enjoying, but it was not on that account the less delightful. It made amends, and ample amends to me, for a great deal of bitter reflection—such as I shall be careful never to give occasion for while I live; and it afforded me likewise the satisfaction of feeling that I had not overrated the generosity of your character. Whatever faults had been committed—whatever misconceptions had arisen, I was confident that when I had endeavoured to explain the one, and frankly acknowledged the other, you would not continue to withhold from me that friendship which was one of the most valued consolations of my life, and the loss of which I could never have considered in any other light than as a deep misfortune.

The books I sent to Mr. Colburn's when I was leaving England, a few days after their publication. Knowing, however, that you were not then residing in London, I could not be sure

that you had received them before I got your letter. I do not know whether I mentioned to you in the note that accompanied the volumes, that I had immediately on receiving your letter (about ten at night) ran down to Piccadilly in the hope of seeing you. but, to my great disappointment, I found that you had that day left the hotel. I regretted the circumstance extremely, as I was assured that a personal interview would have done more to accomplish a clear understanding between us than any written explanation.

And now, my dear friend, that we do fully understand one another—now that you do so kindly and unreservedly admit me into your friendship—a happiness of which I am prouder than I can easily express—will you permit me to offer one suggestion that may prevent a recurrence of those unhappy mistakes from which I have suffered so keenly? I am often, I see, unfortunate in the choice of my expressions. I seem frequently to mean that which is farthest from my intention, and to convey subject for offence, in terms that are only designed to express esteem and attachment. Let us not therefore, in a world where we can hardly afford to throw away any rational enjoyment, suffer the sentiments which we may entertain for one another to be disturbed by any misconceptions to which a letter may give occasion. If a sentence should occur to furnish a subject for doubt, let us meet and speak clearly; and then, if either should be found unworthy of the other's confidence, let him be punished by losing it.

I have seen, during the last few weeks, an announcement of a new work from the author of the O'Hara Tales—"The Croppy," the action of which is fixed at a period of strong interest—a period worthy of being celebrated by a writer who is not afraid to encounter a stern and tumultuous subject. I am not familiar with the history of these times, but I remember hearing (indeed it must be known to you) of the burning of a barn—in Wexford I think—which would have supplied the subject of a forcible episode. But you felt no want of materials for such a work, neither did this circumstance, now I remember, reflect much honour on the insurgents.

I have to return you my sincere thanks for the kind manner in which you speak of my hasty volumes. I have been long since made aware of their numerous faults, and am endeavouring, as all well disposed people ought, to profit by experience. But though I am sensible that I should have acted more wisely by delaying their publication and devoting more time to their improvement, yet I do not regret having put them forward, even if they should procure me no other advantage than that of recovering an old and valued friend. I remember your speak-

ing to me, on one occasion, of a work which is greatly wanted at the present moment—a History of Ireland. I should be sorry to think that you had wholly relinquished the idea. It is a subject, however, which affords a fairer field for the pursuit of fame than that of fortune, and on that account is little likely to be popular with writers who are able to accomplish both. I have seen one lately announced—from the pen of some Colonel, I believe.

Were we now to meet, you would I dare say find a considerable alteration in many of my opinions. One I do not think it right to withhold from you. You may remember some conversations we had at a time when you lent me a little edition of "Paley's Evidences?" The sentiments which you then expressed surprised me a little, when I remembered some former remarks of yours with which they contrasted very strongly. This circumstance, joined with others, led me to a course of study and reflection, which, with (I hope) the divine assistance, ended in the complete re-establishment of my early convictions. The works which I read were (after Paley's) Milner's "End of Controversy," and Massillon's Sermons, both very able works. I mention my change of opinion on this great subject, because it is a slight part of the great reparation that is due from me, and I mention the occasion of that change, to show how much good or how much evil a person may do by the expression of his opinions in the presence of others, and how very careful he ought to be in assuring himself that his opinions are correct, before he ventures to communicate them to those with whom his talents and his reputation may give him an influence. An author, my dear friend, has a fearful card to play in domestic society as well as before the public. But why should I take the liberty of pursuing such a theme as this so far? Forgive me for it this single time, as I was tempted only by a deep anxiety for your happiness. I thought, too, that the circumstance above mentioned, would give you a pleasure.

If your brother should not be at present in England with you, will you do me the kindness to present him my best remembrances when next you write? One of those "fair occasions gone for ever by,"—yet no, not for ever, I hope—which I regret to have lost during my residence in London, is the opportunity I had of becoming better acquainted with him. I had something more to say, but my paper fails me. Is our correspondence to terminate here? I anticipate a speedy and generous "No."—for though your time be precious, yet you would not hesitate to devote a few moments to one secluded as I am here, if you knew the happiness that it would afford me. Present my best remembrances to Mrs. Banim, whose health I

hope most sincerely is improved, and, with the warmest esteem and affection, believe me to be,

My dear sir, yours faithfully,

GERALD GRIFFIN.

John Banim to Gerald Griffin.

Seven Oaks, May 27th, 1828.

MY DEAR GRIFFIN,—You see I lead the way. Be assured that your last, of April 22nd, gives me heart-felt pleasure. My old harp of a heart has a string restored to it. I accept your invitation not to allow anything that may occur in letters between us to start a doubt in future of your friendship or character. Let me add my own covenant. When we meet, treat me more bluntly, off-handedly, and talkatively than you have done. I now am sure that an unlucky diffidence hitherto regulated (or rather disarranged) your social manner. However, I shall be happier with you, if, amongst your other recent changes, you have acquired the knack of treating a friend differently, and I close this topic by protesting against your supposing that I here mean an iota which does not broadly meet your eyes.

Your religious revolutions in opinion I shall not merely congratulate you upon; I do more, by sympathising with them. Yes, I fear when we first met, and for some time after, that my own religious creed was vague and profane, and I sincerely ask your pardon for any word of mine which may have tended to set you astray. But it is so remarkable that Paley should have been the first to call us back to the right path. And perhaps more remarkable still, that, although mixing up abuse of Popery with proofs of Christianity, he should have helped to make us Catholics, as well as believers in revelation.

I envy you your life in poor Ireland. My health has been bad since I saw you. I nearly lost the use of my limbs, but can now limp about on a stick.

I write you a short and hasty letter. Till this day, since I had the great pleasure of receiving your last, I have been very busy, and ill enough into the bargain, and this morning I start with Mrs. Banim to make a long-promised visit to the Rev. James Dunn (a man I wish you knew, the same whom Shiel some time ago speeched praises of,) and his lady to Tunbridge Wells, but will not go till I answer your letter, and this accounts, I hope, for the kind of one it is. Pray write soon, and believe me your affectionate friend,

JOHN BANIM.

Gerald Griffin to John Banim.

Pallas Kenry, Ireland,
July 4th, 1828.

My dear Banim.—Just returned from a visit to our glorious lakes, and just on the wing for another excursion, I take a few moments to thank you for your warm-hearted letter. I acquiesce in your covenant in all its conditions, and sincerely trust that from this time forward there may be an end of all explanations or occasion for explanations between us. I was glad to hear from the "John Murray" of our city, that "The Croppy" was very successful. I have not, however, yet had the pleasure of reading it, having been scarcely stationary for a single day since its publication.

I returned from Killarney by the county of Clare, which is at present the scene of a contest in which you cannot but take a strong interest. The people have certainly proved themselves to be a most resolute set of fellows—no drunkenness—no riot—patience and coolness beyond anything that could have been looked for. They fill the streets more like a set of Pythagorean philosophers than a mob of Munstermen. I heard your friend, Mr. Shiel, address them with great effect the other day, and think him incomparably the foremost orator among the liberators—quite another person from the gentleman whom I once heard in the Freemason's Hall, in London. I should like much to know what people say of the struggle in your part of the world. I was longing for the honour of an introduction to Mr. Shiel, and went once to his lodgings with a friend in hopes to see him, but was not fortunate enough to find the great little man at home. I consider myself very lucky, nevertheless, in having seen and heard nearly the whole of our agitators under circumstances so well calculated to call forth the nature of the animals, as I once heard you say of the beasts you saw at feeding-time in Exeter 'Change. The transition, too, was delicious, from the calm and Eden-like serenity of the lakes to the turbulence and uproar of such a scene as this election. There is, I believe, little doubt that before now Daniel O'Connell is an M. P. I am most delighted at the idea, although some people think the interests of the country might be placed in the hands of a better politician than he is reputed to be.

As you seem to have fixed your residence in the ruling island, some occasion may arise in the course of your literary occupations, to make you desire a minute acquaintance with forgotten scenes in your native country. If so, I am on the spot, and I will consider it as an obligation if you will command my op-

portunities, as far as you may find necessary, in bringing them to your recollection. I hope you will not hesitate to call on me for anything I can do in this way, and I hope, too, that I need not tell you what pleasure I shall feel in obeying your summons. I had enough to encounter in the way of ill health since I saw you, to feel a ready sympathy in your sufferings, though I was far from imagining that they were of so serious a nature as you describe. I trust that you may before now have got rid altogether of the attack, and that you will not provoke a return of it by too laborious application. Give your leisure to England, but reserve your health and strength for your country and your friends. I am, my dear Banim, yours sincerely and affectionately,

GERALD GRIFFIN.

The reader will not forget the celebrated Clare election of 1828, alluded to in this letter. The speech of Mr. Shiel, which Gerald congratulates himself on having heard, was one of the most brilliant essays in public speaking I ever witnessed. I had reason to know that it was quite extempore, for some friends of ours, who had never seen him before, and were anxious to hear him speak, went to some of his acquaintances, and requested them to bring him forward on the plea that the multitude, with whom the streets were thronged, might become impatient unless they had some subject before them. He presently appeared in the balcony, and, notwithstanding some disadvantages in voice and manner, delivered a speech of greater effect and power than any I ever remember. The streets were thronged to suffocation—the occasion was a great one—he seemed to feel fully its importance, and his language ascended with it. What he said on this occasion was never reported, nor do I think that any report could do it complete justice. I never saw anything like Gerald's rapture about it. He seemed to listen all through with such an eager attention, as if he feared lest a single word or sentiment should escape him. The moment Mr. Shiel had retired from the window, he turned to a friend, with his eyes

sparkling, and his whole countenance kindled with the utmost enthusiasm, and said, "Well, did you ever in your life hear anything to equal that?" I subjoin the reply of Mr. Banim to this letter, and an additional letter of Gerald's, which brings to a close the only portion of their correspondence that has fallen into my hands.

John Banim to Gerald Griffin.

Seven Oaks, Kent,
September 22nd, 1828.

My dear Griffin,—I much envy you your little trip to our lakes, and hope I am not going to die before I see them again. Thanks for your kind offer of (as I read it) making some sketches in your road for me, but after your most liberal exemptions in favour of the O'Hara Family, how can I expect, or ask, or receive anything of the kind at your hands?

You had a treat indeed in seeing the Clare heroes. They have wonderfully raised us in the moral scale, and, as far as my feelings go, inspired me with admiration. Indeed the whole attitude of our dear country is just now gratifying in the highest degree. I have lately been writing to it "Songs for Irish Catholics," (not yet done.) which I hope may serve to connect my name with the present glorious struggle, and (humbly indeed be it spoken) perhaps do some little good to our cause. When you see them (if that is ever to be) pray tell me how you like them.

All the Englishmen I know here think well of your goings on in Ireland, and wish success. If you proceed as you have begun, you must succeed, but if one drop of blood is shed, you will be trampled down. Yours, dear Griffin, ever sincerely,

John Banim.

Gerald Griffin to John Banim.

London, January 17th, 1829.

My dear Banim,—I am ashamed to offer you the only apology I have to make, for so long delaying to thank you for your kind visit and note, the latter of which I received in half an hour after you left my lodgings. The card left at old Slaughter's was my brother's—he regrets much that he was not at home. Sickness both of mind and frame, enough of writing to

make one hate the pen, and much engrossing occupation, prolonged to a more considerable period than I had anticipated, constitute the poor apology of which I have spoken, and which I hope you will accept.

Your letter sent by Mr. Shiel found me not at home in Ireland, and has reached me here. It was not idleness or indifference (that fatal word!) which has prevented my sending you the little drama before now. The fact was, I happened to overtake it in London, where it was still in my brother's hands, and found on a glance or two that it wanted more alteration and improvement than my time would allow me to bestow on it at present, so that I must let it lie in my desk for a moment of greater leisure. I hope to be done with this clumsy, inhospitable, selfish, sensual, and unsocial metropolis in a week or two.

As I draw towards the close of my labours here, I am casting an eye about to know where I shall bestow myself during the Spring, Summer, and Autumn. I thought of Ireland—but that is so old. Of France, but I have no curiosity about their literature, and their language is too cheap a thing to induce me to go and live among them for that alone. Vienna—I waver between that and the sweet south, and am inclined to think that I shall fold my wings in Florence for a time. Vienna, I understand, is desirable in many respects besides that for which I should like it (the opportunity of reading its books and learning its language)—it is cheap (a great point for a poor fellow like me)—and society is open and un-Londonish—a great point also for me since I have begun to find it morally impossible to live without it. But I have a leaning towards Italy—my brain is sick of horrors, and I should, I think, find it fatten and grow merry over the melting prose and poetry of the south. Besides, as a Florentine physician here informs me, I can live as I should wish to do in London—learn to speak the purest Tuscan—and go to the theatre three times a week for fifty pounds a year. They seem to look on the theatre as a part of their diet.

Who is the last Irish novelist—the author of the Anglo Irish? He has baffled all inquiry at all events. I have not read it, but the greatest number of voices give it to you, and some (whom I know to have the highest opinion of the O'Hara Family) refuse you that honour, or rather that honour to the Anglo Irish. I must get it, if only to see whether there is a single flash from Shawn-a-Gow's forge to be found in the whole of it to give rise to such a rumour. Have you finished the work of which you spoke some time since—Songs for Irish Catholics? Most warmly shall I congratulate you if you indeed succeed in giving us a book of real national songs; you will do what has not

yet been done for Ireland in the poetical way, as you have done already in the prose.

I am looking anxiously forward to a release from my task here, in the hope of being able to see you at Seven Oaks. Will you present my best remembrances to Mrs. Banim, and very best wishes for her health as well as for your own? Believe me, dear Banim, yours very sincerely,

GERALD GRIFFIN.

CHAPTER IX

1827—1828.

GERALD'S RETURN TO PALLAS KENRY—DEATH OF HIS SISTER—SONNET TO HER MEMORY—TALES OF THE MUNSTER FESTIVALS—LIFE AT PALLAS KENRY—HIS GREAT POWER OF ABSTRACTION—OPINIONS ON LITERARY PEOPLE—CAMPBELL—BYRON—MOORE AND BURNS—FONDNESS FOR NATURE AND REALITY—THE UNINTELLIGIBLE SCHOOL OF POETRY—COLERIDGE'S TABLE TALK—GERALD'S LOVE OF MUSIC AND FINE TASTE IN IT.

The pleasure which Gerald would have felt on his restoration to home after such trials as we have been speaking of, may be easily conceived. It was, however, overclouded in the very moment of its enjoyment by an event he was little prepared for,—the death of that sister whose sufferings he seems to have felt so keenly, which occurred almost at the moment of their reunion, with a painful suddenness, and under circumstances that rendered the affliction doubly distressing to him.

Her health had been declining for a considerable time, but the changes were so gradual that they were scarcely perceived by those about her. She was, however, sensible of them herself, and this made her look with an anxious and almost painful solicitude to his long promised visit.

"DEAR GERALD," she says in a letter a short time previously, "a visit from you was a thing that had sometimes occurred in my day-dreams, and I now dwell on it with the more pleasure, from the idea that you must be pretty certain of it, or you would not run the risk of disappointing me. You will find me, I think, much changed when you come. Will you tell me why is Spring always represented so beautiful, and smiling, and amiable, and all that? If you should ever paint her, pray give her an ugly, a very ugly face, or if she *must* smile, let it be with a countenance like that of puss, when she plays with her victim before giving it the *coup de grace;* and if they ask you the cause of all this malice, say, that 'she shows no mercy to invalids.'"

There seemed a kind of presentiment in these expressions. Gerald arrived in Limerick early in February, 1827. His brother, who accompanied him, proceeded immediately to Pallas Kenry, while he remained in town, and this circumstance deprived him of the happiness of ever again seeing his sister alive.

I started for Limerick at a very early hour to meet him, and I cannot forget how much I was struck by the change his London life had made in his appearance. His features looked so thin and pale, and his cheeks so flattened, and as it were bloodless, that the contrast with what I remembered was horrid, while his voice was feeble, and slightly raised in its pitch, like that of one recovering from a lingering illness. It was affecting, in these circumstances, to observe the sudden and brilliant light that kindled in his eyes on first seeing me, and the smile of welcome that played over his features and showed the spirit within unchanged. About the middle of the day, while crossing the street, we were met by some friends who had been seeking us, and who informed Gerald, with as much gentleness as the circumstances would admit of, that shortly after I had left home, his sister had been seized with a sudden oppression, and after a few minutes' suffering, had expired in the arms of her brother. Whether the sudden excite-

ment of having seen that brother the evening before, or the pleasure with which she anticipated Gerald's return, had hastened an event that was not in any case far distant, could not be told. The shock to Gerald was dreadful. He reeled, staggered, and would, I believe, have fallen, but for those who were standing by. His features were violently agitated, and showed signs of a most painful agony, the expression of which he made powerful efforts to control. He turned very pale, and drew his breath deeply four or five times, but spoke not a word. After some time he became calm enough to make some inquiry into the circumstances, and we proceeded on our melancholy journey. The evening which he spent was, as may be judged, very different from any he had anticipated. He had not seen his sister now for some years. He had always been sincerely and deeply attached to her, and one of the brightest pleasures he had looked forward to on his return was the renewal of that cheerful intercourse, which he had often during his absence remembered as a blessing that could not be too highly prized. Had he even completed his journey the previous evening, as his brother had done, he might have enjoyed that blessing once again, but now all was at an end, and she who would have welcomed him to his old fireside with more than a sister's fondness, was insensible to his presence, and lay before him, pale, mute, and motionless!

From what I have said above of the state of his health at this time, it would be no wonder if this sudden blow affected him with a dangerous degree of force. Indeed it was sufficient to have shaken the nerves of a much stronger character than his, and he did feel it for some time with a most painful intensity; but I never knew any one who possessed so deep a sensibility as he did, that showed at the same time so much energy in overmastering the feelings to which it subjected him. Time, too, that never fails to wear down the edge of

the acutest suffering, lent its aid, and he gradually re-resumed his usual cheerfulness. The memory of his sister, however, if it became less painful, became also only the more hallowed as time passed on. Associated as it was with her virtues, her calmness of mind, and her unswerving piety, it seemed as if his contemplations regarding her referred to some being of a superior order. Those qualities which gave rise to affection during her lifetime, produced a species of veneration now that she was gone, and, some months after her death, he at last gave utterance to his feelings in the following exquisite lines:

Oh! not for ever lost, though on our ear
Those uncomplaining accents fall no more,
And Earth has won, and never can restore
That form that well-worn grief made doubly dear.
Oh! not for ever lost, though hope may rear
No more sweet visions in the future now,
And even the memory of that pallid brow
Grows unfamiliar with each passing year.
Though lowly be thy place on earth, and few
The tongues that name thee on thy native plains,
Where sorrow first thy gentle presence cross'd,
And dreary tints o'er all the future threw,
While life's young zeal yet triumphed in thy veins,
Oh! early fall'n thou art—but not for ever lost.

If in that land where hope can cheat no more,
Lavish in promise—laggard in fulfilling;
Where fearless love on every bosom stealing,
And boundless knowledge, brighten all the shore;
If in that land, when life's cold toils are done,
And my heart lies as motionless as thine,
I still might hope to press that hand in mine,
My unoffending—my offended one!
I would not mourn the health that flies my cheek,
I would not mourn my disappointed years,
My vain heart mock'd, and worldly hopes o'erthrown,
But long to meet thee in that land of rest,
Nor deem it joy to breathe in careless ears
A tale of blighted hopes as mournful as thine own.

The volume of tales called Holland-tide had been published immediately on his leaving London, and having now determined to turn his attention to this kind of

writing, he watched with considerable anxiety the manner of its reception by the public. It was hailed with a universal welcome by the periodicals and daily press, and spoken of as the work of a writer not inferior in originality and power to the best of those who had heretofore laboured on the same soil. He had put forward this first essay with a good deal of diffidence, representing it in the preface as the work of an almost untried hand, but this was scarcely admitted by the reviewers, one of whom says, "From the very unpretending preface to these spirited sketches, it would appear that the author is quite a new hand; but judging from internal evidence we should say that this cannot be the case. The style has all the force and perspicuity of an experienced writer." It is probable indeed that his practice in writing for the periodicals, during his severe probation in London, had imperceptibly given him a facility in the formation of his style, which he was not himself quite aware of, and perhaps the difficulty he experienced in drawing attention to his literary sketches made him unconsciously bestow a degree of care upon them that gradually led to improvement.

The Aylmers of Bally-Aylmer was almost the only tale in this series that had any pretensions to a deep-wrought interest, and even upon this he did not appear to have spent any extraordinary pains. It proved him, however, as I have said, to be a writer of no common order. The bright and cheerful colouring of every picture in it, the faithfulness to nature in delineating the manners of the peasantry, and the close adherence to ordinary life in its incidents—never daring, as he says himself, "to travel out of perfect and easy probability"—rendered it extremely popular. It was certainly, however, regarded by himself as a mere initiatory step, and an incident occurred about this period that showed me what a deep and intimate sense he had of his own powers. His great aim in all his efforts was to obtain a

character for originality. Besides the natural vigour and truth of his writings, he wished that they should be distinguished as *new*. He could not bear to be blended with other writers as merely one of a class, still less could he tolerate the thought of being considered a copyist of any, even the greatest of them. These circumstances made him look forward with much anxiety to the remarks of the critics on this, the first regular subject of comment with which he had supplied them. Two or three of the shorter tales in Holland-tide were contributed by a friend, whom he had repeatedly urged to assist him in making up the volume. This friend, in complying with his desire, had presented him with some, which he rejected on the ground that they would be thought to resemble in their manner the writings of Mr. Crofton Croker. I brought him a number of the *Literary Gazette* one day, which contained a review of the work, that I thought would give him very high satisfaction, as its praise was almost unbounded. I was surprised, however, to find that it produced quite the contrary effect, and threw him into a state of agitation that I little anticipated, one expression in it appearing to neutralize all its approbation. Indeed I had no conception before of the degree to which an author could be affected by so simple a thing as a review of his work in a periodical, and that review a favourable one. He seemed to read it with much gratification, until he came to a part where the reviewer spoke of the shorter tales, and, giving them also a considerable degree of praise, said, that "Little Jack Edy *was almost Crofton Crokerish*." The moment Gerald came to this passage, I never saw anything like the state it put him into. It was not rage so much his countenance expressed, as an appearance of the most violent agony. He crumpled the paper in his hand, raised it high above his head, stamped violently, and almost dashed it to the earth in the excess of his feeling. "Oh!" he said—"oh!" with

a prolonged, and deep, and painful emphasis on the word—"this was just what I feared. I told —— these tales were like Crofton Croker's." I was perfectly astonished, and said, "Why, what signifies it?" "Oh!" said he again, "you don't know the effect of these things. *Only think*," he repeated, with the utmost vehemence, "*only think of being compared with Crofton Croker.*"

This feeling, however, soon subsided, and the review, being a favourable one, was considered on the whole satisfatory. He instantly set about a series of regular tales of the same character, and in a very few months completed the three volumes which were published under the title of "Tales of the Munster Festivals," consisting of "Suil Dhuv the Coiner," "Card Drawing," and "the Half Sir." It was singular to witness the effect which the publication of this single volume of Hollandtide had on his whole fortune and circumstances, and the extraordinary contrast which at once appeared between his present position and that which he occupied in London. While there, he for the most part found it difficult to get the publishers even to look at his manuscripts, and the few who took that trouble were unwilling to run the hazard of their publication. After his return home, the single circumstance of a few favourable reviews of a one volume work brought him numberless communications from several parties, who sought on various subjects the assistance of his pen. He obtained from this time forward a ready sale for any work he had completed, and though the novel trade had already passed its zenith, and showed signs of that downward tendency which has since become so rapid, he received prices for his works which, if they did not promise a rapid fortune, at least took away from his mind all anxiety as to the future. He gave me more than once the most amusing accounts possible of his occasional interviews with booksellers upon the the subject of his manu-

scripts. He had a happy method, when perfectly at his ease, of placing before one all the particulars of any scene that interested him, and contained anything characteristic; yet it was not so much by any skill in mimicry, or attempts at an imitation of the parties engaged in it, as by his accurate remembrance of those little natural circumstances of manner which are personal and peculiar, as well as those other little speaking evidences (not less interesting to one holding as it were the place of a petitioner) which indicate the course of thought in a mind which it is his aim to influence. These descriptions—which are some of those things I regret not having noted—reminded me in many particulars of scenes somewhat similar in Mr. Washington Irving's Tales of a Traveller, but they contained more variety of incident, and more character, and (without in the least wishing to detract) they were blended with so many little touches of nature, as supplied the strongest internal evidence of their reality.

The series upon which he was engaged after his return home was, as I have said, called "Tales of the Munster Festivals." The name was thought a good one, and had its origin in the design to include, in every tale, a description of some one of those festivals which are celebrated each by some traditional ceremony in the south of Ireland. Though the fever of his ambition had frequently sunk under the pressure of his difficulties in London, and though that more important end with which it was usually associated—I mean the effort to give a high place to religion and morals in literary works—may have been from the same cause occasionally lost sight of, yet, whenever this pressure was at all lightened, this last aim took hold of his mind with redoubled strength, and he now at length found himself in circumstances to give full scope to his wishes. He had no longer the fear that after having spent months in the completion of his manuscript, he would have for

months again to plead for its place in the public thought. At this time he looked upon works of fiction as a most powerful engine for giving a healthy tone to public morals, and he spoke with deep sensitiveness of the multitudes of young creatures who are daily sent to ruin, in London, by the impassioned feeling and sickly and sentimental garbage placed before them in the shape of novels by a certain class of publishers. If it was possible to replace these by writings of a healthy tone, he thought it would effect an enormous amount of good, and he seemed to hope that those he was now engaged in might be found capable, to some small extent, of accomplishing this object.

I can never turn to that portion of Gerald's life which was spent in our quiet home at Pallas Kenry, without a deep degree of feeling. After the melancholy event I have above alluded to had passed away, there was nothing to throw a damp on the enjoyment which we all felt in the reunion of our little circle. Most of the members of our family who had remained at this side of the Atlantic were now again assembled, and there was for many years more pure and unmixed happiness within the four small walls of that little mansion, than could be found in places where it would be looked for with more confidence. The neighbourhood we lived in, though thickly inhabited, was not very social. The heads of some of the most respectable families residing in it had been recently carried off by illness, and this circumstance cast a gloom over its intercourse, and lessened that sociability for which it had once been rather remarkable. If it had been otherwise, however, neither Gerald's occupations nor his tastes would have permitted him to enjoy society to any extent. Though he was paid much attention, from time to time, by some of the principal families in our district, and though there was no one who enjoyed more keenly the pleasures of intercourse than he did, more especially with those

whose tastes resembled his own, he had a most unconquerable aversion to go into general society, partly from the apprehension of being made a "lion" of, an event which his natural timidity would have rendered intolerable to him, and partly from the circumstance that, never having taken the pains to cultivate that talent for light and cheerful conversation upon pleasant trifles which some people seem to have a natural aptitude for, and which is really so essential in mixed company, he was obliged, in order to avoid the appearance of too much reserve, to take a part in the discussion of subjects not always of his own choosing, and upon which he could hardly speak before strangers without a certain degree of constraint. This, however, was only the case with those who were entire strangers ; a little acquaintance soon broke the ice, and took away all that feeling of formality which was so unpleasant to him. For the penance he was compelled to perform on some of these occasions, he fully indemnified himself when at home. Home was, beyond all other places, the one single spot of unchanging enjoyment to him. Here he delivered himself up freely and entirely to that happy intercourse with his family and near friends, for which his disposition seemed to have so fitted him. He threw off all restraint in their society, and the wildest schoolboy could not be more uncontrolled, or more full of unbridled mirth in his recreations, than he was. The following extract is taken from a letter from his youngest sister to some of her friends in America :

"Would you wish to view at a distance our domestic circle? William and I are generally first at the breakfast table, when after a little time walks in Miss H——, next Mr. Gerald, and last of all Monsieur D——. After breakfast our two doctors go to their patients; Gerald takes his desk by the fire-place and writes away, except when he chooses to throw a pinch, or a pull at the ringlets, cape, or frill of the first lady next him, or gives us a stave of some old ballad. Our doctors then generally come in at irregular hours, when the first question, if it is early,

is, 'Lucy, when shall we have dinner?—I'm dying,'—and if late, 'Why did you wait so long?' After dinner, books, tea, and sometimes a game at cards.—formerly chess, but it is too studious for Gerald as a recreation."

The little passage which follows is written to one of his sisters, and gives some further illustration of this playfulness of manner, not always over pleasant to his friends.

"I take up my pen rather to anticipate the letter I intend writing, than to make you imagine I look upon this as a proper corner to put you into, the more especially as I have not a little to say in answer to your last. What? my smart little lady! A wit indeed! Wait awhile—if I don't dress you up for it. Why, you little forward, presuming—I wish I was near you, I would soon let you know, perhaps make you feel, what it is to humbug a gentleman that writes tragedies—whether bad or good, rejected or accepted, is no affair of yours, you know. I would not mind all you say if you had not the assurance to make me laugh till my sides shook. How dare you make me laugh? Wait till I catch you! I fancy I see you now reading this with a mischievous smile, just turning up the right corner of your mouth; and I long with my heart and soul to pay you for it by one of those electrical applications of the finger and thumb to the round and most sensitive part of the arm, which you recollect was a favourite mode with me, in our school hours, of conveying my sentiments when they happened not to be in perfect accordance with those of my fair friends. But now, alas! I pinch an empty vision, and the real delinquent remains far, far away, to laugh and jeer as she pleases, beyond the reach of reproof or punishment. For once I am induced to relinquish my beautiful theory of an ideal correspondence, to have recourse, in the fullness of my wrath, to that 'vulgar and commonly practised expedient' of expressing our thoughts by sound or sight. Scolding, you say, is abhorrent to your nature. So much the better for me. But it is quite congenial to mine. I had rather be scolding than eating my breakfast; so I'd advise you to look to it, and take care how you give me cause. You will find, that however I may luxuriate in the contemplation of a perfect and immediate mode of communicating our ideas, yet, in the absence of that great desideratum, I perfectly understand the use of its substitute, and if you do not go down on your knees in the shape of a long and most penitent letter, you shall find that I have not learned to speak and call names for nothing."

At breakfast or dinner, or such times as he was not engaged in writing or reading, he was full of chat, and generally delivered himself over, without the least conceivable restraint, to every kind of conceit his fancy suggested. He applied himself with assiduity to his daily task at such hours as were allotted to it, but whenever this was over he was delighted to get out of harness, and his imagination seemed to cut all kinds of capers in its first enjoyment of liberty. In these sallies, the nature of which it is not easy to give an idea of, and which were the result of pure sportiveness of mind, he sought merely the pastime of the moment; aiming neither at wit nor wisdom, both of which he seemed just then to hold in very light regard, and paying so little respect to appearances, that it was an enjoyment he could scarcely have allowed himself anywhere but at home. I remember his teasing a young lady, a cousin of his, for a dozen mornings in succession, with a close and circumstantial detail of the traditionary anecdote of Columbus and the egg, the latter part of which he illustrated practically at the breakfast table, by giving his egg a smart stroke on the table, and making it stand. All this was very well for a morning or two or three, but when repeated day after day, for six or eight turns, it became intolerable. When his fair auditor showed a tendency to rebel, it was amusing to observe the sly way in which he introduced his story under cover of another subject, something in the manner of those stealthy puffing paragraphs about Rowland's Kalydor. When these contrivances (in which he showed ingenuity enough) were exhausted, he was obliged again to approach the subject more directly: "Mary Anne, are you quite sure you are perfectly aware of all the circumstances relating to the discovery of America?" "Oh, Gerald, for mercy's sake!"—"But surely, Mary Anne, geography is a very useful study." "Oh, I'm sure I wish there never was such a thing as geography." I have thought it

worth while to notice these little incidents, though they are in themselves trifling, as they serve to indicate a a great deal of innocent playfulness in a mind which was otherwise endowed with many gifts of a choice and rare character.

It was singular to observe the extraordinary power he had of observing all that was going forward around him, while he was seated at his writing. Immediately after breakfast he generally planted himself in a comfortable corner near the fire, and though he usually seemed deeply absorbed in his work, yet nothing of any interest arose, either in reading or conversation, (not to speak of the freaks alluded to in the extract given above,) that he did not turn round and take a part in with as much seeming ease as if he had nothing else to attend to. In the latter part of the day, when all the family were assembled, and for the most part engaged in some recreation, this power of abstraction was the more remarkable, as he continually joined in the conversation, and appeared fully to participate in whatever amusement was going forward.

When engaged in composition, he made use of a manifold writer, with a style and carbonic paper, which gave him two and sometimes three copies of his work. One of these he sent to the publisher, the others he kept by him in case the first should be lost. He had his sheets so cut out and arranged, that they were not greater in size than the leaf of a moderate sized octavo, and he wrote so minute a hand that each page of the manuscript contained enough of matter for a page of print. This enabled him very easily to tell how much manuscript was necessary to fill three volumes. His usual quantity of writing was about ten pages of these in the day. It was seldom less than this, and I have known it repeatedly as high as fifteen or twenty, without interfering with those hours which he chose to devote to recreation. He never re-wrote his manuscript, and one of the most remark

able things I noticed in the progress of his work was the extremely small number of erasures or interlineations in it, several pages being completed without the occurrence of a single one. His practice in writing in London, no doubt, gave him much facility in this respect. His manuscript being of a very convenient size, he generally put it in his pocket, and during his rambles took it out on the hill-side, or whenever he had a moment's leisure, and wrote on. It was a singular proof of the great power I have noticed above, to witness the nature of the occupations amid which he was sometimes accustomed to follow his favourite pursuit. His reputation as a parliamentary reporter during the time he was engaged with the daily press in London, induced some parties who were implicated in a heavy lawsuit in Limerick to engage his services at a very liberal remuneration during a trial which took place there. The record was a very important one, and it was thought necessary to have such an accurate report of it as would admit of its being referred to as evidence, in case of appeal or further litigation. Gerald on this occasion furnished a report so complete and satisfactory, that it must have been sufficient for any purpose it could have been intended to meet; yet I watched him repeatedly during its progress —he had his manuscript by him, and whenever a break occurred in the evidence, or there was otherwise a moment's leisure, the manifold writer was sure to be uppermost, his stories made headway for the time, and there seemed a constant race between fact and fiction. He was much amused by an incident which occurred in the course of it. Mr. O'Connell, who had been specially engaged as counsel for one of the parties, happened to take his place in the reporter's box, and Gerald was close beside him. They were unacquainted, and Mr. O'Connell looked on him merely, I believe, as one of the young men attending for the press. Seeing, however, that what flowed from his pen was more systematic and reg

ular than the scratchy and illegible characters of a reporter, his curiosity seemed excited by the circumstance. I forget whether the manuscript was that of the Collegians or the series which immediately preceded it, but Gerald was infinitely diverted at the direct and unceremonious manner in which, before any precautionary measures could be adopted, the learned gentleman suddenly stooped down, read a few lines of the story, and seeing it bore no relation to the matter in hand, turned without remark or question to the business which interested him more nearly. A miser caught in the act of counting his gold could not have shrunk with more instinctive horror than Gerald did at the moment, from the sudden exposure of these new-born sentences, but it was too late. It often amused him afterwards, however, to think what sort of an impression they could have made, even for the moment, on the learned gentleman's mind.

If it was delightful to witness the unrestrained gambols of his spirit in recreation, it was no less so to listen to his conversation when it turned upon literary topics, upon public taste, the partialities and prejudices of critics, or the varieties of talent, in degree and kind, of the several authors of the day. These conversations he was accustomed to indulge in freely when the day's work was over. They were of frequent occurrence, and as they were usually entered upon with the easy familiarity of a fireside story, so they consisted rather of remarks which flowed from him spontaneously as the subjects passed before his mind, than any sententious expression of opinion, which he was too cordial a hater of affectation ever to be guilty of. He was an intense admirer of the genius of Campbell, Scott, and Byron. I never heard any one speak in such rapture as he used to do of the most celebrated odes and pieces of the first named of these poets. "The Pleasures of Hope," "Hohenlinden," and the "Battle of the Baltic," being frequently

on his lips; though I have heard him say, he thought the last mentioned would have been better if it had ended with the second last verse:

"Let us think of those who sleep,
Full many a fathom deep,
By thy wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore."

I remember his once having an argument with some friends of his who were decrying Campbell's genius. Their prejudices must have run to a pretty height, for when the dispute had proceeded some way, they called on him to point out a single verse or line of Campbell's that deserved the name of poetry. Gerald said there were many of the very highest order, but continued: "If you are satisfied for the present with descriptive poetry, a couplet occurs to me that I think cannot be surpassed:

"'Iberian seemed his boot, his cloak the same,
And well the Spanish plume his lofty looks became.'

"Condensation," said he, "is one of the principal elements of poetry. If Scott had this picture to paint in one of his novels, he would take a page to describe all that is in these two lines. He would have told you of the timid girl with her downward glance, standing abashed in the presence of one of the other sex, a stranger to her; how her eye first rested on his boot, which she recognised as of a particular country—next on his cloak, which seemed the same—and finally how, when a little more assured, she ventured to raise her eyes to his countenance—and then, how her feeling of timidity at once gave way to intense admiration at the manly dignity of the figure that stood before her!

"'And well the Spanish plume his lofty looks became'"

Byron, I have said, he had a great admiration for, though I am uncertain which of his poems, on the whole, made the greatest impression on him. One of them, not very generally readable, he thought contained as powerful marks of the force and compass of his mind as some of the most celebrated among the rest. He was more indulgent to his follies and his vices than people generally are, considering them in a great measure the consequences of his education; and I have heard him on more than one occasion repeat, with an almost affectionate interest, and with the expression of a most charitable hope, the sentence he uttered in his last illness, I believe to Fletcher, his servant: "Perhaps, I am not so unfit to die as people think." I have no idea what the nature of the jest was, to which we are indebted for the following lines, but they show equally his estimation of Lord Byron's genius, and the depth of the feeling I speak of:

ON REMEMBERING AN INADVERTENT JEST ON LORD BYRON'S POETRY.

Forgive me, Thou who formed that wondrous mind
Where shone thy works with fairly mirrored gleam.
If thoughtlessly my lips, with jest unkind.
Have dared to slight thy handy work in him;
For what of pure delight the quickening beam
Of genius from his potent numbers cast,
Our grateful praise we owe; and if its dim
And wavering flame not heavenward burned at last,
In truth, we should not judge, but wait in silence fast.

Oh, blessed Charity! Religion mild!
Thy gentle smiles are never meant to wound,
No jest hast thou for error's hapless child,
But holy tears, and love without a bound—
Thy constant votaries! they are seldom found
With barbed censure on their lips, but those
Who newly enter on thy sacred ground,
With little heed the thoughts of blame unclose,
And deem they love thee, when they only wound thy foes.

Moore was an old favourite of his. He was fond of comparing him as a lyrical writer with Burns, and, notwithstanding the exquisite tenderness and beauty of the Melodies, thought the Scotch bard in some things greatly his superior. Though very few productions could be said to approach the Melodies in their harmony—in the musical motion of their numbers—in the affecting themes with which they were often interwoven—and in the happy expression of touching sentiments, they were, he thought, as national songs, wanting in two qualities—the complete absence of all appearance of art in their construction, and that extreme simplicity of thought and diction, which makes the sentiments of Burns' songs equally appropriate upon the lips of all; neither too lofty for the peasant, nor too low for the prince. Indeed, he said he heard that the illustrious author of the Melodies himself had acknowledged this superiority in the productions of his great predecessor. In discussing Mr. Moore's claim to the title of a great poet I have heard him say, he thought that if many even of the most remarkable passages in his writings were analysed, they would obtain for him rather the character of a great wit than a great poet. He meant this, however, considering the matter critically, not that he had the slightest wish to disparage them, for he shared fully in the universal admiration of his genius. Indeed he thought that, in one respect, his countrymen were not fully sensible of all the obligations they owed him, for it was his settled conviction, that to the spirit of earnest patriotism which was fostered in all his poems, and to the deep and ardent manner in which national themes were treated in them, O'Connell was indebted in no inconsiderable degree for his eventual success. I remember his comparing two passages somewhat analagous in the writings of Moore and Burns—the one remarkable for the tenderness and simplicity I have alluded to, the other for its depth, force, and elegance:

"Had we never loved so kindly,
Had we never loved so blindly,
Never met, or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken hearted."

The second is as follows:

"Oh had we never, never met,
Or could this heart even now forget,
How linked, how blest we might have been,
Had fate not frowned so dark between."

He seemed to give a preference to the former. There was a similar passage of Lord Byron's also, which he quoted at the same time, and which I quite forget. If I remember right, the sentiment in it was more condensed, but had less tenderness.

He more than once spoke of the absence of any such writings as those of Burns among the peasantry, and the extreme desirableness of replacing those songs which they are accustomed to sing by some of a better order. He appeared to attribute the fact of the Melodies never having descended to them, to their being of too refined a character, and to the want of that extreme artlessness for which the writings of that poet were remarkable. He looked upon the task, however, as an extremely difficult one—indeed, quite impossible to any writer of the present day, and thought it not likely to be executed, until some writer arose, who, like the Bard of Ayr, had a special gift. There are a few pieces of his, among the rest a little song in the Rivals, or Tracy's Ambition, beginning, "Once I had a true-love," which were written about the time he expressed these opinions, and in which he made an attempt to reach the simplicity I speak of, but I believe he did not consider himself to have succeeded.

He had a most passionate fondness for nature in everything, and whether traces of it were seen in the writings of the poet or the novelist, or flowed from the pencil of the painter, or were heard in the voice of music, his

sensibility was awakened as keenly as by the charms of natural scenery, which were always highly delightful to him. In works of imagination, no beauty escaped him. He had the faculty of catching up the sweetest passages in them, and though he seemed to glance over them cursorily enough, they were frequently on his lips, and never afterwards forgotten. He was a profound admirer of Johanna Baillie, and often spoke of her plays of the passions as a series full of extraordinary beauties. I have frequently heard him repeat the following couplet, and remark that nothing could be more beautifully still than the summer picture it presented :

> "The aged crone
> Keeps house alone,
> The reapers to the field are gone."

"Have you ever," he said once to me, "read Coleridge's Christabel?" On my answering in the negative, he said, "It is the most extraordinary—one of the wildest and most fantastic productions that ever came from any man's pen! Yet, in the midst of a kind of matter that surprises by its strangeness, one is now and then charmed by an exquisite touch of natural painting like the following :

> "'The thin gray cloud is spread on high,
> It covers, but not hides the sky.'"

"Let me warn you," he says to a young writer who had placed some of his productions before him, "let me warn you of one carelessness. You jump over a description by saying such a thing was *very picturesque.* You should not say that at all. Describe the picture, landscape, or whatever it is ; tell how it was, and combine the parts, so as to leave it to your reader to say, 'That must have been very picturesque.'" "You can always," he once said to me, "make a tolerable guess at a writer's powers ; you can easily 'take his measure,' as I may say, by just turning to the dialogues in his book. If his

characters do not speak exactly as people speak in the world—precisely as those you know and see around you *would* speak in like circumstances, you may give him up. If he is not true to nature in his dialogues, depend upon it the rest is all stuff." As to his own writings, there was an unexaggerated tone of colouring in all his sketches, whether of place or character, that made them come home to the reader's mind with the full authority of truth; and his thorough mastery of all the keys of human nature, in a more obscure and secluded walk—that of the affections, and emotions of the heart and spirit—has rarely I think, been surpassed. A remarkable instance of this is given in the Collegians, where he is describing the effect upon Hardress Cregan's mind of the first ball he has ever been at, and mentions a number of little circumstances which had a tendency to exalt and strengthen every impression upon it: "The perfumed air of the room, the loftiness of the ceiling, the *festooning of the drapery above the windows*, the occasional pauses and changes in the music, all contributed to raise his mind into a condition of peculiar and exquisite enthusiasm, which made it susceptible of deep, dangerous, and indelible impressions." A passage of a remarkably similar character occurs in Dante, where he is first ascending the mountain:

> "—— so that with joyous hope
> All things conspired to fill me, *the gay skin*
> *Of that swift animal*, the matin dawn,
> And the sweet season."

As I have been led to speak on this subject, I may mention another remarkable instance of his close adherence to nature, which occurs in Gisippus. Gisippus is a beautiful example of a fine mind acting in every respect under the guidance of the philosophy he had been trained in, and incident after incident serves to point out its weakness and insufficiency. On every oc-

casion of great distress and suffering it entirely fails. While to Christianity all things, whether in adversity or prosperity, or intelligible, the system of the Grecian schools, though it still inculcates submission, can give no satisfactory reason for such a course, and Gisippus is continually enveloped in difficulties and enigmas, which his early principles give him no rational account of. The author is sensible of this, and does not fail to put it prominently forward. He never forgets the school Gisippus was reared in, and where religion would have smoothed the ills of adversity, he shows that philosophy has no comfort to offer; in fact, that even with the fullest acknowledgment of a ruling Providence—the highest truth to which unassisted reason can reach—it is still mere pride to its very foundation, and anything which this does not explain is necessarily left a helpless mystery:

"Let it be ever thus!
The generous still be poor—the niggard thrive—
Fortune still pave the ingrate's path with gold—
Death dog the innocent still—and surely those
Who now uplift their streaming eyes, and murmur
Against oppressive fate, will own its justice.
Invisible Ruler! should man meet thy trials
With silent and lethargic sufferance,
Or lift his hands, and ask Heaven for a reason?
Our hearts must speak—the sting, the whip is on them;
We rush in madness forth, to tear away
The veil that blinds us to the cause. In vain!
The hand of that Eternal Providence
Still holds it there, unmoved, impenetrable;
We can but pause, and turn away again
To mourn—to wonder—and endure."

This is equally evident from an after passage, in which he upbraids himself with having allowed his passion to get the better of his reason, in a scene with Fulvius:

"O sin!
O shame! O world! I'm now a weak poor wretch,
Smote down to very manhood. Judgment lost,
I've flung the reins loose to my human spirit,
And that's a wild one! Rouse it and ye pluck

> The beard of the lion. Gisippus, that was
> The lord of his most fiery impulses,
> Is now a child to trial. High philosophy,
> With its fine influences, has fled his nature,
> And all the mastery of mind is lost!"

And more distinctly still in a previous one, in which Gisippus himself acknowledges the sustaining motive and its feebleness:

> "Alas! you know not, friend, how very quietly,
> And silently, that same tall fabric, pride,
> Is sapped and scattered by adversity,
> Even while we deem it still unmoved, unshaken!"

This extreme fondness for all that was natural made any affectation in others intolerable to him. He often spoke of the sickly sensibility of a certain class of writers who were given to it, and who were designated in London by the term of "The Lakers." Even with Coleridge, Wordsworth, and others of high reputation, whose productions he admired, he could not endure the repeated recurrence of a certain studied obscurity, adopted, as he believed, through a mere affectation of profoundness. These writers belonged to what he called, by way of ridicule, the "unintelligible school." The first named of them he considered much injured in his literary reputation by the publication of his "Table Talk," a book which he thought showed clearly the full amount of his pretensions, and proved him to be overflowing with conceit and vanity, miserably shallow in his philosophy, and full of incurable bigotry. On one occasion he was reading a passage in some work of his, which he found it almost impossible thoroughly to comprehend, but which he denounced as the "purest trash possible—mere unintelligible jargon." I asked him, "How do you know that, if you cannot thoroughly comprehend it?" "Oh," said he, "the easiest thing in the world; because there are several other passages of a like character, which, with a little consideration, I can

fully comprehend, and I find them to be the most silly drivelling imaginable." The following lines, which have been found among his papers in a rather incomplete form, will give some idea of his notions on these subjects :

"Wordsworth, and Coleridge, and Landor, and Southey,
Are stupid, and prosy, and frothy, and mouthy,
Like a —— and a —— they sit side by side,
True brotherly emblems of dullness and pride;
From morning till night they sit staring and blinking,
And striving to make people think they are thinking.
Like four Irish parsons oppressed with the dumps,
Or like my poor grandmother's pig in the mumps;
Compared with such garbage the trash of A. Tennyson
To me is a haunch of poetical venison;
Or Bulwer—as deep as the sky in a lake,
Till the mud at six inches reveals your mistake."

The subjoined extract is one of the same character. It has been taken from the manuscript of an unfinished little tale found in similar circumstances :

"It was this very letter he had open in his hand, with just such a countenance as might be occasioned by its contents, when Miss O'Kelly entered the room holding a volume of her favourite Mr. Tennyson's poems in her fair hand, out of which she read some lines, which seemed to have especially caught her fancy :

"'When will the stream be a-weary of flowing
Under my eye ?'

when the figure of the Captain, with his mortified look, came 'under her eye' at the instant.

"'Papa,' she said, closing the book, yet leaving one slender finger between the leaves, that she might not altogether lose a passage that she so much admired, 'what can be the reason Mr. Fitzallen does not come near us this time past ?'

"'Hold your tongue, Miss,' said the Captain; 'what affair is that of yours ?'

"She held her tongue accordingly, like an obedient daughter, and went on with the poem :

"'When will the wind be a-weary of blowing,
Over the sky ?'

"'Over the fiddlestick,' said the Captain; 'what trash is that you're reading, Miss?'

"'Trash, papa! 'tis a book of fashionable poetry. Nobody reads Scott or Byron now, nor any poet of the intelligible school. As to Moore and Campbell, nobody sees anything in them. Shelley, and Keats, and Wordsworth, and Coleridge, and Tennyson, have beat them clean out of the field. There is something so charming, so irresistible in originality!'

"'So women think. I suppose it is on this principle ye let the poets distigure your minds just as you allow your dressmakers to deform your persons. Novelty—and wit, if it may be—at all events, novelty. The fellow who has the hardihood to publish the sheerest nonsense, is certain to have the most votes amongst readers as empty-pated as himself. The less ye comprehend, the better ye are pleased.'

"'Ah, papa, how can you say so? Did you ever read the ode to a skylark?'

"'Never—nor dont intend it.'

"'And like a cloud of fire?'

What do you think of that simile? Who, but a writer of the most original genius would dare to compare a poor harmless skylark to a *cloud of fire?*'

"'One other sort of person.'

"'Who?'

"'A blockhead.'

"'Ah—did you read the sonnet to an owl, No. II.?'

"'Not a whit of thy tuwhoo,
Thee to woo to thy tuwhit,
Thee to woo to thy tuwhit,
With a lengthen'd loud halloo,
Tuwhoo, tuwhit, tuwhit, tuwhoo—o—o!'

"'I have not had the pleasure of seeing it.'

"'Or the charming little pastoral, commencing——?

"'Be silent, I say! I have not time to talk about such things now. Put by your poetry, and get ready to receive my friend, Mr. Tightfit, whom I expect to-day or to-morrow from London. I intend you shall marry him.'

"'Me, Sir!'

"'You, Miss! what do you stare at?'

"Even the favourite poet was forgotten in the young lady's surprise at this intelligence, and the volume fell on the carpet, as unregarded as if it had belonged to the out-going school of the Scott and Campbell dynasty."

"When I read these things," he used to say, "I feel a kind of weakness coming over me—a kind of faintishness and creeping—to think that any man pretending to be endowed with reason could bring himself to indite such nonsense." Notwithstanding these strictures, which applied rather to the extravagancies of those poets than to their genius, he had, as I have said, the highest admiration of some of their works, especially of Southey's; "Roderick, the last of the Goths," and the "Curse of Kehama," being in his mind the most delightful productions imaginable.

He was extremely fond of music, and, as I have already said, deeply affected by it. The reader will not forget a passage in one of his letters, in which he speaks of its power, and says of the music of Der Freichutz, "I never was so terrified in my life." He had an exceedingly sweet voice, very rich in its tone, and tolerably powerful, and his fine imagination and correct taste made him throw in ornaments rarely, and with a grace and simplicity that never went beyond the sentiment. Those who have heard him sing "Blue bonnets over the border," or "Bonnie Prince Charlie," will not readily forget the effect. He preferred, however, power in singing, to sweetness—the might of Braham, to the melody of Broadhurst. He admired Mrs. Hemans' song of "The Captive Knight" very much, and thought the air of it—said to be composed by her sister—showed even more genius than the words. Indeed he was so charmed with this last, that he took the pains to learn it on the piano, and practised it with perseverance for two or three months until he could accompany himself satisfactorily. He was so fond of this song, that frequently after awaking from his first sleep on the sofa, about two or three o'clock in the morning, he would go to the piano and sing it two or three times before retiring to his room. Many a time have the inmates of our house been roused from their slumber by the plaintive tones of the de-

spairing captive, which were sweetened and rendered more touching by the silence of the night and the distance.

CHAPTER X.

1828—1829.

PUBLICATION OF TALES OF THE MUNSTER FESTIVALS—GERALD'S RETURN TO LONDON—THE COLLEGIANS—CIRCUMSTANCES IN WHICH IT WAS WRITTEN—HIS REMARKS ON THE MORAL OF THE WORK—GEORGE COLMAN AS A DEPUTY LICENSER—GERALD ENTERS AS A LAW STUDENT AT THE LONDON UNIVERSITY—HIS MODE OF LIFE IN LONDON—HIS STUDY OF IRISH HISTORY—THE INVASION—LETTERS—ANECDOTE.

The first series of Tales of the Munster Festivals consisted, as I have said, of three volumes, containing Card Drawing, the Half Sir, and Suil Dhuv. These were written in the short space of four months, and Gerald proceeded to London in August, 1827, to make arrangements for their publication. On this occasion he seems to have felt most forcibly the contrast between the joyous and unclouded life he had been leading at Pallas Kenry, and the dreary scene of his former labours. "If I can," he writes, "dispose of these tales to advantage, I never again, without some very urgent motive indeed, will enter London. It is grown to me, and I never imagined it till my return, a place of the most dismal associations." Though the tales were very highly praised, and said by those to whose judgment the publishers had submitted them, "to be equalled only by the author of Waverley in their national portraitures and sketches of manners," the novel trade had declined so much, that he did not receive on the whole I believe (for the arrangement was in some degree conditional) more than £250

for them. Publishers have much in their power with regard to the character of literature. The decline I speak of was partly owing to the course pursued by some of them, who, when the taste for that species of writing became decided and strong, with a reckless and grasping spirit flung a quantity of mere rubbish into the market, in the shape of novels. The consequence was, the appetite of the public became palled and deadened; they could not easily be brought to seek for delicacies amid the mountains of garbage thus presented to them, but turned away in disgust. No work, however good, would sell to the same extent as formerly, and as far as regarded the profit accruing from their labours, good authors and bad were placed nearly upon the same level. The books were not published until the close of the year—until, as the bookseller phrased it, "town began to fill"—and Gerald returned to Ireland about the end of October in improved health and spirits.

He looked forward with no small degree of anxiety to the feeling of the public with regard to this performance. Being a regular work in three volumes, it could not be regarded either by them or the author as a trivial effort or mere essay, and he naturally considered its fate as settling his future destiny. It was therefore with some degree of perplexity and annoyance he perceived that the reviewers, while they gave the tales a very high degree of praise, noticed several faults, which they ascribed to over eagerness and precipitancy, and of which he could not but acknowledge the justice. His conviction of their reasonableness was confirmed by a letter he received about the same time from one of whose ability and talent he had the highest opinion, and who mingled the candour of a just critic with the keen interest of a kind friend. These circumstances made it very difficult for him to satisfy himself in his next story, and, after repeated attempts on different subjects, it happened that the work which eventually came before the public was

not commenced until the close of the summer of 1828. Notwithstanding the remarks of the reviewers, the tales were on the whole very successful. Though his turning himself to this species of writing was, as we have seen, in a great degree compulsory and the effect of circumstances, he devoted himself to it with an ardour that fell little short of his passion for the drama, and this feeling grew upon him the more, when he observed it attended with a success which all his efforts in the other walk could not command. I have heard him say he thought the talent required for both kinds of writing was very similar; that is to say, that to be very successful as a novel writer one should have a good deal of dramatic talent. He used to point out the best novels as containing a large proportion of dialogue, and requiring very little aid from narrative, and the most impressive scenes in them as highly dramatic in their character. He spoke this more particularly, however, of Sir Walter Scott's novels. He thought Scott's talent and that of Shakspeare very similar, and he was accustomed to push this idea about the force of circumstances so far as to say, he thought Shakspeare would have written novels if he had fallen upon a novel reading time. A doubt which he expresses in one of his letters as to the capabilities "of the great unknown for actual dramatic, at least tragic writing," seems inconsistent with this idea, but I believe all he meant by these remarks regarding Shakspeare was, that a person who really had the power to produce good tragedies possessed all the requisites for novel writing, though the best novel writer might possibly entirely fail in the higher orders of the drama. The history of his own efforts may have tended in some degree to lead him to this opinion. His enjoyment of home this year, with its many welcome associations, was rendered doubly refreshing to him by his late visit to the metropolis. Notwithstanding, however, the great dislike he had to London

from all its painful remembrances, he found himself obliged to return to it, not only on the publication of his works, but often some time before that period, in order to make himself familiar with the public feeling about literature, and to watch the tendencies of a taste that seemed occasionally so capricious and fluctuating. I had occasion to go there in the month of October, 1828, and he promised to join me early in the month following. I went down to Piccadilly the evening I expected him, and I never shall forget the scene that presented itself on the arrival of the coaches. It was the 12th of November, a night of the most intense frost, and the densest fog that was remembered for many years, and I find it set down as such in the table of remarkable events for that year. The entire road was a perfect sheet of ice—the people as they passed seemed incased in frost—no one could see a yard before him, and I never witnessed such confusion. The shouting of linkboys, guards, and coachmen —the screams and groans of those who fell on the ice—the angry recrimination of many voices when horses and coaches got entangled—the railing and swearing at each other of those who ran together awkwardly and fell, made the whole place a perfect Babel. While waiting for a peep at the way-bill—the only true index of arrivals on such a night as this—my attention was directed to a tall, slender looking figure, with a Russia leather writing-case at his side, which was suspended by a silk handkerchief from the opposite shoulder. He was buttoned to the throat, and seemed to address himself to some one who stood before him, but was almost invisible in the fog. Like all others, he was perfectly white from head to foot with hoar frost and icicles, and it required a very close scrutiny, and some boldness, to venture to recognise him as an acquaintance. It was, however, Gerald, and he seemed astonished at my having succeeded in finding him in such a blinding fog. The writing-case contained a volume and a half of the manuscript of the

Collegians. We started for our lodgings immediately, but notwithstanding the assistance of a linkboy, were nearly two hours in finding them, though the distance was not more than twenty minutes' walk by day.

Having made arrangements with his publishers in a day or two, the tale, so far as it had gone, was sent to the printers, and he set to work vigorously to complete it. He had intended to bestow more pains upon this series, and to render it if possible more deserving of public favour than the last, but circumstances happened to make very much against this determination.

"The critics," he says, in a letter to his father, "frightened me so much when I published my first series of the Festivals, that I found it very hard to please myself in the second. I wrote half a volume of one thing and threw it by, and a volume and a half of another and threw it by also; but the third time (as they say in the Arabian Nights) I was more successful in satisfying myself. Nevertheless, the delay threw me back several months, as it was settled that my second series should appear about November, and that month found me with only half the work written. Thus, instead of being done with greater deliberation than before, as the Aristarchuses advised, my present unfortunate tale has been actually written *for the press*, and sent sheet after sheet to the printer according as it was done. However, I am in no great uneasiness about it, as I feel that it is a great improvement on the former at any rate."

If he was limited as to time in the previous part of his story, he was much more so during the latter portion. The printers overtook him about the middle of the third volume, and from this time forward it was a constant race between him and them. The Collegians has been very highly praised in all its parts, but few, perhaps, of those who admire it as a work of imagination, will believe that some of the finest scenes in it were poured forth with a tide as direct and rapid as the commonest essay on the most familiar subject. Any one who glances over the last half volume especially, and observes its truth to nature, its wonderful depth and power, and its extraor-

dinary consistency in character and incident with the previous part of the work, will be astonished at what I state. Every morning almost, just as we were done breakfast, a knock came to the door, and a messenger was shown in, saying, "Printers want more copy, sir." The manuscript of the previous day was handed forth, without revision, correction, or further ceremony, and he went to work again to produce a further supply. The most singular part of the business was, that he very seldom broke in upon his usual rule of not writing after dinner ; but every moment of next morning, up to breakfast hour, was occupied in preparing as much matter as possible before the dreaded printer's knock.

Notwithstanding this headlong speed, he was full of enthusiasm during the progress of the story. His mind was overflowing with its subject, and scattered gems on every side as it passed onward. His imagination was so deeply impressed with the interest of every scene, that it gave to the whole theme the harmony and unity of a recollected truth rather than a creation, and the different characters were made to act and speak with a consistency and eloquence that showed how intimately he felt the situations they were placed in. On these occasions his old passion for the drama seemed again to take the lead, and he framed every passage that was at all of a dramatic character with a view to the effect it would have in performance. "What a great deal I would give," he said to me one evening, while his eyes kindled with the thought, "to see Edmund Kean in that scene of Hardress Cregan at the party, just before his arrest, where he is endeavouring to do politeness to the ladies while the horrid warning voice is in his ear. The very movements of Kean's countenance in such a scene as that would make one's nerves creep ; every motion and attitude of his, his ghastly efforts at complaisance, and his subdued sense of impending ruin, would all be sufficient to keep an audience in a thrill of horror, and, without

almost a word spoken, would indicate the whole agony of his mind." As the story drew to a close, he said, "I am exceedingly puzzled to think what I shall do with Hardress Cregan. "*If I hang him*, the public will never forgive me; and yet," he added, playfully, in the Irish phrase, "he deserves hanging as richly as any young gentleman from this to himself: then, if I save his life by some device, or trick, or mercy of the law, any other punishment will seem too light for crimes like his!" He eventually compromised the matter by making him die on his way into perpetual exile, which seems to have satisfied all parties. He took up the subject again in a day or two, and said, "Isn't it extraordinary how impossible it seems to write a perfect novel; one which shall be read with deep interest, and yet be perfect as a moral work. One would wish to draw a good moral from this tale, yet it seems impossible to keep people's feelings in the line they ought to go in. Look at these two characters of Kyrle Daly and Hardress Cregan, for example: Kyrle Daly, full of high principle, prudent, amiable, and affectionate; not wanting in spirit, nor free from passion; but keeping his passions under control; thoughtful, kind-hearted, and charitable; a character in every way deserving our esteem. Hardress Cregan, his mother's spoiled pet, nursed in the very lap of passion, and ruined by indulgence—not without good feelings, but for ever abusing them, having a full sense of justice and honour, but shrinking like a craven from their dictates; following pleasure headlong, and eventually led into crimes of the blackest dye, by the total absence of all self-control. Take Kyrle Daly's character in what way you will, it is infinitely preferable; yet I will venture to say, nine out of ten of those who read the book would prefer Hardress Cregan, just because he is a fellow of high metal, with a dash of talent about him." I said, there seems a sympathy for that kind of character when it is accompanied with good and generous feelings, like what

people show for the recklessness and inexperience of childhood, as if it was incapable of its own guidance, and deserving of compassion rather than blame." "Perhaps so," he said, "but what is the reason that integrity, generosity, honour, and every virtue, when free from these defects, is so little appreciated? Kyrle Daly's would be considered a mere milk-and-water character compared to Hardress Cregan's." The following extract from one of his letters will show the attention he always paid to the morality of his pieces, though he was sometimes amused by a collision with severer moralists than himself:

"My little play at the English Opera-house is in preparation against the ensuing season. I saw the manager the other day—he had George Coleman's license for its performance. But it would, I am sure, make you laugh, to see the passages to which the gentleman (in his office of deputy licenser) objected as immoral and improper. For instance, he will have no expressions of piety—no appeal to Providence in situations of distress, allowed upon the stage; a hymn that I introduced was ordered to the right about—a little prayer put into the mouth of my heroine—the word paradise, as applied to a beautiful country, and other matters of that kind. So scrupulous a man as that, what will you say to? He thinks he is right, no doubt, and at all events errs on the safe side; but I think he has sometimes mistaken good for evil—quere? whether that is not better than taking evil for good? The manager, however, took it all for evil, and was in a passion; but we cannot help ourselves—Georgy's power is arbitrary—so I told the man to cut out all the underscored, and perform as much of the piece as was lawful. It really, after all, is, I am sure, a moral little piece; but the excisions are trifling. The story was taken from a tale that was published here some time since."

The Collegians was, beyond all others, the most successful and popular of his works. One of the incidents in it, which is very powerfully described—the death of old Dalton, the huntsman—with the circumstance which led to it, was an event which is said really to have taken place in the county of Limerick several years back, with this singular difference, that the inhuman message delivered to the dying man was sent by the guests, not to an

old worn-out huntsman, but to a respectable old gentleman, their host and entertainer, who had been in his time an eager follower of the chase, and though now on his death-bed, with the true ancient sense of Irish hospitality, had no notion of allowing his own condition to interfere with the convivialities below stairs. Though this tale placed him in the first rank of Irish novelists, and though its success was so unequivocal, he had seen from time to time such distinct signs of the fickleness of the public taste as tended seriously to shake that security he had begun to feel with regard to literature as a profession. "I should like, if possible," he says in a letter about this time, "to commence the study of some profession that might at one time or another render me independent of this scribbling. The uncertainty of the life it has been my fortune to adopt is horrible." With this feeling he entered as a law student under Professor Amos, at the London university, which was then opened with great *eclat*. The first lectures he attended were of a very elementary character, treating chiefly of the fundamental principles of the law; and the numerous familiar illustrations with which the learned professor interspersed the subject, for the purpose of explaining what appeared rather anomalous and paradoxical and quite wide of equity, seemed to excite Gerald's interest in the highest degree. He was struck, too, with the manner of the students, which was singularly different from anything he had ever before observed of pupils under instruction. They were many of them grown up young men, some of them already at the bar, and, as if they were professors themselves, made no more ado about stopping the lecturer to ask him any question that arose to their minds, than if they were at a tea party. These questions, however, being generally very pertinent, the professor seemed rather pleased at the attention they indicated; and they often gave rise to conversations on the point in debate, which were listened to with the utmost interest, and

looked upon as no departure from the object with which they were assembled.

Notwithstanding his great desire to bring this tale to a speedy close, Gerald endeavoured, as I have said, to adhere as much as possible to those rules which he had latterly found so useful to his health. He seldom allowed anything to break in upon those little recreations to which certain hours of the day were devoted, and the kind of life he led was very much the same as that he followed at Pallas Kenry. There were many things, indeed, connected with his Irish home for which London could find no substitute ; still he was pleasant and cheerful ; our evenings were happy enough, and time flew as it always does when it is fully occupied, and no moment is left a blank. He preserved for the most part the same retired habits as at home, and seldom went out to dinner, but was now and then gratified by a sight of some of his old friends, who sometimes dropped in, and who seemed to have an admiration and attachment for him beyond what was ordinary. Our evenings were enlivened a good deal, too, by the occasional visits of a friend of ours named Zanobi de Pecchioli, whose acquaintance we had made a short time previously. He was a young Italian of Florence, who having completed his medical education, in which he had been somewhat distinguished, and being about to be appointed to one of the hospitals in that city, was, with a liberality worthy of imitation, placed upon pay by the Grand Duke, and directed to visit the different medical institutions throughout Europe for a year or two, in order to avail himself of any improvements they might offer previous to entering upon his duties. He was of a lively disposition and most cheerful mind, with a temperament peculiarly ardent, and abounding in all those quick, indescribable little movements of countenance, attitude, and limb, which have been called "natural language," and which the continental people seem to have cultivated or preserved so much more per-

fectly than the inhabitants of these islands. Though pretty intimate with us, he knew nothing of Gerald, except that he was attending lectures on law at the London university, from which he always addressed and spoke of him as "Monsieur L'Avocat." He did not show the same deep application in his study of the English language which foreigners usually do, but he made up for this deficiency in other ways. He had somehow got the notion into his head, that the true method of learning any language was to attempt to speak it on every occasion that offered, whether one knew it or not. Having once got hold of this idea he started from the very post, and it would be impossible to conceive anything so ridiculous as the astonishing terminations of English words, and the strange combinations of English, French, and Italian phrases which this practice gave rise to. He seemed to possess tolerable fluency in his own language, and his efforts to be fluent in the English rendered these attempts still more extraordinary. Neither Gerald nor I were able to exhibit those miracles of forbearance which the people of the continent—especially the French—display in these circumstances, and we laughed immoderately and without bounds. He was not in the least offended, however, politely excusing us on the ground that our national temperament was excitable, that it was the custom of our country, and that this made it natural to us, and only requesting we would correct him whenever he went wrong. This we took the pains to do from time to time, though it was impossible to do so without smiling. He was a great lover of society, and I never saw anything like the vehemence of his gesticulations, or the manner in which his dark eyes flashed and kindled as he repeated passages from Alfieri, the poet of all others whom he seemed most to admire. Gerald was amused once at the answer he received on asking him what he thought of Dante. "Oh," said he, "Dante has been great poet long ago, but now he is

obsolete—no one look at him." This led him to talk of the various poets he was familiar with—to descant upon their different qualities and compare their writings. He seemed jealous at our considering Shakspeare the greatest poet the world had ever produced, and said, "we could not know that—that the question was a good deal a matter of taste," and he added, reasonably enough, "that at all events we were not sufficient linguists to determine such a point." He supported this position also by an illustration which seemed very much to the purpose; I mean the instance in which Voltaire, I think, is said to have turned an expression in Shakspeare, "The cloud capped towers," which, according to our associations, contains nothing but grandeur, into the utmost ridicule by a perfectly literal translation into French. His conversational powers seemed never to tire; and whether he spoke good Tuscan, or indifferent French, or abominable English, still he would go on. In the midst of all this he sometimes started up suddenly, bid us good-bye, and as I saw him to the door, said, with apparent satisfaction: "Ha! good night! I have made Monsieur L'Avocat laugh verra mush to-night."

The blunt and uncourteous spirit of some English modes of address must certainly sound very strange in the ears of foreigners. Pecchioli came in to us one day requesting to know the meaning of the words, "*I say.*" The question was so simple that we did not at first understand him. He then said, "There has been person in street going away, and when a gentleman near me call out, '*I say,*' *he turn back and speak with him.*" "Oh," said we, laughing, "it means 'Je dis—Je dis.'" "Oh," said he, "it cannot be—the gentleman *would* not say that." We assured him it was a familiar expression in very common use in England to attract people's attention. Nothing could exceed his surprise at the intelligence. "Je dis!" said he, "Je dis," in the utmost astonishment—"Oh! Monsieur L'Avocat," he added in

a deprecating manner, and with the strongest emphasis upon the words, "*if you were prince—if you were emperor—it is too mush.*" He frequently amused Gerald afterwards by his ridicule of the phrase, throwing himself into a pompous attitude whenever he wanted us to attend to him, clearing his voice with a "hem," and calling out "*I say,*" with the air and manner of a Sir Oracle.

Gerald had no sooner completed the Collegians than he began to turn his attention to the study of ancient Irish history, believing that there were many peculiarities in the usages of early times which would admit of being blended with a story, and would keep up that interest in the public mind, about the decline of which he was always apprehensive. He was deeply taken with this study, and says in a letter to his brother, "I am full of my next tale—quite enthusiastic—in love with my subject, and up to my ears in antiquities at the London Institution. A novel full of curious and characteristic traits of ancient Irish life is my object, and it is new—it may do something for me at least. If these, my dear William, are delusions, they are pleasing ones." The novel called the Invasion, the result of these researches, is really a very beautiful one, and the earnestness with which he pleads in the preface for a just consideration of its pretensions and design, in which nothing more was aimed at than to give as correct a picture as possible of the manners and usages of the period, shows what a deep interest he took in it. This is further indicated by his having delayed the publication of the work until the winter of 1832, for the purpose of rendering his information on the subject as complete as possible, thus allowing another series of the Munster Festivals to take precedence of it, though the historical researches on which it was founded were commenced early in 1829. The absence of all interest, however, on the part of the public with regard to ancient Irish his-

tory, owing, perhaps, to a feeling—not always well founded—of the over credulous enthusiasm of those who had devoted themselves to its pursuit, made the work less popular than it deserved to be, and it was received but coldly, a consequence attributable also to the fact, that Gerald had introduced into it many ancient Irish terms, familiar enough to his own mind, but to the ears of the uninitiated, uncouth and unintelligible. To the forbidding aspect which this gave the work was added a more substantial obstacle, arising from the fact, that the publishers, to enable them to increase the price, threw what was intended for three volumes into four, a circumstance which, in those days of cheap literature, was sure to be followed by its proper penalty.

I subjoin some letters written about this period, containing several allusions to his works, which will be found interesting. The remarks in the first relate to something in the conversation of Hardress Cregan's intended bride at the race-course, which was said to be rather unfeminine.

To his Sister.

London, January 27th, 1829.

My dearest Lucy,—I have scarcely time to take advantage of this crossed sheet to answer your letter. The criticism on the lady's conduct at the course I am inclined to think very just, though, as you conjecture, it came too late for revision. I did not think the conduct out of nature with such a character as I wished to make her, but it required more ample explanation, and I am *afraid* the greater number of readers will be of your opinion. Not so, I am grieved to think, about the poetry. Most of the unmusical rogues, I fear, will think it all the better that I have not interspersed the narrative with many interruptions of that kind. However, in deference to my dear Lucy's judgment, and as an especial favour which you must take to yourself, and gratitude for your praise of my poetry, in which not one of the critics as yet has joined you, I have thrown two or three songs into the other volume. Would you believe it, my publishers have had the ill taste to hint that the book

would be just as well without certain lucubrations of this kind —I suppose because they are unfashionable at present? Is not that enough to make all the swan within me die away in melancholy prose?

Since you sent me Banim's letter I had a visit from him, for which, unfortunately, I was not at home. He was in town only for a day, and accordingly I have not seen him yet. He left a note, however—very cordial—asking me down to Seven Oaks, where he resides. I think of taking a trip before I return. Dining the other day at my friend Llanos's, I met that Miss B——, of whom I spoke to you some time since—sadly changed and worn, I thought, but still most animated—lively and even witty in conversation. She quite dazzled me in spite of her pale looks. Her sister was there, younger and prettier, but not so clever. If I were certain that the whole article were equal to the specimen given, how I should wish that my dear Lucy had such a friend and companion in her solitude! and how I should pity poor Keats! I have also seen Mr. Alaric Watts, reposing amid all the glorious litter of a literary lion-monger—sofas—silk cushions—paintings—portfolios, &c. He is a little fellow, very smart and bustling, with about as much of sentiment as you have of bravery—I mean bloody, field of battle bravery—for there is another order of this quality in which I would not have you imagine I think you deficient. Believe me, my dearest Lucy, yours affectionately,

GERALD GRIFFIN.

The remainder of these letters were written from Dublin, for which we set out on the latter part of February; our cheerful dark-eyed friend Pecchioli accompanied us and made the way pleasant. It was singular to observe how little his imperfect knowledge of the English language interfered with his sprightly observations whenever an occasion arose for them. Gerald took him to a flower show at the Rotunda, at which he was in great delight. As they moved among the crowds, a lady said to him, "Dr. Pecchioli, how do you like the flowers?" "Verra nice indeed," he said, "verra pretty; but," he continued, with a gallant bow, and waving his hand towards a group of young ladies who were near, "better for me are those flowers, has been walking round the room." I started for home in a day or two,

leaving him and Gerald together, and I cannot forget the warm earnestness of his manner, when we parted for the last time.

To his Sister.

Dublin, March 3rd, 1829.

My dear Mary Anne.—Ha! presto—begone! Here I am, at the other side of my sheet and at the other side of the Channel, and here I remain to study for some time at the Dublin Library, and also for the purpose of making an excursion northwards. I cannot tell you with what gratification I contemplate my return to Pallas Kenry after the toils and bustle of the last winter—the trepidation about criticism—bargaining with booksellers—avoiding and making acquaintances, &c. I feel like a man about to lie down and enjoy a delicious sleep after a troubled and laborious day. Were I to choose wisely, I think my line of life should be this: to write in the country; to read a good deal; to avoid London, and all literary acquaintanceship, for the purpose of keeping clear of literary parties; to remain wholly unknown in person, and let my books alone be before the public. This I feel to be my best, my safest course—but I must become an humble-minded man before I can pursue it, and I am all the contrary. I wish I were a few years younger, that I might tell you in language not unbecoming the wisdom of manhood, what I feel, whenever, after a long absence, I return to that dear corner of Ireland where we all received life, and first learned to enjoy it. When I think of our evening walks—our rhyme plays—our boating, gardening, and rambles to Glin and Shanagolden; when I remember, too, my own early childish dreams of literary ambition, and glance onward from my first thoughts of poetry through all the struggles, disappointments, and partial successes of the interval which has since gone by; when I contemplate the magnitude of my boyish dreams, with their limited fulfilment, and the serenity of those days of hope, with the feverish agitation of the last six years; these thoughts take such hold of my mind, that I should become effeminate if I did not banish them at once, and turn my eyes forward. "Be content here, and happy hereafter," is, after all, the only reasonable rule of human conduct. And yet, I think, my dear Mary Anne, that I should be somewhat more than content—that I should be really happy for the time at least, if my present hope of seeing you all in Susquehanna, or anywhere, could be fulfilled. But I will not dwell on that subject longer at present, lest that, too, might be classed amongst my disap-

pointments. Since my arrival in Dublin I have seen a first review of my second series in the *Literary Gazette*. It is highly praised, and the censure very trifling. But the Ides of March are not over. My dearest Mary Anne's affectionate brother, GERALD GRIFFIN.

To his Brother.

Monday, March 16th, 1829.

MY DEAR WILLIAM,—I have done a great deal here at the Dublin Library, which is a tolerable collection, and I am promised an introduction to the Dublin Institution—also rather extensive. I do not wish to leave Dublin until I have smelted all the antiquarian ore in those two mines, which, by the way, is much more abundant than I expected. I have already learned to think enough for my first purpose, but as in architecture, "a little stronger than strong enough" is the great maxim, so a little more learned than learned enough is a grand requisite for a historical work. I want to make an excursion on foot through the county of Meath and Westmeath, which will take a few days, and then I think the mere drudgery of my work will be over.

One thing that makes me look rather cheerfully towards my approaching task is, that my health is much better than it was, and I feel a great improvement in that nervous temperament, or whatever I am to call it, which formerly interfered so much with my pursuits and occupations. I am cautious, nevertheless, about letting my naturally sanguine temper lead me astray in this particular. How I wish that I had enough of constancy and of generous resignation, as well as of innocence, to cherish a perfectly quiet mind on this subject—to say, "This project that I am forming is at least a harmless one, and may be a useful one, if the Almighty suffer me to complete it; it will add to my own enjoyment, and perhaps be of service to many around me; and if, on the contrary, I should be interrupted in the course of it, why, it is still well that I should be called away while I am harmlessly, and perhaps usefully occupied—as much so at least as circumstances will enable me to be." This is a state of mind which I often contemplate with a longing eye, but my nature is far from being equal to it. I have far too worldly a heart to observe the proper distinction, to keep a just equilibrium, between a too keen interest in my occupations, and an equally mischievous despondency and gloom. What terrifies me often, when I am inclined to let my heart expand a little on prospects of fortune, reputation, &c., &c., is the remembrance

of the manner in which my last illness first came on. It was at the time when something like success—like hope, at least, began to dawn upon me, and when I first began to convince myself that there was something like reason in my ambition. It then came all on a sudden, and like the shock of an earthquake; it was, in fact, death in everything but the one circumstance—that I did not die. Now, as my health improves, and the world begins to wind itself about my heart again, I am sometimes startled by the reflection, that as that sickness came then, death *will* come hereafter just as suddenly and unexpectedly. When I think of this at intervals, I shake my head, and wish I was a better Catholic.

This letter, I must confess, has too much the air of a religious discourse, but you will excuse it in compliment to the season, and as I heard no sermon this evening, (although the famous Father Maguire preaches near me,) I feel the more disposed to become a little evangelical in my own person. However, as it might be much more agreeable to me to hear myself preach than it would be to you, I shall give you my blessing at once and have done. Dear William, affectionately yours,

GERALD GRIFFIN.

The following, written on the same sheet, gives a specimen of some of our friend Zanobi's phraseology after he had become a little more advanced in his studies. It contains also some remarks of his on what he had observed in Dublin since his arrival.

"Your friend Pecchioli has been constantly assailing me with a toss of the head, and 'Ha! your brother write you?' 'No, indeed, not yet,' is my answer, 'but I intend writing to him to-day.' We part, and the next day, or soon after, the stout little medico operator knocks at the door—'Aha! your brother write you?' 'No.'—'Have you write him?' 'Not yet, indeed, but I intend to do so to-day.' And the same scene is enacted I don't know how often, until this very evening, when he found me with pen in hand filling the first side of this sheet—'You write your brother!' 'Yes.'—'But you did not do before?' 'No, indeed—the fact is, I'm the worst letter writer in the world.' He laughed and shook his head—'As me, for example. To-morrow, to-morrow, always.'

"He was in very bad spirits for about a week after you left this. He was not at home in Dublin, and did not like his lodgings. The people of the house, he said, were 'Bronswig peo-

ple,' (Brunswickers*)—they did not like to converse, to speak, 'nor nothing.' The woman of the house 'greater Ironswig woman also.' treated him with 'greater diffidence,' till he came to the resolution of going elsewhere—a boarding house 'for example'—a resolution, however, which he has not kept, and he now says he likes Dublin very much—'better than London also.' He has remarked since his arrival that there are many poor, and that the poor children are strong and healthy; that the middle classes of society are very highly educated; that the medical and surgical professors are very learned—more so than in London; that the ladies have fine fingers, but bad feet, and that the young ladies are more reserved than in England.

"Write to me immediately, and do not be as me, for example—to-morrow, to-morrow, always,' but write as soon as you can. I had fifty things to say to you, but it is now between two and three o'clock in the morning, and my memory becomes a little clouded. I have heard Father Maguire deliver some of his controversional discourses here, and certainly he is a powerful, a convincing, and (to me at least, who am but an ignorant auditor) a learned orator. He is manly, uncompromising, and frank in his reasoning, and it is delightful to see the confidence with which he takes his stand on the principle of plain sense, and his contempt for merely logical, or what has been termed (whether justly or otherwise, Heaven knows, not I) jesuitical reasoning. You would be astonished at the brevity and clearness with which he demonstrated the *necessity* of believing the Catholic faith. Some of his arguments or illustrations, it is true, are not original, but the greater part was new to me at least.

The most delightful of Gerald's letters are those which were written when he was under the excitement of some joyous feeling, and when he entirely abandoned himself to it. Here, as in those of a more serious cast, he lays bare his heart fully, and appears as he appeared by his fireside at home when enjoying the converse of his nearest and most intimate friends.

To his Brother.

Dublin, April 11th, 1829.

My dear William,—I thought to have been down with you to-morrow, and had begun to pack up, but an accident pre-

* *i. e.* Members of the Brunswick Clubs, then formed in opposition to the movement for Catholic emancipation.

vented me. I drank tea this evening at Mr. Crampton's the Surgeon-General, and a party has been made for an excursion to the county of Wicklow, where he has a cottage. The party consists of his two sons, Pecchioli, and your servant. We return on Saturday, and dine here at Mr. Crampton's, which will prevent my seeing you before next week. He is really a splendid fellow, and ought to have been born a prince. He likes my works so much that I dote upon him already, as I do upon everybody that is not ashamed to praise me. And what affords me still greater, more heartfelt, and I hope not unworthy pride is, that Maria Edgeworth, who is intimate with the family, reads them with pleasure, and speaks of them with approbation. For the first time in my life I really felt a lofty—a *sublime* sensation of pleasure when the Misses Crampton told me this. Crampton promised to introduce me to Miss Edgeworth, and read me some letters of hers, one containing a criticism on Banim, for the warmheartedness of which I *love* her. Just think of the staid and demure authoress of Patronage, writing like a romance-reading girl of sixteen.

If I were to remain another month in Dublin, I could, without any difficulty, on the contrary, with a course ready cleared before me, spend that month in the first society; but, ah! money, money, money! A good friend to whom I lent seventy pounds, has delayed payment a little, so down I go. It would, after all, be a great advantage that people of rank and influence should know and be interested about one, and it is worth something to know what fashionable society is. They are the people whom one writes to please, and it is well to know what pleases amongst them.

This is my sober, business-like reason for wishing to know them; but take the honest truth—the pleasure is more than half the motive. This, after all, is really the only rank in which I could ever feel *at home*—in which I could fling off the *mauvaise honte*—talk—laugh—and be happy. But once again—that pang! I must work hard and get the antidote.

Why was I not born to a fortune?

If you were, says a little voice, you would never have known the Irish peasantry—you would never have written the Collegians—nobody would know, nobody would care a fig for you.

Thank heaven, then, that I was born poor—but, oh! heaven, do not keep me so!

Mr. Crampton asked me if I had not a medical brother, and where he was, &c. I had very little expectation of meeting a professional man interested in, and familiar with my dear books. The Collegians, I already perceive, are doing a great deal for

me in Dublin. But enough—as Matthews' invalid says, "This fellow will be impertinent by and by."

Dr. Pecchioli. I believe, was a little surprised to find me well known at Crampton's, for the manner of the whole family was of the same frank, laughing, friendly stamp. A few days before he told me, "I have compliments to present you of the secretary of your English Ambassador in Italy" (Crampton's eldest son). "I told him I was travelling to Wicklow with Mr. Griffin. He asked me, 'Is it Mr. Griffin, author of the romances?' I said, 'Yes,'" (for Pecchioli had heard it at another house in Dublin,) "and he gave his compliments."

"My dear Griffin," says John Banim to me once in his own energetic way, "ride rough-shod through society." I believe he is right. I will take the world as it comes from henceforth, and crush ceremony to pieces. I long to meet Lady Morgan and to know Miss Edgeworth. Miss Crampton tells me the former will certainly seek me out if I stay another fortnight in town, and she was astonished when I told her I had not already seen the lady. But it is growing late, and I must be up early. One parting word. I shall succeed—I must! Dear William, affectionately yours,

GERALD GRIFFIN.

He spoke much on his return of the pleasure he enjoyed in Dublin. "The Surgeon-General," said he "is so fond of literature, and makes good remarks about it! He gave one of the best critiques I ever heard, on the fidelity to nature of some of the characters in Banim's tales. Speaking of that of Paddy Flyn in John Doe: 'That Paddy Flyn,' said he, 'is hanged twice a-year regularly in the south of Ireland.'"

Though he seems to have appreciated and enjoyed Sir Philip Crampton's kindness so much, it was so totally against his nature to press himself upon society, that his introduction to him on this occasion was a matter of the merest accident. There was something amusing in the manner of it. Pecchioli and he had been walking together, and the former wishing to pay a visit at the Surgeon-General's, asked Gerald to wait for him. The family wanting him to prolong his visit, he excused himself, saying a friend of his was outside expecting him,

and on his mentioning the name of "Mr. Griffin," they immediately asked, "Was that the author of the Collegians?" Pecchioli said, "Yes," and they kindly requested he would introduce him. Gerald, despairing by this time of his friend's return, had marched off, and was already a considerable distance, when he heard Pecchioli shouting after him. On turning round he saw him without his hat, running, and Gerald could not help laughing as he said, when they met, "You must come back, the Miss C——'s want you—*they want you verra mush.*" They returned together, and he was received in the same frank and cordial manner he describes. This was the second time Pecchioli had heard of Gerald as an author, and the latter was much diverted at his immediately upbraiding him with his reserve on the subject. "Why, you no tell me you write Collegians?" said he reproachfully. Gerald smiled and made some excuse. "Ah! Monsieur L'Avocat," he added, "it is too mush mystery." To make amends, Gerald presented him with a copy of the work, at which he seemed greatly gratified.

Sir Philip Crampton once told me an anecdote of Gerald which occurred about this time, and may give an idea of his feelings on some points. Gerald happened to dine at his house one day in company with a party, among whom was Mr. Shiel and two Englishmen. After dinner, as they sat at their wine, Mr. Shiel, who was in high spirits, indulged in several innocent pleasantries on various subjects. Among the rest he spoke of his studies at, I think, one of the English Catholic Colleges, the societies formed for debate among the students, and the questions given them for discussion by the professors. The subject of some of these debates he represented, in a half serious manner, as consisting often of a number of metaphysical subtleties and petty conceits, the nature of which I have no distinct recollection of, but which were about as tangible as the problem: "How

many thousand angels would dance on the point of a fine cambric needle?" and he seemed to insinuate, or at least to speak somewhat ambiguously, as to whether such questions arose among the students themselves, or were given them for exercise by the professors. "I could easily perceive," said Sir Philip Crampton, "that your brother was on thorns all the while Shiel was going on, at the idea that the Englishmen might possibly imagine such subjects were seriously encouraged in a Catholic College by the professors." At length Gerald said gravely, "Do you mean to say, Mr. Shiel, that such questions as these were proposed to the students by the professors themselves?" Mr. Shiel gave an equivocal answer, and still endeavoured to carry on the jest, until, after renewed attempts to get at the facts, Gerald in the end was obliged to repeat his inquiry formally and seriously, when Mr. Shiel said something to quiet him, and so the matter ended. Mr. Shiel must have been somewhat amused at Gerald's sensitiveness on the subject, while the latter, who appeared satisfied at having at length got at the facts, was, I dare say, far from being pleased at the utterance of sentiments that tended to leave on the minds of strangers an unfavorable impression of institutions in which he had long learned to take a very deep interest.

I shall close this account of the time he spent in Dublin with the following letter, which is of the same character as the last, and was written somewhat about the same time:

To his Sister.

Dublin, April 13th, 1829.

My dear Lucy,—I am most ready to admit your last letter as an acquaintance for all old debts, and likewise to subscribe, with the greatest humility, to the justice of your criticism. How happy it would be for the world, if all the reviewers had your taste and discernment! they would know what was good when they got it, and they would buy the Collegians in cart-

loads. If you are not content with your way of spending the Lent, I don't know what you would say to my dancing quadrilles on Monday evening, at a party in Baggot-street. The family is a most agreeable one—living in very elegant style, and the most friendly and unaffected that you can imagine. I met there Miss ——, the sister of the hero you might have heard me speak of, whom I knew in London. She is a most charming girl indeed. I'll tell you how I might give you some idea of her: if Ely O'Connor had been a gentlewoman, she would have been just such a one, I think, as Miss ——. The same good nature, simplicity, and playfulness of character—the same delicious nationality of manner. Isn't this very modest talking of my heroine. I have a great mind to put her into my next book, and if I do I'll kill her as sure as a gun, for it would be such a delightful pity. I exult in the destruction of amiable people, particularly in the slaughter of handsome young ladies, for it makes one's third volume so interesting. I have even had a hankering wish to make a random blow at yourself, and I think I'll do it too some day or other; so look to yourself, and insure your life I advise you, for I think, if well managed, you'd make a very pretty catastrophe. But until I find occasion for killing you let my dear Lucy continue to love her affectionate brother,

GERALD GRIFFIN.

CHAPTER XI.

1829—1830.

RETURN TO PALLAS KENRY—CORRESPONDENCE WITH MR. AND MRS. ——. —RENEWED VISIT TO LONDON—LETTERS FROM THENCE—A DINNER PARTY OF METAPHYSICIANS—RETURN TO IRELAND—LETTERS FROM THE SEA-SIDE.

THERE is a portion of Gerald's correspondence which was so intimately interwoven with the keenest social pleasure he ever experienced, that I am tempted to lay it before the reader just in the manner in which it originated. It is, however, of so domestic and unreserved a character in many respects, that a proper regard to the

feelings of the parties concerned makes me wish to decline giving the names.

For some considerable time before the publication of the Collegians, he had been favourably known by his writings, though not by name, to some families in his native city who belonged to the Society of Friends. It had been observed that the sketches in the London periodicals, which first attracted their notice, were evidently written by some person well acquainted with the localities of Limerick. Some sweet and fanciful little tales published in the *News of Literature* were clearly founded upon traditions well known there, and they had therefore evinced a good deal of curiosity about the writer. Gerald, on his part, seems from an early period to have had a considerable partiality for the members of that body. "For my own part," he says, in a letter to his mother of 1822, which now lies before me, "for my own part I am so weary of the dull, unprofitable, good-for-nothing sort of life I have been leading for some time back, that I should feel great pleasure were I at this very instant scrambling out of one of the small boats upon Market-street wharf, in the city of Quakers How I love those people for their amiable simplicity of life, and the good sense and humility with which they perform their duties, and, without blushing, discharge offices, which, in these enlightened and more polished countries, would be considered degrading. May America never become more nearly acquainted than she is with the usages of a refined society, if she should adopt them to the exclusion of those simple primitive habits which form one of the most beautiful features of a republican government." I remember his remarking to me once, that their peculiar principles were favorable to the cultivation of letters, and that the circumstance of their recreations being in some degree restricted, from their abjuring the ruder sports of the field, as well as the amiable feeling with which this was associated, tended

strongly to lead the mind to pursuits of a refined and intellectual character. Hence their love of nature and of natural scenery, their fondness for botany, floriculture, and the fine arts, and their general and often extensive information upon every subject. Holland-tide and the first series of the Tales of the Munster Festivals had strengthened the favourable impression produced by his earlier writings, but the appearance of the Collegians was his crowning glory with these kind friends. Immediately after his arrival in 1829, he was invited to the house of one of them, then living near Limerick, and having spent an evening there, he returned to Pallas Kenry, delighted beyond expression with his new acquaintances. He found the family friendly, kind, and hospitable, in the highest degree, with a warmth and simplicity of manner that seemed to fling ceremony to the winds, and was quite refreshing to him ; with tastes highly cultivated, and a familiarity with the best writings of the day, that to one living, as he had hitherto been when at home, as it were in a desert as regarded literature, was a social gain beyond all others to be prized. He was no less delighted at the discovery that Mrs. —— was the daughter of a lady already well known and highly esteemed in the literary world, though now no more, and that she possessed (though with an unaccountable timidity as to their exercise) the rich inheritance of the mental endowments of that amiable and gifted person. The result of a few meetings more was a friendship as pure and elevated as it is possible to conceive, yet as ardent and enduring as if it had sprung up in infancy and been only confirmed by time. Mrs. —— was henceforward the secret patron of his minstrelsy—the indulgent judge to whom he submitted everything—the favouring spirit, whose keen perception of the beautiful no grace could escape—yet the friendly critic, who pronounced upon defects with a boldness and candour that an interest less intense than hers could

never have been exhibited. Gerald seems to have delivered himself over to the pleasure of this new acquaintance with the keen enthusiasm which he felt in everything that deeply interested him. A sort of picnic excursion was planned to Killarney, in which he became a sharer, and of which he often spoke in terms of the highest rapture. The following letters to Mr. and Mrs. —— breathe so much of his heart and mind, and exhibit him so entirely as he was seen by his most familiar acquaintances, that they cannot fail to be interesting. I will venture to mingle with them, now and then, a few written about the same time to other persons upon subjects somewhat similar, or displaying similar feelings, together with such occasional observations as may be necessary to make them intelligible.

To Mr. ——.

Pallas Kenry, June 27th, 1829.

My dear J.,—Wherever I may turn my steps from this hour I am fully determined never to travel without you: whether into France, Switzerland, or Italy, you must positively be of my party. You are the prince—the emperor of fellow-travellers. Two pounds ten shillings for a fortnight at the Irish lakes—for ascending mountains—diving into vallies—for ponies, guides, boats, dinners, breakfasts, beds, servants, Kenmare, Bantry, Glengariff, echoes and all! J——, you are an immortal man. What would you think of accompanying me over the Simplon? I had made a calculation last winter in London, when I thought of visiting the Eternal City, and found that I could go by Paris, Lyons, Turin, Florence, &c., and return for something about forty pounds. But do you come with me, I will put my purse in your hands, and I hope to get off under five or six. In the mean time, my dear fellow, look over your Killarney accounts again, and oblige me, for I am sure you have made a mistake greatly in my favour. I am looking with impatience to the day of your promised visit. Come early, and join your instances to L—— in prevailing on your sister to be one of the party. I was very glad (thank me for this candour) that you did not accept my invitation to Pallas on Sunday last

—that is to say. I was glad of it when I came home and found the house completely deserted—presenting much such a picture as we had been painting just before we parted. Imagine, if you can, (but you can't, you happy man you!) the feelings of a young fellow returning from a pleasure tour to Killarney with such companions. and then entering a house where every foot-step sounded as if he were walking in a barrel. Remember me to all your amiable family, and believe me, dear J., yours sincerely,

GERALD GRIFFIN.

To Mrs. ——.

Pallas Kenry, June 27th, 1829.

MY DEAR L.,—How can I thank you for your sweet, dear letter? I had only one fault to find with it, and that was. that it was written upon half a sheet instead of a whole one, and that I discovered the unsisterly omission of a little particle somewhere about the commencement, which made it look a little bare. Look at mine now, and see how much better it looks and sounds. If you were to see the face I made when it began to rain soon after I left you, you would never again speak of the possibility of my forgetting you. If a look could knock the sky down, down it would have come that day. How sorry I was that I could not be present when you and my "graceful" sister Lucy first met, in order that I might have made you love one another all at once!—but come out—come out, and if I am not able to dove-tail your hearts together in a manner equal to any joiner's work in the world, why, then, all I can say is, that neither the one nor the other of you is of my mind. I send you the Le Diable Boiteux—a ragged old copy, and I fear having some pages out, but I promise you that you will find as much delight in it as if it were hot-pressed and in Russia. All that is necessary is, to forget when you take up the book that it is by the Author of Gil Blas. for otherwise you will feel there is a fall, and even the wit will make you melancholy. Hudibras I will give J—— when he comes out. for it is a queer sort of a funny book. and he must read it to you—for—for—I wouldn't be encouraging you. ma'am. in those—those studies, ma'am. L——. write me longer letters when you write again, and don't write about coming or going anywhere, but put the whole of L——'s mind and a piece of L——'s heart upon the paper. and it will be to me as welcome as the summer: and don't talk about forgetting, for if that begin on either side I promise you it will

be on yours. To me such a friendship as I promise myself yours will be, is a rare blessing, such as a poor author wants to console him for a great deal of chagrin and disappointment; to keep his heart sweet amid its struggles with an ugly world. But what's the use of my saying all this, for you understand it all perfectly well already, and I only spoil the matter by expressing it a great deal more weakly than you can feel it. I would send you a manuscript drama now for your criticism, but my parcel is large enough already for my brother's pocket. And now, madam, what have you to say after these three close pages filled up with nothing at all? I think I have started pretty well in the commencement of our correspondence. The course is clear before us—ah! L——, don't bolt! I am your affectionate friend,

GERALD GRIFFIN.

A few days afterwards, while driving his youngest sister to the house of a friend, he let the wheel of the gig go over a great rock that lay in the way, by which she was thrown out and had her elbow dislocated. The following letters were written a few days subsequently, when all anxiety about the effects of the fall was at an end:

To the same.

Pallas Kenry, Friday.

MY DEAR L.,—My brother handed me your letter to-day when I was about to return here after an absence of several days, which, on leaving home I thought would not exceed the same number of hours. He tells me he has made you aware of the circumstance of our downfall, so that I need not go over that ugly ground again. I thank my dear L—— for her letter, for her promised visit, and for her affectionate inquiries for Lucy, who is now so well as to be able to go about and run the risk of a repetition of her adventure. I have just turned round in my chair to ask her what I should say to you in return for your affectionate message to her, and her answer is, that I should tell you she is very, very much obliged for all your inquiries—that she is able to see any body, and will be delighted to see you—(ah, never speak of visiting again with an *if possible* at the end of it)—that she would say a great deal more if

she were writing herself—that she sends her best love, and will have a great deal to say when she sees you.

And now see the evil of all this! See the consequences of having a bare mare badly mouthed on the left side. A dear sister sadly maimed—an appointment broken with a dear friend, and what should have been a welcome invitation, looking blank and idle in my sight with its own "No!" stamped upon its face! For indeed it is a mournful truth, L——, that I can neither dine with you on Sunday, nor see you before then. It almost gave me pain to find myself included in the note of invitation, it is so impossible for me to accept it. But I must cure Lucy first, and stay with a cousin whom we have on a visit, and I have only to devise what entertainment I can for the day, and to think of R——d, and hope that I am thought of at R——d.

And now, when are we to see you? or am I to sit down and be content with that little note of yours until I am able to go look for you myself? Well, even though I should, thank you. I ought perhaps to be ashamed of wishing to occupy so much of your time, but you spoil people and make them unreasonable, you are so good and kind.

Thank a certain sweet poetess in your neighbourhood for the allusion contained in a certain sweet poem, if my vanity has not misapplied the meaning of the stanza. Ah, you are dear people all of you—a literary oasis in what I thought a desert of utter and irreclaimable dullness! So much for my native city. For yourself, dear friend, what shall I say? That delicious as are your assurances of sympathy you are indeed right in supposing that to me they are utterly unnecessary. I could not meet you with the same pleasure, nor leave with the same regret, if it were otherwise. I am my dear L——'s affectionately,

GERALD GRIFFIN.

To Mr. ——.

MY DEAR J..—I am very sorry I cannot be with you on Sunday, but the fates have so ordered it. I could say something very edifying about the uncertainty of human affairs, but I never preach except in print, and even then (Heaven forgive me!) only when I think I am going to die, so that, after all, I shall add nothing to what has been so magnificently said by Seged, emperor of Ethiopia, on this subject—vide Rambler, page so-and-so. I am, dear J——, yours ever,

GERALD GRIFFIN.

To Mrs. ——.

My dear L.,—My worthy brother is setting off to Limerick, and I take the opportunity of writing a line to ask if you are all well, and resolved to fulfil your promise of coming out to see us on Sunday next. We have some fair cousins here, upon whom I wish that you should sit in judgment *a la Paris*, and as the scene is to be Pallas Kenry, and not Mount Ida, you shall have a fine mealy potato to hand over to the fairest.

I send you, in the hope that it may afford you some entertainment, a *fresh* manuscript—the concluding story of my volume on the Senses. As you liked the style of the deaf Filea you may like this also. If you ask me why I send you so many, one after the other, I will refer you to the speech of what's-his-name in the play:

> "In my school days, when I had lost one's shaft,
> I shot his fellow off the self-same flight,
> The self-same way, with more advised watch,
> To find the other forth," &c.

Congratulate me, or shall I congratulate you, on a piece of good news I heard yesterday? The poor forgotten Aylmers has been dramatised, and was brought out last week with great success at the English Opera. And see my luck! The drama I told you I lost by the coach office was precisely founded on the same story, and here another fellow runs away with my poor bantling, dresses him up in his own swaddling clouts, and plunders me.

Adieu! This is a stupid, rainy, blowing, cloudy morning, and I am here endeavouring to outface it by making as much noise and doing as much mischief as I can. Ever your affectionate,

Gerald Griffin.

To the same.

If you were to see what a letter I had written to you on Sunday night in answer to your last, I don't know what you would say to me. It was furious enough I can tell you. I sat up on purpose to write it, never recollecting that I should not have an opportunity to send it until Thursday (to-morrow); though even if I had recollected it I do not think it would have stopped my pen, it was so full of indignation. I am looking over the epistle now, and I find it (be grateful to my mild and affectionate heart for such a judgment) too angry by some

degrees for the latitude of beloved R——d. I find it a most entrancing burst of indignation and astonishment at the doubt which was so forcibly insinuated in the very first sentence of your note. It goes on sometimes making a face of this kind,

and sometimes melting into this cast of countenance—

sometimes as long as a walking cane, and sometimes as sharp as a bodkin—sometimes as biting as Butler, and sometimes as tender as Petrarch. There was a burst of smothered fury about your query as to the sincerity of my verses, and a hint about the pain a poet feels in singing to a doubting ear; and there was some dramatic harping upon the word *ridiculous*, which occurred somewhere in your note; and, I think, I said something—ay, I find I did say something most loftily grateful about your writing, when it seemed to require some exertion, &c., and so I folded the letter, and laid it by for Thursday, when Dan might take it in (poor innocent fellow, little conscious what a combustible epistle I was about to put in his pocket, where it is odds that, like Bob Acre's note of defiance, it might have gone off.)

But yesterday I took it out and read it. My indignation had all been expended on the paper, and I had had leisure in the mean time to repose upon the recollections of our friendship with somewhat of a quieter heart, and I read, and read on, with surprise; and the first question I asked myself was: To whom is all this addressed? Is it to my friend—to my own kind L.? —my generous, my best beloved friend and sister?—and where is the provocation? and then, L——, I went hunting over your note for the cause of my indignation, and I don't know how it was, but it had got into some corner, or the colour of a thousand delicious recollections was about it like a veil, or the forgiving pulses in my bosom were awakened—or however it was, I could not find it.

And now, my sweet and bright-eyed lady, why did you speak to me of doubt? Oh, fie! fie! fie! must I say to you, like my poor neglected Gisippus:

> "—faith stands
> On unsure ground, where confidence is wanted,
> And her's I lack—"

Did you thank me for my lines? Ah, L——, L——, did you *not* thank me for them? did not the simple act of your receiving them with the smile, and thinking them worth preserving, far overpay their value. Believe me, I never thought otherwise. What could I do that would be worth the least of your attention?—that could repay the joy I feel continually, in the simple consciousness that I possess the interest of a friend in your affections?—that would compensate for the gift of your society and friendship? Would I not sing (if the spirit were in me) until the swan feathers sprouted from my fingers' ends, for a single hour of such a day as the Sunday you speak of.

I never doubt; but when I think of the delightful summer which has just flown by; when I think of Adare, of Killarney, of Glengariff, of Tralee, of Tarbert, of Askeaton, of R——d, and of the happiness which I felt in the growth of our friendship amid those scenes, I often ask myself: Is it possible the time should ever arrive when a friendship like ours—warm—noble—elevated—as I often thought it, should fade away in cold suspicion and unworthy negligence? On my part I answer, never; on yours—why—a—never—I believe also; but then to talk of you having "the appearance of my friendship!"

Psha, psha, psha! here have I been running into a strain of sentimentalising, when I should have been telling you some news; but you must bear with your pet. And first, my summons has come, and my booksellers want to see my human face divine in London in the course of the next month. Oh, L——! oh, my divine, and super-divine, and hyper-super-divine friend, what shall I do without you there at all, at all? Oh, the next hotel that I have to sleep in! Imagine with what sensations I shall take my tea and breakfast while I think of our hotels on the Killarney road, and listen for your laugh and for J——'s jest, and for all the sounds of those enchanting days. I have a mind to burn this last note of yours before I set out upon that journey. But I hope you will answer my letter, and do write affectionately. Did you not call yourself my sister once—and did not I take you at your word, and wear you as near my heart as ever brother did before? Ah, fie! that naughty note! see how my pen runs back to it in spite of me.

Well, whatever you think or do, here is a hand and a warm smile, and a heart full of thanks for all the love you *showed* me, and for all the kind interest you have taken in my literary endeavours. Indeed, I never was so arrogant as to look for thanks for anything—pish, it is ridiculous to speak of it.

Here is a pretty long letter, is it not? Rather "ridiculous" you may think it, but I do not—not for its length at least. I forgive you all the disappointment of Wednesday, if you promise to show yourself a ready penitent and come out to see us with J—— on Sunday. And tell J——, for his encouragement, that he shall be king—crowned king in Pallas that day, and that his will shall be law for everything—for going or coming—for everything short of strangulation.

I hope your father and sister are returned in good health, and that J——'s cold is improved. Having no time to read the ——— Journal before I start from London, I will send it by the next opportunity. Lucy allows me no peace wanting to know when you will come out next. Do come out, and let next Sunday be gilded with your presence. I am, ever, L——'s fervent and faithful friend, GERALD GRIFFIN.

To the same.

MY DEAR L.,—Here comes my answer to your note after a week's silence. The cause of that silence I must tell you when we meet, for I have other things to speak of here.

I forgive you for disappointing us on Sunday. I wish I had something else to forgive you for; I should wish to show that I can be as generous as yourself, but I have not; no, nothing, nothing, though I look back in vain to find it. I wish there were more people like you in the world; but there are very few, I fear.

And since I forgive you for our disappointment, do you likewise me for my silence, though I cannot crowd my defence into this note. I did not write on Sunday, because I went into Limerick and intended to visit at R——d, but I was obliged to leave it sooner than I intended. I don't know what the cause may be; whether it be the dreariness of the night, the lonely appearance of our little room (for our cousins are gone home), the howling of the wind, or the beating of the rain, or the influence of a little cold which has been haunting me this week back; but I feel in a humour to-night for being at peace with the whole world. Therefore, if you, in looking back to our brief but happy acquaintance, see anything that needs to be forgiven, bestow a free and full forgiveness on it, and believe it

deeply repented of. The pictures which it leaves upon my memory are so delightful, that I would not have them continue disfigured by any traits which the Indian rubber of human kindness and friendship may remove.

Well, how do you like my pious story? Can't I write very piously when the fit is on me? I hope it will make you a Roman Catholic, that I may have the benefit of your prayers, for I am sure they will be pure and sincere ones. I am too great a sinner ever to have wished for a window over my heart, as Nebuchadnezzar, or King Pepin, or one of those great philosophers said formerly, and yet (must you not think this strange?) I could agree to have a pain or two inserted in that little edifice in which you are lodged, for there you are, unchanging and immovable, somewhere, I think, about the left auricle, in which they say the blood flows calmest and purest.

I send you a long string of rhymes on that story of Cathleen, which I took up again and finished this week, because I recollected that you praised the opening stanzas. I send it with a pleasure only short of that which I should feel in going myself, for I am pleased to think that it is possible I may afford some entertainment to so esteemed a friend, even while I am toiling away all alone here by the fireside. I wish I had something worth sending you—something that might set my conscience at ease about all the generous praise you lavish on those things. Believe me, your true and affectionate friend,

GERALD GRIFFIN.

To the same.

My two worthy brothers served me prettily to-day. After I had read your note, and while in despite of impossibility itself, I began to hanker after the second seat in the gig, although every moment from this until I leave Ireland should unflinchingly be devoted to *business* (for, alas, my muse visits me sometimes, not in robes of silk, but with a work-day apron). But Master William decided the question, for he stole off in the gig at six this morning, without once apprising one of his intention, and now Master Dan comes up stairs and tells me "he is going to Limerick, and have I any commands, for he can't wait?" So what am I to do? and yet, how can I stay? Truth is, my dear L——, I hardly like at present to go everywhere I could wish, for sometimes the uncertain future, the thought of scoundrel critics and reptiles of that description, comes black upon my mind, and makes me on a sudden feel dull and spiritless, when I ought to be most happy; and then I feel as if I

was a bore, and I am vexed with myself and look sullen, and—but next summer I shall be as gay as a skylark.

But I had an adventure yesterday. I was walking on the shore, with the tide beautifully and brimmingly in, and the water as smooth as peace itself, when on a sudden, ma'am, what should I hear but an *Aycho!* Oh! it went through and through me like a spear. I thought of the eagle's nest, and kept thinking and thinking of you and Killarney until my thoughts slipped out in the shape of a little song to your dear self, which you may set to music as soon as you quit the society to which you have been so long an ornament and an edification:

I.

Hark! hark! the soft bugle sounds over the wood,
And thrills in the silence of even,
Till faint and more faint, in the far solitude,
It dies on the portals of heaven.
But Echo springs up from her home in the rock,
And seizes the perishing strain,
And sends the gay challenge, with shadowy mock,
From mountain to mountain again,
And again,
From mountain to mountain again!

II.

Oh, thus let my love, like a sound of delight,
Be around thee while shines the glad day,
And leave thee, unpain'd, in the silence of night,
And die like sweet music away.
While Hope with her calm light that glancing eye fills,
Oh say, "Like that echoing strain,
"Though the sound of his love has fled o'er the hills,
"It will waken in heaven again,
"And again,
"It will waken in heaven again!"

Adieu, my dear friend; it is not you that should talk of loneliness to me. A thousand, thousand thanks for your dear though brief note. Your affectionate,

GERALD GRIFFIN.

To the same.

Friday Night.

MY DEAR L——, my brother tells me he intends visiting J—— to-morrow, (I having read to him that part of your charming letter which speaks of J——'s having called on him,)

and I am unwilling to let him go without a word or two, although it is now past midnight, and I am come home only this evening, wearied from steering the Hip Hall boat from Loughill to Pallas right before the wind. I, too, hoped to have had the happiness of seeing you in Limerick before now, but I had some visits to make in my ancient neighbourhood, which would not bear being put off much longer.

And so, L——, after bundling off my poor play, blank verse and all, I am not to get the verses? I am not to get the sweet (for I know they are sweet, or physiognomy is a jest) poetry of the gentle S——, nor the humorous (for I am sure they are humorous, or physiognomy is out again) prose of your cousin E——? the continuation of the Tale of a Tub, and the Lower Order? Here have I been flinging open my desk, and scattering my papers about as freely (to you) as the sybil's leaves, and now I am told, with a grave face and a toss of the head, that I am to get nothing in return—that I am too *exalted* to be dealt with honestly and fairly! Well, well, I am all gentleness and patience until Sunday is over; but if matters be not otherwise arraged next week, expect to find me a terrible man.

And talking of next week puts me in mind of your promised criticism. Ah, the days have fled when every nerve in my frame would have' thrilled, and every pulse bounded at the word. I am growing quite callous, and the sight of it no longer makes a coward of me. My delicious tremours are all over, and I don't think that I would ever take up a printed review, but that I have a hungry vanity, and want a little praise to eat when I am in low spirits; but for liking yours, dear good L——, I shall have a better motive. Write freely then, even though the kindness of the sister should neutralise the acuteness of the critic; and (whisper!) the deepest tinge of rose colour which your glasses can give it, will not render it less welcome to the poor vain heart of your true friend,

GERALD GRIFFIN.

To the same.

Many thanks for my dear L——'s note and her invitation, which I wish it was in my power to accept; but I am almost upon the road to Pallas, where I must be dull and sensible now for some days at least.

Many warm thanks for the song. I intend to keep croaking it every evening over the old piano until I come into town again. That's what I call romance. It is exquisitely beautiful, and a tune in itself to repeat.

It is S——'s own gentleness and diffidence that could make

her like my poem after one so full of thought and feeling as her own. As for you, L——. I believe if I copied out the Groves of Blarney, and sent it you as my own, you would call it good.

I dote on your little song. And so, 'twas written so long ago? What a charming little Ariel you must *have been!* I do not wonder at J——'s fate—

"Non invidio, miror *minus*."

And so with my scrap of Latin there I leave you. I'm sorry I have no Greek, but that

"Has all deserted my poor John-trot head,
And left plain native English in its stead."

Your true, GERALD GRIFFIN.

To the same.

London, November, 1829.

MY DEAR L.,—Although you have not yet received my answer to your last most welcome letter; and although I am endeavouring to do more than I could if I were "like Cerberus —three gentlemen" at once; and although I was vexed at not receiving even three lines to say, "How art thou, my dear Gerald? art thou dead or alive?" in the parcel which brought four pages closely written to T—— (your other brother, who I know did not write to you)—I cannot resist your kind and friendly message, or refrain from thanking you for your good wishes towards me. It is true, my trip to France will remove me still further from all I hold dear in Ireland—a consideration somewhat more painful, when I remember the new ties of friendship which sprung up there within the course of the past year—it throws another sea between me and my home (which is not now less dear to me because R——d is always associated with it)—it multiplies in some slight degree the chances of my not returning; but think not for that, that I go without often looking back and longing for the end of my travelling. I feel, indeed, that it is necessary for me to conquer my love of idle enjoyment, and to labour vigorously to become useful as well as amusing, (for I take it for granted I can be the latter,) and produce a book which shall not only give true pictures of results, but true investigations of causes; never toss your head about it; it will not be such a stupid book as you suppose. I see you again twist your face, and gather up your eyes and cry, "agh!" in your own inimitable way; but I'll do all that.

How differently am I spending this winter from the summer

just gone by! L——, if my book this winter fails to please the public the sin lies at your door, and I'll say so much in the preface to Whiskey Hall, or the Duellists, whichever it is to be called. *Then*, I used in the interval of our correspondence, or our writing, sit in my chair and call up with effort those visions that came so readily before, but a mischievous enemy had got within my magic circle, and my spirits came reluctantly, and made themselves but faintly visible. A letter from R——d, perhaps a visit—then two or three scenes of a tale in which poor imagination, absorbed in the contemplation of real enchantments, too often let her pencil fall, and turned in weariness from the cold and lifeless shadows which she drew; a walk along the river side to breathe the fresh Shannon air, and to see the sights that were always familiar and dear to me; an hour spent under the trees, listening to the delicious river sounds, and spinning out a song or poem, for I found that Imagination, child of folly as she is, would often come near and obey me when I rung the bells of rhyme in her ear, while, if I wished to make her sit down to simple prose, she would skip off and away over Carrig-o'guniel, heaven knows where. But it was a vain —a foolish—too foolish a life to lead. When I think of it, I stand up and shake my hands—and say that I must be more active for the future.

Now I think I am doing better; I rise tolerably early, walk out, come home, practice with dumb bells for a while (for I intend to become a prodigy of muscular strength, &c.)—then breakfast, read some proofs, and shake my head when I meet anything stupid—then I go to the British Museum, where I remain studying until four—then return and take another "drass" of the dumb bells—then dine—then read and talk French for two hours with M. Sueur—then write Whiskey Hall—then take tea—and then write Whiskey Hall again until bed-time. All I should require now to make this mode of life perfectly agreeable is a fair companion, and I think I have a chance of getting one to my taste. She is a decent woman, not above forty, rather cleanly than otherwise, and not squinting very much, and at any rate, if she should not please me, there is a Jew's meeting in the city, at which T—— and I sometimes attend on Saturday nights—I, of course, as you will suppose, in the hope of "bettering myself," and T——, as he would have a person believe, with the view of hearing a theological discussion; but don't suppose I mean to insinuate anything to the contrary.

Yesterday I had three mad people here to dine with me, and T—— charitably came, as it seemed, in quality of their physician. They were metaphysicians, and that is what I mean by mad people. One of them was Doctor B——, a sane and clever

man on other subjects, and a great friend of T——'s, who, if he has not bitten him already, will bite him before long, and who thinks Wordsworth a greater poet than Shakspeare. This would be enough for me, even if T—— had not told me that he is so very clever a fellow that he says *all* sects in the world are in the wrong, and that he is the only man that ever was right. He is of the German school, the maddest of all, in my opinion—the greatest camel-swallowers of the whole. A second was a Mr. N—— (who, by the way, as I discovered, knew something of B——e and of its stars), a follower, I believe, of the Scotch school (rather than any other), and who despises from the bottom of his heart the Germans, and is as mad in admitting nothing as they are in swallowing everything. A third was a comical lad, who held that there was not a *man* in France—not one man!—meaning by a man, as I could gather out of him, what I mean by a madman, that is, a metaphysician, who spends his life in diving after principles. He maintained (more modest than B——) that Wordsworth in his way was *equal* to Shakspeare. "Thankye, sir," thought I to myself. Well, between all three arguing on points which not one of the three could understand no more than any living mortal, you may imagine what high fun we had the whole night. A set-to between Dutch Sam and Bill Neal was nothing to it. As for myself, I was in a fever the whole of the following day from laughter. I must reserve to my next an account of an interview I had with the manager of the English Opera-house, whom I had not seen since the production of my poor Noyades—my first and last theatrical attempt—and who made me some paternal reproaches for my neglect of the stage.

In the midst of all these things, think not that I ever can be untrue to a friendship which I hope will yet be productive of much happiness to us both, or that I can fail often to think of you with the affection of a brother. Think of me in the same manner, my dear sister; and to prove that you do so, answer this letter upon the instant, and write often to me upon anything that concerns you. Never, never, indeed can there be any loss of confidence between us; for when one's intentions are blameless, where is the occasion for reserve? Farewell. Your friend and brother,

GERALD GRIFFIN.

He gives some further account of these gentlemen, with whose enthusiasm he seems so much amused, in a letter to his mother, from which I take the following extract:

"It amuses me sometimes to compare the set of people whom I get amongst in London with those whom I have left at home. There all is quiet and easy, everybody minding his business without any great fever of mind; watching the weather, and talking politics rather as an amusement than from any strong personal interest; letting the world roll by peaceably, and not giving themselves much trouble about the moral condition of its inhabitants. Here, on the contrary, all is turmoil, all bustle, all fury. One man with his head full of prophecy and Antichrist; another rushing about and thinking to reform everything by a new system of education; another laying his fingers across, and proving to us that political economy will set all to rights, and that he is the man to do it; another curling up his lip in contempt, and tossing out a new system of metaphysics, which is to solve all the enigmas in creation; everybody, in short, burning with a desire of accomplishing nothing less arduous than a modification of the universe. I asked two or three of these heroes to dine with me the other day—a Dr. B——, very well known in Germany and England both by his acquirements and his talents; a Mr. N——, one of the writers in the *New Cabinet Cyclopædia;* a Dr. F——, and a Mr. M——, late editor of the *Athenæum*. Wishing to have a metaphysical set-to, I opened the campaign in the course of the evening by an allusion to a letter in some Derbyshire paper on Jacotot's new system of education, when one of them called Jacotot a quack, and—slap! they were into the thick of the fight in an instant. Such argumentation, such logic and learning, such eloquence, such zeal, such gentle sneers and laughter at each other, and all with the most perfect good humour, everybody paying the most polite attention to what the other said, and at the same time privately writing him down an ass in his own mind; each marvelling at the excessive obstinacy and stupidity of the rest; and all, I suppose, pitying me for being absolutely a Roman Catholic 'at this time of day,' while I walked up and down the room, holding my sides, and giving vent occasionally to roars of laughter at the whole scene."

The next letter, which exhibits so many touching evidences of earnest sympathy, was written upon the death of a sister of his friend, Mrs. ——, to whom the latter was much attached:

To Mrs. ——.

London, Dec. 15th, 1829.

My dear L.,—It is but a short time, scarcely more than a

week, since I wrote you a letter of congratulation, and I had little expectation then that it should so soon be followed by one of condolence. I felt, after hearing of the loss of your dear and gifted relative, almost as if I had personally known her; for, short as the date of our acquaintance is, it has made B——e and all your friends there as interesting and familiar to my heart and mind, as if they had been known to me in childhood. I felt deeply and sincerely, too, my dear friend, for your own affliction; for my knowledge of the rare amiability of your family, and of the keenness of your own affections, convinced me that this would not be received by you as a common grief. I wished to write to you immediately, and would have done so, (for what is friendship if its consolations are all reserved for the holiday hours of life, when we stand little in need of additional modes of enjoyment?) but I doubted whether my dear L—— had yet been made aware of her misfortune, and I waited until T—— should hear from home, before I would address you at all upon a subject of so painful an interest. I have been calling at Gordon-place for several days, and this morning learned that he had received a letter from you, containing a message for me, affectionate and kind, like all my friend's remembrances, even in the midst of her sorrow. But what can I say to you, my dear L ——, in the way of consolation? I know nothing personally of your dear relative—our acquaintance has been very brief, and I am ignorant of all those early recollections which older friends might use to soften your affliction. I have little to offer you, my dear sister, in the way of condolence. For this you must turn to friends who are longer, at least, if not better known; who were familiar with all the virtues of your sister, and know how to confirm your own assurance of her happiness. But I am sure it will be something to you to remember that there is none who more perfectly sympathises in your suffering than I do. I know, by the great relief which I have always felt in receiving your remembrances in moments of depression, that mine will not be unwelcome to you; and when I tell you that the thought of your suffering brings the tears into my eyes while I write to you, I feel that your own heart and its knowledge of mine will teach you to believe it. If I were, indeed, your brother; if Nature had really, as once you wished, united us in that tie which we have adopted, which has been so dear and so consoling to both, and which will, I trust, be lasting as it is sweet, I might then, in sharing your affliction, have a satisfaction in the power of mitigating it more easily than I can do now. But all that I have, I give you—the entire sympathy of a heart to which, from this time forward, your joys or sorrows must be like its own.

I remember your showing me at one time some little pieces of your sister's poetry, which I thought sweet and beautiful in style and sentiment. I have not got them among the manuscripts which I brought from R——d, and I long to read them again. Little do I wonder that B——e should be dear to you, and every friend that formed a part of its amiable and talented circle. The picture of the village and its inhabitants, such as I have heard it described by you, and found it in the writings of your most amiable and benevolent mother, is one of the brightest and the sweetest that arises to my mind among the recollections of our unfortunate country. I think, I am sure, that if I were to visit B——e, as I hope yet to do on my return to Ireland, I should do so with the same feelings that I have entertained on revisiting my own home, and that the scene of L——'s childhood would awaken associations no less distinct and intimate than those which are connected with my own. Trust, therefore, with the securest confidence, that though my friendship and sympathy come not recommended by the recollections of childhood and long habits of early confidence, they are fervent, sincere, unchangeable; that my enjoyment can never be complete while you feel any sorrow, and that your happiness must always make a part of mine. Be assured that you have found a brother who will always be ready with his sympathy in whatever way you may require it; who is proud of his sister and devoted to her wishes; and whose pride and happiness it will be to supply, by a pure and earnest devotion of spirit, the void which may be left in her affections by the severing of earlier and dearer ties, though this should be even in the least degree. Why, then, did I, at the commencement of this letter, regret the shortness of our acquaintance? Why did I say that I had little consolation to offer you, because I was ignorant of those recollections from which you might draw the most perfect motives of tranquillity? Why did I doubt my own claim to intrude upon your grief, as if my sympathy would not be welcome because it could avail but little? I felt dissatisfied, dear L——, in the want of that accustomed influence which might enable me to comfort you effectively, and to bring a somewhat more acceptable relief to your affliction, than merely to say that I shared in it. It is the first grief that has befallen you since we became acquainted, and I sincerely hope and fervently pray that it may be long before you know another. I hope and trust that your innocence of mind and goodness of heart will continue to make your life peaceful and happy; and you may be assured, that the little that a heart anxious for your welfare can do to increase it, shall always be at your command.

It will be a delight to me, when your mind is more at rest, to hear from you, and to know that you are well. Lucy called to see you; I thank her for it; and I wish that you knew each other as well as I know you both. I am not yet gone, as you see, nor yet going to France, after all my boasting. Would you call me a complete and presumptuous fool, after all, if you should see my "long, lanky figure" once more at R——d, without having set my eyes on a single *mownseer*, or learned any better pronunciation than *parles vows* and *sil vows plate?* I am afraid I must run across, if only for the purpose of enabling me to appear before you with decency. Remember me to J——, and believe me, my dear L——, your unchanged and affectionate friend,

GERALD GRIFFIN.

The following was written from the sea-side at Miltown, where Gerald was spending a few weeks in the autumn of 1830, with Mr. ——'s family. I subjoin another, addressed on a different occasion to Mrs. ——, in which his little playmates mentioned in this are again spoken of.

To Mr. ——.

O'Connor's Lodge, Miltown Malbay, Oct. 1830.

MY DEAR J.,—I take the opportunity of your uncle's return to town, to return you thanks for the many kind remembrances you have sent me in your letters to L——, and to express to you the sincere satisfaction which I feel in the continuance of the friendly sentiments which I have always experienced from you. I wish, my dear friend, that at a time of so much trying suspense and agitation to you, I had the sympathy of an early friend to offer you, but mine is not less sincere, because I believe you have others whose older and more familiar intimacy must make their friendship more efficacious and their sympathy go nearer to your heart. Indeed, if I had no more generous motive to make me feel with you, my own recollections would prevent my remaining unmoved at the idea of your losing R——d. I assure you, dear, J——, I have felt, and feel, both in the contemplation of this sad parting and after it was decided on, as if I were myself about to lose a dear and long-loved home, for I can hardly say that I can look back to the hours of my childhood with greater fondness than I do to the happy days which I have spent in that sweet and friendly spot. You were to me, during the time of our acquaintance there, the only soci

ety in which my habits and dispositions allowed me to feel a thorough sympathy and pleasure—generously, and at once, you entered with the affectionate interests for which one only looks from relatives, and them the nearest, into all my pursuits; and there is scarcely a part of that abode on which my eye could rest, which is not blended in my recollection with some friendly sentiment, some word or act of kindness. If such are the thoughts which are mingled in my mind with the memory of R——d, it is not hard for me to imagine that yours must be a great deal keener—with the happiest, the most intimate of all earthly associations to make it doubly dear to you. But those are feelings which it is better to govern than indulge, and though it is not easy always to prevent their visits, it would indeed be weakness to invite or prolong them.

You thank me, as if I had conferred a favour upon you, because I have made myself almost too happy by remaining here with your family; I am glad I did so, nevertheless, for every day has justified my first hopes in their acquaintance, although I am sensible it has strengthened ties which already promised too much pain in the dividing. The mention of your possible removal to Wexford startled me, selfish as I was, as if it were to you a prospect of evil and not of advantage. Sincerely, most sincerely, do I hope that this and every other accident may end in real good to you; but I cannot help adding a wish that this last may be accomplished without so large a diminution of my own happiness as I feel and know so wide a separation would occasion. One effect at least it will have, in case you should *not* leave Limerick, that, instead of contemplating as I have done my return to Pallas Kenry with lonesome feelings, I shall then feel, when there, in the thought that you are within ten miles of me, as if I were still in the midst of you. Nothing tends so much to make us value our real blessings as a little occasional alarm of this kind, which reminds us what a slippery hold we have of those we deemed the surest to continue. Do not think because in this I talk so much of my own feelings, that I am not truly desirous of your advantage; for, though my heart says nothing but "No!" to your going, my will and my reason desire nothing but your good.

I believe I have become a personage of greater importance among your children here than I was at Limerick. They have found out than I can carry double after dinner, draw pencil sketches (of a very fanciful description indeed), make cocks with pockets, and build boats. Nannyo, in particular, honours me with her favours, allows me to sit next her at dinner, to cut her meat, &c., and said to me the other morning, in a

whisper, "Gelland. I'm fond of oo at dinner." I apprehend the distinction meets with a proper return, for, a few days ago, Mary found it necessary to tell me more than once, with a reproachful smile and glance, that "her name was Mary, and not Nan." for which I could not help taking her in my arms, and kissing her. Meantime my own drudgery has not lain idle, and I have made considerable progress in a map of ancient Ireland, for the boundaries and localities of which I think my authorities are pretty correct as far as I have gone; but they are deplorably scanty, and I have so much history to wade through to get at the old name of one little town or harbour, that I am reminded of Gratiano's two grains of wheat in a bushel of chaff. I shrink from bathing in this cold month, though I believe I did take one October dip. Once more, dear J——, yours,

GERALD GRIFFIN.

To Mrs. ——.

MY DEAR L.,—Many thanks for your sweet letter, which J—— handed me on Friday morning, just as I awoke, and saw him standing, a welcome but most unexpected apparition, at my bed-side. An apparition I may truly call him, for he vanished upon the instant, nor have I laid eyes upon him since. It is so long since I have written to you, that I would not make this letter a letter of complaint; but I warn you not to imagine that your pranks are unnoticed, or that because I am silent since I came from London and before, my lady, I am unobservant too; I am laying up your *cuts* and your humours —your sly hits, your messages and *no* messages, and all your other peccadilloes, for a fitting opportunity to pay off the whole score at once. Why didn't I write to you ten times, truly? Ten times, quotha? Why, then, because you didn't write to me once. Because I, in return for your numberless sweet remembrances and letters since my return from London, was not sneaking enough actually to sit down and write a third time to you without getting an answer. You tell me, "Such is the perverse way of your sex." The fact is, there is no *ho* at all with you, and I might as well let the matter rest for any chance I have of receiving satisfaction about it. The sober assurance of your charges beats the world. As to that contained in your former letter to Lucy, upon that I will be altogether silent * * * * * * * * * * * * *. You may see by what I have scratched out, how nearly I had broken my word.

GERALD GRIFFIN.

To the same.

My dear L.,—I thank you for your invitation, though I cannot accept of it. My dancing days are over for the present; and yet I ought not to say so neither, for Nan and I have an odd dance on an evening to the piano. She has learned her first, second, and third positions (I was afraid she'd break her little neck if I taught her any more); but she says she'd rather be dancing (the rogue) than learning the positions, in which nobody doubts her; so we go capering away in a kind of voluntary. Will is very fat and strong, and as cheerful as a cricket. Nan desired me to tell you that she is "getting good, and after that, Nan's love." Don't make any remarks upon the length of Nan's partner, or I'll return the compliment upon the shortness of Nan's mamma. We expect J—— on Thursday. I wish we had something besides a welcome to induce him to stay at Pallas. I saw the Rock of Dunamase from the top of the Dublin coach several times, and I saw it again in Captain Grose's Irish Antiquities, I believe, and faithfully described, of course, ("for Matthew was a rare man,") which must answer me for the present. When I was last in Dublin, I laid several plans for going to B——e, but one thing or another always prevented or disappointed me. I hope to see it some future time, however, although a lonely visit there would give me more of pain than pleasure. Adieu, dear L——: write, if you can and will; if not, at least remember me affectionately. There may always be an apology for silence, never for unkindness. It is long since I have had anything to charge myself with on that score towards you, and yet * * * * * * *. There's more scratching for you. I don't know how you manage to keep what you don't like to say (for you have a great deal of that kind, you know, you told me yourself) from slipping out upon your paper unawares. It is only when I have got a terrible thing half written that it hits me in the face. Once more adieu. Your affectionate

Gerald Griffin.

These children, to Gerald's infinite delight, were frequently left on a visit with us at Pallas Kenry, together with a brother of theirs, now no more, a talented child about six years of age, of a fine natural capacity, with the most gentle disposition imaginable, and a keen and penetrating mind of the highest promise. Gerald undertook the instruction of the latter, with the consent of

his parents, and continued it for some months with a zeal and solicitude as engrossing as that of the nearest relative ; but some difficulties arising as he grew, on the subject of his religious instruction, he was obliged to relinquish his trust, which he did with the utmost reluctance, and a degree of pain and anxiety proportioned to the gratification it had given him. His affection for this child partook of the warmth and intensity of all his other feelings, and I had various opportunities of witnessing the depth of it. The acuteness of his little pupil's remarks on various subjects while he was with us interested him exceedingly, and whether at his lessons, his recreations, or in his nightly rest, he seemed never out of his thoughts. "If Josey were awake," he says, in a short note to Mrs. ——, "I would send you his love ; but not even the loud singing of the thrush has made him stir." After the separation to which I have alluded, his interest in his little amusements and his progress continued unabated, even up to the time of his death, which he felt most keenly. The following to Mr. ——, was written some time after he had relinquished the pleasing duties I have mentioned :

To Mr. ——.

My dear J.,—I have a favour to ask of you, and I hope you will not refuse me. After sundry delays and disappointments, I have succeeded in completing a little vessel, staunch and good, and a capital sailer. She rests now upon the stocks in Pallas, with canvass spread and keel eager for the deep. As it is a long promised gift for Josey, will you gratify me by letting him come to Pallas on the car with Lucy, for the purpose of seeing her launched upon our lake, and I will bring him in myself as soon as you like—the day after if you so desire it. You may depend on my taking as much care of him as you would yourself, and that, I know, is a bold promise. I am, my dear J——, your sincere friend,

Gerald Griffin.

CHAPTER XII.

1830—1832.

ALTERATION IN GERALD'S OPINIONS REGARDING LITERATURE—CIRCUMSTANCES WHICH TENDED TO PRODUCE IT—EARNESTNESS AND DEPTH OF HIS RELIGIOUS FEELINGS—EFFECT OF THIS CHANGE UPON HIS PURSUITS, AND THE CHARACTER OF HIS WRITINGS—LETTERS—POEMS OF A RELIGIOUS CHARACTER—CONTINUATION OF HIS CORRESPONDENCE.

The correspondence of Mrs. ——, though subject to occasional interruptions, lasted a considerable time, and I am sure it will not be considered tedious, if I still venture to extract pretty freely from it. I must, however, break in upon it in this place, for the purpose of noticing a change which had been gradually coming over his mind, to which I have already more than once alluded, and which it is necessary to make a few remarks upon. I mean that silent and unwavering tendency to religious habits of thought and feeling, which took away by degrees the keen relish he had long felt in his literary speculations, and ended in his embracing a monastic life. A cousin of ours, who had very early observed this tendency, and who had a pretty deep and accurate knowledge of his character, said once to me, at a time when Gerald had some idea of travelling on the continent: "Gerald is now going abroad; he will, of course, visit the monastery of La Trappe; he will approach it some lovely evening, when the air is serene, and the sky a deep blue, and a single crimson cloud floats calmly above it in the sunset; and then he will think it a paradise upon earth, and come to the conclusion that there could not be a more glorious place to end one's days in." It has been also said, as I see by various notices of him since his death, that he was a poor friendless boy, who having come to London with

some plays, which, in spite of various efforts to get them represented, were treated with the utmost coldness and neglect, became disgusted with life, and, returning to Ireland, took refuge in a monastery, "where he found that peace and contentment which was denied him in the world." Neither of these solutions is the true one. However unchangingly bright and beautiful religion may look to the piously disposed, it was not its mere poetry, if I may so call it, that attracted him. Neither did he fly to it in disgust, as a sort of last resource. This, as it is the commonest of all suppositions with superficial observers in such cases, is also the most erroneous; yet it is repeated every day, upon the most ordinary occasions of retirement into religion, with the utmost confidence; as if the world was in every respect, and at all times, so faithful and true to its votaries; or as if religion could have no possible charms, except to those melancholy souls whose worldly speculations have been unsuccessful. To spirits of a worldly mould, the most intolerable of all satires is personal example, and where a man of undoubted intellect and genius withdraws himself from the giddy whirlpool of human affairs, and puts himself in a position to observe calmly the greatness of the danger he has passed, if they cannot explain the act upon any principle which flatters their own pursuits, they represent it as indicating a weakness of mind, as in the case of Pascal; yet at the same time, perhaps, wonder how it was that such a work as the "Provincial Letters" *could* have been produced after this lamentable setting of so brilliant a star; or they dismiss it with a sneer, like Horace Walpole, who, with a feeble prostitution of wit, speaks of Charles the Fifth as having "gone to doze in a convent." Perhaps it is wiser of the silent multitude, who wish well to religion, and whose bosoms are teeming with internal testimony against such slanders, to let them pass as they do calumnies of a darker character; and perhaps there could not be ad-

duced a stronger proof of the insincerity and self-love upon which such allegations are founded, than the confidence with which their authors rely upon the sympathy of the world in putting them forward, and the slighting and contemptuous spirit—so seldom an ally to truth—with which they are often associated.

The reader may have observed that after Gerald s first return from London, his life was an extremely happy one. Indeed, with all his apparent nervousness, there were few who enjoyed social pleasures so keenly. The impressions, therefore, made upon him by his early literary disappointments were not indelible. It is true, his efforts in the drama did not reach his first expectations, and the success of his prose writings in general fell short of the lofty line he had once marked out for himself. It is true, that besides the design of a moral end and tendency in his works, which was ever a motive sustaining and animating his zeal, there were few persons who felt so acutely, even for its own sake, the thirst for literary fame, or to whom its gratification or disappointment brought so delicious a pleasure, or so deep a pang. Still there was not enough in these circumstances to make one, then enjoying himself in the bosom of his family, amidst every social blessing, grow weary of the world; nor indeed were they calculated to bring much more to the mind than that gradually increasing conviction as to the vanity of all earthly projects—those gracious visitings of religious truth, sent into the highways of the world in mercy, and forming the first incentives to serious reflection in the hearts of all who have placed too much faith in things temporal. Besides, one of his works, the Collegians, was received by the public about this very time with a degree of favour, not to say enthusiasm, which gave assurance that if he chose to persevere in the same course he had nothing to fear. Several circumstances appeared to me to have slowly concurred in producing, or rather re-awakening, the habits of religious

feeling I speak of. The reader will remember a remarkable expression he makes use of in one of his early letters, as to his being occasionally haunted by "the terrible idea, that *it might possibly be* he was mispending time." I have heard him say, too, that he would feel but little pleasure in the greatest triumphs of literary ambition, if they were only achieved when all his dearest friends and the members of his own immediate family had passed away, and when no one lived to witness them but strangers. Besides the difficulties I have before spoken of, which he seems to have felt as to the production of what he would consider a perfectly moral tale, he appeared to lose faith altogether in the possibility of procuring for really good works anything like a general circulation; and he remarked, as an instance in point, that notwithstanding the exultation with which Sir Walter Scott's novels were received by all classes, when the novelty of them began to wear away, "the town" became flooded with a profusion of works of the sentimental and love-sick school, which he had long looked on as a kind of poison to the youthful mind. The occasional visitation of reflections such as these, led him, perhaps, to feel very sensibly the wasting of that passion which had so long animated him. The hollowness of the feeling he was allured by presented itself in various aspects before him, and the conviction frequently flashed across his mind, that the gratification it aimed at, however keen in its enjoyment, was selfish and unworthy. It had long been, as I have already said, his object, whether in the drama or his other writings, to give a healthy tone to literature, and it was sometimes his fear, that the undistinguishing passion that urged him onward, made him, in its absorbing interest, too much overlook the moral end he aimed at. He had as yet accomplished nothing that at all satisfied him, and visions of the future came before him, now and then, representing the natural changes of time, and the probable loss of those

friends to whom he was so much attached, and whose disinterested delight would be far more cheering to him than the highest reward success could otherwise bestow.

It was amid these transitory gleams of saddening light that his mind began to be directed more strongly to the ultimate tendency of his labours, and eventually raised up a feeling, which awakened, with the freshness of a second spring, all the religious impressions of his childhood, and settled his future destiny. To the circumstances above mentioned might be added a frequent feeling of insecurity about his health, and a certain constitutional nervousness arising perhaps from it, which, whenever he turned his mind to religious reflections [illegible]ed to place the truths of futurity before him with a [illegible]liar vividness and force; but by far the most powerful of all of them was certainly the gradually growing sense of the inutility, or even the mischievous tendency as regarded the public, of all such works of imagination as were founded upon deep and absorbing passion. This placed such an impediment in his way, that even when he had formed the plot of some story of this kind, he found it at certain points absolutely impossible to proceed with it. At such times he used frequently complain of the irksome nature of his task: "I see you, and William, and every one around me, constantly engaged in some useful occupation, and here am I spending my whole life in the composition of these trashy tales and novels, that do no good either to myself or anybody else." I endeavoured to represent to him that an attempt to add to the standard literature of the country was surely a useful occupation. "Oh, yes," he said, "if one could produce works of a good moral character" "But surely," said I, "you do not call the Collegians an immoral work?" "Why, no," said he, "not perhaps exactly an immoral work, but it is very far from being perfect as a moral one;" and he again referred to his former observations on the characters of Kyrle Daly and Hardress Cregan, and the strong sympathy that nine

out of ten people, as they are in the world, would feel for the latter, notwithstanding his guilt. "But," I said, "that proves only the corruption of mankind, not the badness of the book. If the best teacher the world ever produced were to take a hundred boys to instruct, and bestow upon them all the pains possible, they would not all turn out well. He would possibly have ninety good characters, and nine or ten indifferent or wicked, out of whom perhaps one or two would be hanged; should one say, therefore, that he ought to give up teaching the moment such a result presented itself? Surely not? The world will continue to read works of imagination, whether men of talent [illegible] for them or not, and if all those who have the ab[illegible] to execute them well, and the love of religion and morality that would render them harmless, desert entirely such a walk, leaving it to the talentless, perhaps the impious, such an event would seem an evil and not a good." I mentioned to him also what I was informed a certain clergyman, a man of genius and information, and highly esteemed in his diocese, had said on the subject: "That he conceived it one of the greatest misfortunes to society, that, by a sort of general consent, an engine like the drama, capable of influencing so many millions to good or evil, should be left in the hands of the vicious and corrupt. That, as it has existed, and will exist to the end of time in all civilised countries, the common sense and benevolence of the thing was to make it as available to the purposes of virtue as it is now to vice. As to its being at best imperfect, and not without danger to some, that was the fate of all human exertions at good. Our instruments are always imperfect, let our aims or objects be what they may. In the matter of education, for instance, you can never select perfect schoolmasters. You will have many, that with the best intentions will sow the seeds of great vices, and with mistaken notions will excite and cherish passions in children that in time to come must prove the bane

of their happiness. One can effect no good without the possibility of some evil, for which, when one does his utmost to avoid it, he cannot be responsible." Gerald, though he would not admit the applicability of such reasoning, replied to it so slightly as showed what little interest he took in the subject, often dismissing the argument with some little pleasantry and a smile, which made it clear that the time when it could have affected him was gone by. The scruples which had been gradually growing in his mind seemed to assail him only the more acutely as time advanced, and were felt with peculiar force while he was writing the Duke of Monmouth. He complained on one occasion of his inability to manage some particular scene. I recommended him to pay no attention to those scruples, but to follow the bent of his natural feeling, and fling himself fully into the subject. "Oh, but," he said, "that is the difficulty: I don't think one is justified in putting himself into the condition that it requires." I could hardly understand his meaning for some time, and began to make very light of such a notion, until he lost all patience, and said with vehemence, "Oh, but you do not know, you cannot know, the state an author puts himself into in working out such scenes: how can it be right of him to put himself in the position of each particular character, and endeavour to kindle in his own breast all the passions of that character even for the moment?" This reminded me of a saying of, I believe, Johnson's, on the occasion of a question as to whether theatrical performers ever laboured under an illusion as to the reality of their parts: "That if Garrick did really believe himself to be Richard the Third during the progress of the piece, he would deserve to be hanged every time he performed it." Sometimes, when I contrasted these difficulties with the wonderful ease with which he produced the Collegians, and the almost magical facility with which every scene flowed from his pen, he would say, in a fair and easy manner, "Oh,

the Collegians was a story *that used to write itself*." This expression I heard him make use of more than once, but it was one which only proved how light a labour to his imagination was any work upon which he had entered with the quickening impulse of an earnest heart.

A very singular circumstance, and one which may be dismissed in this place, as it seems to have had some relation to, perhaps some influence upon, his religious feelings, was, a kind of presentiment he often had of an early death; sometimes, too, associated with dark and strange forebodings that were quite unaccountable. These fancies seemed to have been connected with the constitutional nervousness already referred to. He never gave expression to them openly, nor does it appear that he attached much weight to them. Such feelings, however, when they depend on constitutional causes, will sometimes affect one with a great degree of force, and the manner in which they are alluded to in pieces of poetry, such as the following, is very singular:

SONNET.

Here, by the shores of my own sunny bay—
  Here, in the shadow of my native bowers,
  Let me wear out, in sweet content, those hours
That bear me gently toward my dying day,
Warring with earth's affections, till the gray
  Of age hath touched my hair, and, passion fled,
  Leaves hope and stingless memory by my bed,
And thoughts of danger quelled and pass'd away
But there's a whispering fear within my breast,
  That fills my mind with many a sad presage,
That breaks Hope's morning beam of peace and rest;
That tells me I must never reach that time
  Of reverend virtue, of victorious age,
But early die in youth, and stained by sudden crime.

In speaking of the circumstances that had led to the changes I have mentioned, I ought, perhaps, to have noticed the occasional repetition of his visits to London, and the contrast between the quiet and secluded life he

led at Pallas Kenry, and the eternal roar and bustle of the great city. "Is'nt it curious? (or is it?)" he writes to his youngest sister on one of those occasions, "that the *last* was the first time I ever cried on leaving home, and I did then plentifully, as the paving stones of Pallas Kenry could attest. Write to me soon. I took it as a sign of the decline of ambition in my heart, and rejoiced at it. I wish it were altogether dead, for it is a passion that has eaten up my happiness (and I fear something more too) for many years; and yet, last year made me think I had the elements of contentment about me, or at least that my desires in life were sufficiently moderate for my prospects." We have seen how pointedly he speaks of this contrast in the extract already given from a letter to his mother. The following verses, addressed to the same sister, will give some idea of the manner in which it affected him:

Seven dreary winters gone and spent,
Seven blooming summers vanish'd too,
Since, on an eager mission bent,
I left my Irish home and you.

How passed those years I will not say;
They cannot be by words renewed—
God wash their sinful parts away!
And blest be he, for all their good!

With even mind, and tranquil breast,
I left my youthful sister then,
And now in sweet religious rest
I see my sister there again.

Returning from that stormy world,
How pleasing is a sight like this!
To see that bark, with canvass furl'd,
Still riding in that port of peace.

Oh, darling of a heart that still,
By earthly joys so deeply trod,
At moments bids it owner feel
The warmth of nature and of God.

Still be his care, in future years,
To learn of thee truth's simple way,
And, free from foundless hopes or fears,
Serenely live, securely pray.

And when our Christmas days are past,
And life's fair shadows faint and dim,
Oh, be my sister heard at last,
When her pure hands are raised for him!

Christmas, 1830.

Such arguments as I have above spoke of were neither frequent nor on all occasions sought by him. It was evident, however, that the feelings they indicated were slowly gaining additional influence over his mind. He became more systematic than ever in the disposal of his time; punctual as the striking of the clock in his hours of rising and retiring to rest; and, singular to say, though his interest in his literary labours had nearly lost all its freshness and force, he went through them each day with a most exact and scrupulous industry, looking on them as his only occupation, and therefore feeling that, as a matter of duty, they ought to be done well. These circumstances were accompanied by a more rigid compliance than ever with all his religious duties. The occupations of the day were conducted with more thoughtfulness than before, and were less interrupted by amusement, but certain hours were as usual devoted to recreation, during which he was as lively and as full of frolic as ever. It was about this time that he undertook the execution of a very beautiful little work, entitled "The Christian Physiologist; or, Tales of the Five Senses," intended to describe in a popular manner the mechanism and use of each sense, and to illustrate every one by the introduction of some appropriate moral tale. The portions of this work which related to the structure and functions of the organs of sense, showed such an intimate knowledge of anatomy and physiology, that many persons imagined they could not have been written without the assistance of some medical man, and

therefore that Dr. Griffin or I must have had some hand in them; but this was so far from being the case, that though we could not help wondering what it was that made him every day pull down our medical books, and give himself so deeply to the study of anatomy, neither of us had the slightest conception what he was at until the work was completed. It was published in the year 1830.

The observations I have made on the change of his feelings with regard to the works of imagination, will explain the almost complete absence of any of the darker traits of passion in his later writings, and the effort there visible to preserve the reader's attention by scenes of a more quiet and gentle bearing, and by various little incidents of a light and lively character. The tranquil and apparently happy kind of life he was now leading made me imagine he was satisfied, and that the scruples he had felt with regard to the employment of his time on works of fiction would gradually wear away, as the utility of his labours began to be more fully appreciated; but to minds such as his, pure, earnest, and sensitive, there is in religion no "via media." Speaking of matters of faith he often said to me, "There is no medium between the Catholic religion and infidelity." In the same way it might be said, that for a disposition like his there was no medium between worldliness and the highest flights of grace. The first additional circumstance that struck me as indicating the progress of his religious feelings was, his bringing together, every Sunday, the poor children of the village, collecting them in a house in our garden, teaching them their catechism, and giving them instructions in religion. In this he spent several hours, and at dinner-time entertained us with many anecdotes that showed their intelligence and acuteness. This charitable employment he continued without interruption during the remainder of our residence at Pallas Kenry. At length he surprised me one

morning by asking me, seriously, if I thought his health was likely to be so restored as to enable him at some future time to embrace the life of a clergyman. I ought to be ashamed to confess that my first unworthy thought was, not the gain to religion, but the loss to literature. I gave him, however, a sincere opinion, saying, that if it continued to improve as it had done for some years, I saw nothing under present appearances to render it impossible. Yet I was startled at the idea of a person of so extremely sensitive and scrupulous a turn of mind subjecting himself, without any apparent necessity, to the awful responsibility attached to the duties of such an office, and I represented this strongly to him. The reasons I offered did not appear to have much weight with him at the time, and he immediately entered upon, and pursued with an industrious zeal, the preparatory course which is necessary before admission to the College of Maynooth, a very extensive one.

As the reader, however, may feel interested in hearing his own sentiments on this momentous subject, I give the following extract from one of his letters to his father, written from Taunton in the year 1833 :

"I owe many letters to America, which I wish I had leisure to write, but at present I have more to do than my health will suffer me to discharge with the necessary expedition. There is one subject, however, my dear father, which I wish no longer to defer speaking of. I mean the desire which I have for a long time entertained of taking orders in the church. God only knows whether I may ever live to carry the wish into execution. I have good reason to judge, however, that at least I do not act rashly in entering on the preparatory studies. They must take some time, and, under the uncertainty in which one must always continue of this being truly a merciful vocation from God, I have the satisfaction of knowing that at all events there is nothing lost by my acting as if it were. My time is divided between my college course of study and my usual pursuits, and I have no doubt that the Almighty, who sees with a thousand faults that I have a sincere desire to execute his will, in his own own time will not fail to make it known to me. To say nothing of the arguments of faith, I do not know any station in life in

which a man can do so much good, both to others and himself, as in that of a Catholic priest, and it gave me great satisfaction to find that my dear friends in America were of the same mind with me on this point. Mary Anne says, truly, that there need be no reserve upon such subjects; yet, for a long time, the idea gave me so much to think of and debate about in my own mind, that I felt unwilling to say anything about it. It could not have found a being more unwilling than myself, nor one more entirely reluctant to make the trifling sacrifices it required; but, thank God! I can shake my head at them all now, and look upon them as literally nothing. But enough, dear father, on that very serious subject, only let all my dear friends pray for me that I may not be deceived. I feel a great security in the approval of so many friends, and how much indeed in the words of my poor mother, (so like herself in their discretion and humility,) which E—— W—— mentioned to me in his last letter. I dread myself so much, that I am unwilling to say all that I could wish, while I have yet advanced so short a way towards this great object, but I hope, before many months have gone by, to be able to talk as freely as dear Mary Anne can wish. How well our Saviour knew us, when he advised those who were about building a tower to calculate beforehand whether they should be able to finish it! Such flashes of thought as this are enough to startle one, and make him work a little harder than he might be inclined to do, if left to himself. My dear father, pray for me that I may not miscalculate—that I may be able to finish the tower which I have begun.

"March 17th, 1833.—The above was written, my dear father, as you perceive, nearly three months ago, and on looking it over now, it seems to me so lukewarm, so wavering, and unworthy of one who had any reason to believe himself called to the service of God, that I am ashamed to send it. I have, however, no longer any doubt that it is my duty to devote myself to religion—to the saving my own soul, and the souls of others. This letter alone, my dear father, may show you, in some degree, that this is not a conviction hastily adopted, nor can I suppose it necessary to enter into any full explanation of all that has passed in my own mind on the subject, in order to save myself from any imputation of rashness, for giving up the affairs of time and embracing those of eternity. To compare the two for an instant is enough. To say that Gerald, the novel-writer, is, by the grace of God, really satisfied to lay aside for ever all hope of that fame for which he was once sacrificing health, repose, and pleasure, and to offer himself as a labourer in the vineyard of Jesus Christ; that literary reputation has become a worthless trifle to him, to whom it once was almost all; and

that he feels a happiness in the thought of giving all to God—is such a merciful favour, that all the fame and riches in the world dwindle into nothing at the thought of it. But this is talking of myself and my own happiness alone. I am not to forget that there were other duties connected with my hopes in literature, which cannot equally be answered in this new vocation. It is true, my dear father, scarcely any circumstance connected with my success in those pursuits could have given me greater satisfaction than the reflection that I was, at the same time, an instrument in the hands of God of adding anything to the temporal happiness of even a few; but, generally speaking, I fear the world is at the bottom of too great precaution on this point. If I serve God well, have I not his own promise that he will not forsake my friends nor me. I feel great pain in speaking on this subject, for I fear it may look as if I wanted sympathy for friends whom God is pleased to try with worldly visitations. God knows such is not my feeling, and I trust I shall always be ready to do my duty when it is made clear to me; but I would wrong their affection, and their faith, if I supposed they did not well know how far the claim of God was before all others, and that it would be to wrong his goodness and mercy to delay entering on his service through an apprehension of worldly evils which he may never mean to send, and which he has it in his power to send in spite of all our worldly precautions. But, surely, all this is obvious, and it is trifling to dwell upon it. My dear sisters will forgive me for concluding this spiritless letter without writing to them. When I get home, I hope to say something more than asking them to pray for me; and that, I hope, will be within the next fortnight, for the book, though ready for press, is not to be published till next season.

Ever my dear father's affectionate,

GERALD GRIFFIN."

I have thrown together, for the purpose of completing this part of the subject, changes which were effected step by step, and took some time in their accomplishment. Among the little pieces of poetry which from time to time indicated the prevailing turn of his mind, were the following. The first of them was, I believe, written about the close of the year 1830, and appears to have been suggested by the circumstance of a near relative of his, an accomplished young person of the most sparkling and playful disposition, having retired to a convent

THE SISTER OF CHARITY.

She once was a lady of honour and wealth,
Bright glowed on her features the roses of health;
Her vesture was blended of silk and of gold,
And her motion shook perfume from every fold.
Joy revelled around her—love shone at her side,
And gay was her smile as the glance of a bride,
And light was her step in the mirth-sounding hall.
When she heard of the daughters of Vincent de Paul.

She felt in her spirit the summons of grace
That called her to live for her suffering race,
And, heedless of pleasure, of comfort, of home,
Rose quickly, like Mary, and answered "I come."
She put from her person the trappings of pride,
And passed from her home with the joy of a bride,
Nor wept at the threshold as onward she moved,
For her heart was on fire in the cause it approved.

Lost ever to fashion—to vanity lost
That beauty that once was the song and the toast,
No more in the ball-room that figure we meet,
But gliding at dusk to the wretch's retreat.
Forgot in the halls is that high-sounding name,
For the Sister of Charity blushes at fame;
Forgot are the claims of her riches and birth,
For she barters for heaven the glory of earth.

Those feet that to music could gracefully move,
Now bear her alone on her mission of love;
Those hands that once dangled the perfume and gem
Are tending the helpless, or lifted for them;
That voice that once echoed the song of the vain,
Now whispers relief to the bosom of pain;
And the hair that was shining with diamond and pearl
Is wet with the tears of the penitent girl.

Her down-bed a pallet—her trinkets a bead,
Her lustre—one taper, that serves her to read,
Her sculpture—the crucifix nailed by her bed,
Her painting—one print of the thorn-crowned head,
Her cushion—the pavement that wearies her knees,
Her music—the psalm or the sigh of disease.
The delicate lady lives mortified there,
And the feast is forsaken for fasting and prayer.

Yet not to the service of heart and of mind
Are the cares of that heaven-minded virgin confined;
Like him whom she loves, to the mansions of grief,
She hastes with the tidings of joy and relief;

She strengthens the weary, she comforts the weak,
And soft is her voice in the ear of the sick;
Where want and affliction on mortals attend
The Sister of Charity *there* is a friend.

Unshrinking, where pestilence scatters his breath,
Like an angel she moves 'midst the vapours of death;
Where rings the loud musket, and flashes the sword,
Unfearing she walks, for she follows her Lord.
How sweetly she bends o'er each plague-tainted face,
With looks that are lighted with holiest grace!
How kindly she dresses each suffering limb,
For she sees in the wounded the image of him!

Behold her, ye worldly!—behold her, ye vain!
Who shrink from the pathway of virtue and pain,
Who yield up to pleasure your nights and your days,
Forgetful of service—forgetful of praise.
Ye lazy philosophers, self-seeking men—
Ye fire-side philanthropists, great at the pen—
How stand in the balance, your eloquence, weighed
With the life and the deeds of that high-born maid!

TO OUR FRIENDS IN MILTOWN, AUGUST 11, 1830.

O'BRAZIL.

A spectre island said to be sometimes visible on the verge of the western horizon, from the Isles of Arran.

On the ocean that hollows the rocks where ye dwell,
A shadowy land has appeared, as they tell;
Men thought it a region of sunshine and rest,
And they called it O'Brazil, the isle of the blest.
From year unto year, on the ocean's blue rim,
The beautiful spectre show'd lovely and dim,
The golden clouds curtain'd the deep where it lay,
And it looked like an Eden, away, far away.

A peasant who heard of the wonderful tale,
In the breeze of the Orient loosened his sail,
From Ara the holy, he turn'd to the west,
For though Ara was holy, O'Brazil was blest.
He heard not the voices that called from the shore,
He heard not the rising winds' menacing roar,
Home, kindred, and safety he left on that day,
And he sped to O'Brazil, away, far away!

Morn rose on the deep, and that shadowy isle
On the faint rim of distance reflected its smile ;
Noon burned on the wave, and that shadowy shore
Seemed lovelily distant and faint as before ;
Lone evening came down on the wanderer's track,
And to Ara again he look'd timidly back,
Oh ! far on the verge of the ocean it lay,
Yet the isle of the blest was away, far away.

Rash dreamer, return ! O, ye winds of the main,
Bear him back to his own peaceful Ara again ;
Rash fool ! for a vision of fanciful bliss,
To barter thy calm life of labour and peace.
The warning of reason was spoken in vain,
He never revisited Ara again ;
Night fell on the deep amid tempest and spray,
And he died in the waters, away, far away !

To you, gentle friends, need I pause to reveal
The lesson of prudence my verses conceal ?
How the phantom of pleasure, seen distant in youth,
Oft lures a weak heart from the circle of truth.
All lovely it seems, like that shadowy isle,
And the eye of the wisest is caught by its smile ;
But ah ! for the heart it has tempted to stray
From the sweet home of duty, away, far away !

Poor friendless adventurer ! vainly might he
Look back to green Ara along the wild sea ;
But the wandering heart has a guardian above,
Who, though erring, remembers the child of his love.
Oh ! who at the proffer of safety would spurn,
When all that he asks is the will to return,
To follow a phantom from day unto day,
And die in the tempest, away, far away !

The following beautiful lines of Gerald Griffin, are in illustration of a seal, representing a mariner in a tempestuous ocean who reclines in his bark, with his eye fixed on a distant star, with the motto—

"SI JE TE PERDS, JE SUIS PERDU.

Shine on, thou bright beacon,
Unclouded and free,
From thy high place of calmness,
O'er life's troubled sea !
Its morning of promise,
Its smooth seas are gone,
And the billows rave wildly—
Then bright one shine on

The wings of the tempest
May rise o'er thy ray,
But tranquil thou smilest,
Undimm'd by its sway,
High, high o'er the worlds
Where storms are unknown,
Thou dwellest, all beauteous,
All glorious, alone.

From the deep womb of darkness
The lightning flash leaps,
O'er the bark of my fortune
Each mad billow sweeps;
From the port of her safety
By warring winds driven,
Had no light o'er her course
But yon lone one of heaven.

Yet fear not, thou frail one
The hour may be near,
When our own sunny headlands
Far off shall appear;
When the voice of the storm
Shall be silent and past,
In some island of heaven
We may anchor at last.

But, bark of Eternity,
Where art thou now?
The tempest wave shrieks
O'er each plunge of thy prow,
On the world's dreary ocean
Thus shattered and lost—
Then, lone one, shine on,
If I lose thee, I'm lost.

But it was not in compositions such as these, the great revolution that had taken place was perceptible. From the moment it became at all decisive, he showed the greatest anxiety to make amends for anything in the least degree disedifying that could have occurred during his previous intercourse with his friends. The reader will remember the admission, made in the note to the preface of the Christian Physiologist already given, as well as in one of his letters to Mr. Banim. I have already alluded to others, which I now subjoin, which

are of the same character, and, with the exception of the first, have not been published before. These interesting letters were kindly placed in my hands, since the publication of the first edition of this memoir, by a sister of the friend to whom they were addressed, a lady whom Gerald once had had the pleasure of meeting in society in Dublin, and of whom he gives such a lively and animated description in a letter to his sister Lucy, to be found in a previous part of this volume. There is something highly characteristic and touching in these letters. The affectionate attachment that moved him to hold so strongly in view his friend's eternal interests beyond all others—the duty of reparation he felt he owed him—his exaggerated expressions regarding his own share in the errors he condemns—the tenderness with which he enters on the subject, uncertain how his approaches would be received—and his unbounded transport and happiness on finding he had given no offence—all indicate a friendship as pure and unstained by earthly feeling as it is rare. It would appear by the date of the first of them, as well as by that of the one to Mr. Banim, that they were written long before the publication of the Collegians, another proof, if any such were wanting, that his renewed devotion to religion was not the result of disappointment, but had gained considerable strength while his reputation as a writer of fiction was still rapidly on the increase.

Pallas Kenry, February, 1828.

My dear ——,—I have to thank you for your friendly letter, which I received on Friday. From the intention which I knew you entertained of coming to Ireland, I supposed that you were amongst us (though I saw you not) in the interval between it and my last. You do not mention all that I should wish to hear of your present occupation. Are you still in *the house?* and do you yet represent the Ledger in that awful assembly? In all the wonderful changes which have lately agitated the public mind, I have heard nothing of the *ins* and *outs* in the gallery. Let an old reporter, who has his agreeable as well as trouble-

some recollections associated with that spot, know something of its revolutions.

Your letter found me much improved in health, and looking forward to a pleasant summer. I am taking matters easy—that is to say, I curb my inclination to work, and restrict myself to a certain space of time in the day, never taking a pen in hand after dinner, though that was formerly the time when I wrote with most pleasure to myself. Never did mortal, I think, profit so much by the scourge of criticism. For some time it would have amused you to see the difficulty which I felt in putting a sentence together. I trembled at the idea of stretching a period beyond the compass even of abruptness, and became as lucid and as short-spoken as an auctioneer; so that my story promised to resemble a string of beads, given in clear separate small bits, with the coarse thread of a narration running through the middle. But, as I proceed, this feeling wears away, and a more moderate caution remains. One thing, however, is wholly departed from my soul, and never may it return—my hurry—my disposition to jump to a conclusion—I am well cured of that—so I ought.

I forgot to mention to you that I had seen a Life of Raleigh here some years since in a very old edition. I don't know the name of the biographer, but I suppose you must be acquainted with the author who treated the subject. There is a history which the world wants—a history which would do service to a people, and confer immortality on a historian (if properly executed). If I had even a moderate degree of talent—and with the talent the opportunity, the industry, (*that* I should command, however, I think,) the wisdom requisite for a good historian, I would undertake it in preference to any work whatsoever—I mean, as you may conjecture, a history of Ireland. I grant you that there is nothing, at first sight, alluring in the subject. The poor wretched country has but a miserable and shocking succession of follies, excesses, and tyrannies to offer. There is no brilliant drama in her history—no gradual progression from obscurity to an extensive influence among the nations of the world—dazzling the mind by the contemplation of prodigious power, and saddening it by the solemn grandeur and magnificence of her decay. But is there not something to excite the interest and arouse the energy of an historian in the detail of centuries consumed in suffering, in vain remonstrance, and idle though desperate struggles for a change? Are there not men who would feel a *pleasure* in painting the convulsions of a powerful people, labouring under a nightmare for ten centuries? I have not space to say half what I would argue upon the subject, that I should like to see the task performed—per-

formed faithfully and truly—to hear the truth told—the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

I agree with you entirely in your opinion of the Boswellian mode of biography—it is very dishonest—very base, and full of evil consequences. But I am a believer, my dear ——, and I confess to you, I cannot avoid seeing the hand of a Providence in the circumstances which have thus enabled the world (which might have been deluded by the fineness of his genius, and the external attractions of his character) to contemplate with open eyes that most edifying spectacle, a philosopher unveiled. Look into (an author you cannot but admire) Massillon's sermons on infidelity, and you will find there a portrait (by anticipation) of Leigh Hunt's Lord Byron—at least some of those apparently irreconcileable features which I have seen; for I have not had an opportunity of reading more than a few lines from Hunt's book—such, for instance, as the strange mixture of superstition and infidelity. Byron, then, it appears (I hope I may canvass freely that character, which is now become public)—Byron, the grand and daring soul (I speak it not in mockery, for you know I admire his genius)—Byron, who courageously broke asunder the bonds, the unworthy restrictions that religion imposed upon the human mind, and went in quest of knowledge for himself—whose speculations, borrowed speculations too, dazzled one part of his countrymen and shocked and disgusted the other—that Byron, that lofty towering spirit, whose "pride not a world could bow," into what a figure have the *confessions* and *revealments* of later days occasioned him to shrink! A timid, cowardly, selfish, vain, and—what else? You have seen the picture—I speak not of the man, but of the picture, which is placed before us by his *friend?* I believe Byron's opinion changed—I hope so; and his last words *have* a meaning: "Perhaps I am not as unfit to die as people think."

At all events, my dear ——, (forgive the freedom of an old friend, whose confidence you have drawn upon yourself,) let not you or I encourage ourselves in any peculiarities of opinion by the example of a person who is said to be capable of follies that we would more naturally look for in an old woman. *Supposing* Byron's opinions were wrong, is it not an unfortunate circumstance that he should at once give up any portion of his belief on the authority of another person, who told him (if he did tell him, very erroneously) that there was nothing said of a future state in the Old Testament? He takes the assertion for granted—never refers to the book in question, but makes that an argument for his infidelity—re-asserts and exaggerates what he had heard. On so momentous a point, to use your own ex-

pression, did not this show at least some indolence? One word more on this exposé. Is this, then, that constellation of geniuses who seemed to be bound by so amicable a league for the improvement and edification of mankind? Is that brilliant circle indeed fallen so low, and dispersed so widely in affection? Is it they, indeed, whom we thus hear reviling each other living, and spitting on each other's graves when dead? Look on the side of religion, and say whether such blasting exposure takes place among her votaries — whether her friendships are as false and hollow, and her judgments so unsparing and so uncharitable? I know you to be capable of appreciating the contrast.

On the question of Warburton—(since we have fallen into the disquisition, by whatever accident, we may as well pursue it a moment)—I do not mean to say (for I am not informed on the subject) that there could have been no doubt among the Jews of the resurrection, for one sect, the Sadducees, disbelieved it (against the sense of their brethren), and our Saviour found it necessary, with *that sect only*, to combat the doctrine of nonexistence after death, by that which He has said, that "God *is* the God of Abraham, of Isaac," &c., and that he was not "the God of the dead, but of the living." I know that our Saviour was the first who preached the doctrine of the spirit in preference to the law; but, even with my limited knowledge of the Scriptures, I can point out many instances in the Old Testament where the doctrine of a future state *is distinctly* asserted; and in the Pentateuch (the principal subject, I suspect, of Warburton's book) there are plain indications, at least, of the same belief; for instance, in addition to that which you question, in the canticle of Moses—Deuteronomy, chap. xxxii., 28, 29—this passage occurs: "They are a nation without counsel, and without wisdom. Oh, that they would be wise and would understand, and *would provide for their last end!*" Why for their *last* end? Is not this an *indication* at least! I have not read the books, and light on these passages by accident. Before I disbelieved, I would think it my duty to read the whole with attention, after solemn preparation, fervent prayer, an humble resignation of my own worldly interest and my own *unassisted* judgment into the hands of the Divine Author of the book, and a determination to give up *all* for the truth, when I would have found it. I'm so strongly reminded here of a passage in Massillon on the certainty of a future state, that I hope you will forgive my quoting it. Far be it from me, my dear ——, to obtrude any ostentatious sermonising upon you; but, as you admit me to your friendship, and as I have given you the benefit of sentiments, and an example, the memory of

which has since filled me with sorrow, I trust you will now bear with your old friend, and hear his altered opinions, even although they should be wearisome to you. The passage is this—it is an answer to the preacher's own question. "How has the uncertainty of a future state been formed in the mind of the unbeliever?" "At his birth," he says, "the impious man bore the principles of natural religion, common to all men. He found written on his heart a law, which forbade violence, injustice, treachery, and every action to another which he would not have done to himself. Education fortified these sentiments of nature, which taught to know a God, to love and to fear him—virtue was shown to him in the rules, it was rendered amiable to him in the example; and, though within himself he felt inclinations in opposition to duty, yet, when he yielded to their seductions, his heart secretly espoused the cause of virtue against his own weakness. Thus did the impious man first live on earth; with the rest of mankind, he adored a Supreme Being, respected his laws, dreaded his chastisements, and expected his promises. Whence comes it then that he no longer acknowledges a God? that crimes appear to him as human policies—hell a vulgar prejudice—a future state, a chimera—and the soul, a spark, which is extinguished with the body? By what exertion has he attained to the knowledge of things so new and so surprising? By what means has he succeeded in ridding himself of those ancient prejudices, so rooted amongst men—so consistent with the feelings of his heart and the lights of reason? Has he searched into, and maturely examined them? Has he adopted every solid precaution which an affair, the most important of life, requires? Has he withdrawn himself from the commerce of men, in solitude, to allow time for reflection and duty? Has he purified his heart, lest the passions may have misled him? What anxious attention and solicitude to investigate the truth are required to reject the first feelings which the soul has imbibed! Listen, my brethren, and adore the justice of God on these corrupted hearts whom he delivered up to the vanity of their own judgment. In proportion as his manners became dissolute, the rules have appeared suspicious; in proportion as he became debased, he has endeavoured to persuade himself that man is as the beast. He is become impious only by shutting up every avenue that might lead him to the truth, by no longer regarding religion as an important concern, by searching into it only for the purpose of dishonouring it by blasphemous and sacrilegious witticisms. It is by that path he has attained to the wonderful and sublime science of unbelief; it is to those grand efforts that he owes the discovery of a truth, of which the rest of men before him had

either been ignorant, or had detested." You need go to no sermon next Sunday, after reading this letter. Forgive me, my dear ——; I have not talents for argument, but I wish you well

GERALD GRIFFIN.

7, Gloucester-place. Camden Town,
January 13th, 1830.

MY DEAR——, — I went to the Museum on Monday, expecting to find you there, but was disappointed. I wished to have seen you for more than one reason, but, so far as I am myself concerned, it is perhaps better I did not, as I can better say what I wished in the form of a letter. It is only for once I wish ever again to mention the subject, and for once therefore I request you to hear me.

You may remember a long letter which I wrote you two years since. Since our acquaintance has re-commenced this winter. I have observed, with frequent pain, that not much (if the slightest) change has taken place in your opinions on the only important subject on earth. Within the last few weeks I have been thinking a great deal upon this subject, and my conscience reproaches me, that you may have found in the worldliness of my own conduct and conversation, reason to suppose that my religious convictions had not taken that deep hold of my heart and mind which they really have. I will tell you what convinced me of this. I have compared our interviews this winter with the conversations we used to hold together when my opinions were unsettled, and my principles (if they deserved the name) detestable, and though there may be somewhat more decency at present, I am uneasy at the thought, that the whole tenor of my conduct, such as it has appeared to you, was far from that of one who lived purely and truly for Heaven and for religion. The fact was this: Last summer I took up an idea, acquired in moments of negligence, that I should act wisely by indulging somewhat more freely in the spirit of society, by assuming the gaiety of innocence, enjoying to a considerable extent the pleasure which nature and society afford me, and substituting a religious practice of greater external cheerfulness for the laborious and penitential one which my conscience told me I ought to pursue. Experience has shown me that I was wholly in error, that I was forming to myself a false conscience, which was rapidly and secretly conducting me back to all the horrors of my former life, and that whatever may be true of those who have always lived in the practice of the true faith, nothing remains for me but labour, penitence, and retire-

ment. In this conviction, and the resolutions which it suggests, I find peace and hope, and only in them. Do not suppose that it is solitude or lonely habits of thinking which bring these serious thoughts into my mind. The more I see of society and of life, the more they become stamped upon my reason. Whether the Almighty will enable me to act up to them or no, I am most grateful to Him for having opened my eyes to my danger, and it is my gratitude to Him, as well as my friendship, my real, sincere, unalterable goodwill towards you, that urges me to this perfect unbosoming of my thoughts; for the thoughts of eternity, in the greater number of instances, ought not to be made the subject of any light correspondence or discourse. How can I, in common reason, judge otherwise than I do of myself? When I look back to our conversations, what do I find them but a tissue of self-conceited and self-complacent sentiments—of mutual self-deceptions—of sneers at our fellow-creatures—of everything that is the reverse of humility and religious charity? while the very best part of our discourse consists of disquisitions on a subject on which I have learned to consider wilful doubt a crime. All these things together convince me that I can hardly live in the world with safety, and I am endeavouring, with an aching heart, to make up my mind to resign every object here, except that of pursuing my literary habits in the bosom of my family. Believe me, ——, that my personal regard for you is in no degree lessened by these thoughts, and you shall always find me ready to do for you the duty of a friend. I do not ask you, nor even wish you, to answer this, because I fear you could not now return any answer that would give me real satisfaction. I only wish that you should fully understand my feelings on the subject, as it is probable that in our future correspondence or conversation you will hear little or nothing of it. I entreat you to pardon the length of this letter, and to *reflect* upon these subjects, after the necessary preparation of thought, and feeling, and intention. I return you the Camera Lucida which you lent me, with many thanks, and am your sincere friend,

GERALD GRIFFIN.

I intended to send the Camera with this, but am obliged to send it off by post, so that I will give you the former when we meet.

If there be anything in the above which strikes you as showing too free an interference in a question which concerns you in so intimate a manner, let me request your forgiveness, my dear ——, and believe that it is a real interest in your welfare —an esteem for many good qualities which you possess, and not

any presumptuous desire of intruding on the secrets of your heart, that dictates it. Believe me, there is no one at this moment that wishes you better, or that is more ready to show his friendship for you in any way whatever that his duty will allow him. Your friend,

GERALD GRIFFIN.

Pallas Kenry, August 17th, 1830.

MY DEAR ——.—Now on the very day that you have named for your departure from Kells, I have received your kind and friendly invitation to meet you for the first time upon Irish soil. I wish, sincerely wish, that it were in my power to see you before your return to London, even though it were but for the hour's conversation, but were you not faithless in not letting me know your intention of coming to Ireland? in not finding some way of securing to me what would be a pleasure to enjoy and to remember until my next trip to London at least? I wrote to you about a week since, but I suppose you had left London before my letter reached it.

To account for my not receiving yours earlier than to-day, I must tell you that I only returned to Limerick yesterday evening after an absence of some days. I will not spend any time in asking myself or you why it was that your letter gave me so much pleasure; I will not "do a bit of Werter," as you express it, neither; I will only tell you plainly, my dear friend, that your letter gave me great, great pleasure. It was a happy letter, and I felt more gratified than I can easily express to you at your remembering me at such a time. Ah, ——, I do not want to prose nor to sentimentalise any more than you do yourself; but you must not prevent me from telling you that the sentiments, the feeling, of that letter were delicious. It was like a burst of sunshine upon our friendship, and I took it with something of the feeling with which one might receive a gift from Heaven. I wish you were not to return to London—not again to lead the life of uncertain labour, which for so long a time was injurious to us both; and I feel at hearing you say you are to start again on Tuesday, after the delightful account you give of your week at home, almost as I would if I saw a valued friend returning to a plague city, after having escaped for a time into a pure and healthy air. But though we cannot meet, can you not write your thoughts? can you not write freely to me? and can I not answer you as freely? I have often wished for some such intercourse, but was unwilling to propose it first, lest you might have thought, from the inequality of our education, and our attainments in useful knowledge, that I was

at all presumptuous; but, after all, the sincere feelings of every mind, except ill-intentioned ones, are worth communicating.

"What am I doing?" I am studying Irish history very closely, and hope to have it in my power to turn it to some useful account. My brother desires to be remembered to you. Your letter brought to my recollection a little rhyme of his, which, as you liked the last so much, I will send you in my next letter, if you do not forbid me in the mean time.

Ever, my dear ——,
Your friend,
GERALD GRIFFIN

DEAR ——,—I am sorry I was not at home to your call on Sunday. I must apologise to Mr. W—— when I see him for not visiting him sooner. I was about to do so, when I was prevented by a letter from home bearing unpleasant intelligence It informed me of the death of my mother, whose affection, unwearying in absence, whose high principle and strength of mind, remain (although I have not seen her for near twelve years) as fresh in my recollection as if it were only yesterday I beheld her sailing for America. It well might, for, far as we were asunder, I was never without the proofs of it. Never, never indeed, will her loss be replaced to me, nor to any friend in whom she ever took an interest.

I perceive by the papers that your friend C—— is no more You see, my dear ——, we must take care of ourselves.

Ever, your friend,
GERALD GRIFFIN.

There is something affecting and beautiful in the tenderness of his retrospections about this period. "Nothing is more commonplace, either in prose or poetry," he says in a letter to his mother, "than for those who live in the bustle of the world to wish for some quiet little retreat in a lonely wild, where, free from cares, &c.,—at the same time that, if the truth was known, they had rather die than give up their darling turmoil, so that I shall not burden my mother with this sentiment at present; but I will tell her, that I often long to see her, that I often think of her with gratitude and affection, and that the longer I live the deeper do I value her early love and care. How can I live so near Fairy

Lawn without thinking of those evenings in which I sat reading to her a chapter in a useful book, while she went on with her knitting by the fireside? Indeed I hope, whether those scenes are to be repeated or not, that I may never think of them with coldness.

The following extract is from one written to a nephew of his, who lived in New York:

"My year's work is done, my third series ready for the press, and I start this week or next for London. I detest the voyage heartily, and would subscribe a tale with great pleasure to a presentment for building a bridge across to Bristol; for, without any figure of speech at all, I am always sick of the steamboat. I like those pieces which were transcribed in some of your letters very much; but I have got such a cobbling feeling about literature since I began to make my regular winter bargains, that I am hardly a fit judge of such things, and do not enjoy them half so much as those who do not make a trade of it. Anything but literature for *me* in the way of amusement. Ah, my dear fellow! times were different when I used to pull out my pocket full of manuscripts with you on a sunshiny day, on the banks of the Adare river, and read through a tragedy or farce, with the parts ready cast for Kean or Liston, and no delay but to get them acted and printed as fast as possible. *Then* I would have thought it profanation to talk of Mammon and Melpomone together, and I sauntered by the silent river—my bosom filled with a gentle enthusiasm, and my imagination giddy with the prospect of future triumphs in the career of dramatic renown. There they all lie now—the productions of those lofty hours, a heap of tragedies, comedies, and farces, all innocent of the sight of a stranger's eye, a monument of the egregious folly of young men who start off for London in the hope of accomplishing, by the mere force of natural ability, what neither acquirement, nor genius, nor learning itself can effect, without the aid of time and experience, and what, in the greatest number of instances all these united cannot bring to pass."

In another letter, addressed to the same relative in the following year, he says:

"As for the laborious part of the profession you are adopting," (the law,) "there is none that has not its drudgery, and, perhaps, it is as well they should. *Rien sans peine* is as serious a maxim as if it was not a French one, and I doubt

whether much less of more labour went to the composition of Lallah Rookh than to the compiling of Phillips's book on evidence. Yes, my dear J——, the dust of the reading-desk and the gloom of the library corner are necessary to a poet, ay, and even to a novel writer, no less than to a lawyer; and I know somebody whose burnt fingers could bear witness to this, if he did not think it better to hold his tongue and try to improve. Not that I think the gentleman would admit that this, or any other circumstance of the kind, would occasion him much uneasiness; but there is an old English maxim, not a whit less true than the French one, that if a thing be worth doing at all it is worth doing well. I am working away like a hero at a new book, and in better spirits than I have been in for years, because I have at last discovered a clue to contentment, which I sadly wanted before,—that a man need not fear disappointment in this world, provided he does not care too much whether he is disappointed or not."

I proceed with the correspondence which has been interrupted by these observations. Though his subsequent letters occasionally indicate a greater seriousness than former ones, as well as habits of life still more retired, it will be perceived that there was no diminution of the warmth of that affection which he always felt for his friends, nor of that lively, playful, *abandon* manner, which makes some of them so interesting. Most of these letters are without a date, but I give them, I believe, pretty much in the order in which they were written.

To Mr. ——.

My dear J.,—I am obliged to you for your kind and friendly letter, and for the high value which you set upon a very slight mark of my remembrance of the many kindnesses which I have received from you and from your family.

The last part of your letter gave me pain, for you have entirely misapprehended what I wrote. Be assured, my dear friend, that I did not intend you should infer that because I hoped to see you often when you were alone I should not be glad to see your family also, or that my friendship for them was less than for yourself. I am aware that both to you and L—— my conduct for some time past has appeared wrong, and, perhaps, ungrateful. Although I do not think it my duty to speak

freely with you (without your express desire) of the principles on which I have acted, yet the intimacy which subsisted between us last year, and the sincere friendship which I retain for you and for every member of your family, render it, I believe, necessary that I should offer some explanation. Above all, you will not consider what I say obtrusive, when you remember that it was your own misapprehension that drew it from me. It is true that my time is not, nor cannot be, allotted as formerly, but it is equally true, that, whatever may appear, there is no loss of friendship nor of gratitude on my part towards you all, and that nothing in this world would give me greater happiness than the having it in my power to spend as much time in your society as formerly; but I felt, strongly felt, that I could not do so consistently with my other obligations; and have I not before told you, that they and you are not the only friends from whom I felt myself obliged to withdraw a large portion of my time? Did I not tell you that I visited at R——d oftener than amongst my near relations? I do not wonder you should think me cold; but, believe me, that you deeply err in thinking so. I know well that I must appear so; but I know well also, that it was my duty to act as I have done; and I hope the time may come when you will all see this as plainly as it appears to my own mind. No, my dear friend, there has not been the slightest diminution of the regard which I felt for you and for all who are dear to you; but my education and my reason both teach me, that, in living as I have done in retirement, I have acted on the wisest principles for the regulation of my own mind; and, however we may differ on other points, I am sure you will allow that to be our first duty here. I have nothing more to say in explanation; that I have acted right I feel. I feel also, that there is not a member of your family whom I do not love with the affection of a relative; and all I ask on your part is, however you may think my conduct excessive or censurable, that you will feel confidence in my having a right intention. Give me that confidence without any reserve, and you will secure a sincere and most grateful friend. Yours affectionately,

GERALD GRIFFIN.

To Mrs. ——.

MY DEAR L.,—I have written so long a letter to J——, that I cannot detain the car to write a long one to you. I return your "Remains" with many and kind thanks. I have not read it, however, nor have I time to do so. Ah! how I wish you were living here near us; here—where, with all our marsh and rubbish of falling walls and dirty streets, we have peace and

quietness, at any rate; where you will find no well-read gentleman defending the morality of Don Juan; nor any married ladies *blue* enough to be surprised when they hear Milton censured for coarseness, when they hear an admirer of his genius lament that he should ever, in his detail of the Eden life of Adam and Eve, have lost sight of that

"Truth, wisdom, sanctitude *severe* and pure,"

with which, as with a celestial glory, he surrounds him in his first description of their appearance in the garden. I am sure, L——, if ever you take the trouble to read "Paradise Lost" again, you will, you cannot but agree with me in feeling, that there are passages in it which had better, much better, not have been written, and that his pictures of terrestrial happiness are often as reprehensible as his images on celestial intercourse are flat and shocking and familiar.

As for the poem on the Siamese Twins, though you or I might read it perhaps without injury, yet I decidedly and severely condemn it, as, in parts at least, calculated in the highest degree to fan and excite a passion which needs no stimulus whatever amongst the mass of mankind—a passion which, in my poor thought, has done more to sow misery on earth than the scourge of war has ever done to amend it. Don't, my friend, don't give the meed of your applause (and you know your praise or censure has extensive influence in your circle) to those love poems, love stories, and love plays; and make it a point to condemn any book which tends to inflame what is already but too ready to take fire.

Do not be hurt at any time by my telling you the truth. It is the part of a friend to do so, and the friendship which the touch of truth dissolves can only have been linked by falsehood. Such is not ours, I hope. I feel that we both have some love of virtue; and it is on that, and that alone, I ever desire any attachment of mine should be founded.

Well, and now moralising apart, was I not very good while I was at C——? Did I not eat anything and everything I was offered, gooseberries and all, except on the fast-day? and then you know I couldn't do it. Mrs. Primrose, L——, made the best gooseberry fool, or wine, I believe, in the world. "*Pugh!*" I hear you say. "Mrs. Primrose!" Don't be so mighty grand —because you have a bit of an imagination, and write (I do confess) delicious poetry—don't sneer at Mrs. Primrose. I assure you, L——, I prefer Mrs. Primrose, any day, to old *Aunt Western*, though it must be allowed Aunt Western had a very great taste for politics.

Josey and I made a great omission to-day. We forgot his "Animated Nature" and Spelling Book in the drawer of a dressing-table, in what you were pleased to call my room. You can send them by the messenger who is to bring his box. Believe me, dear L——, affectionately yours,

GERALD GRIFFIN.

The following accompanied a cup made out of a cocoa-nut, neatly carved and bound in silver:

To the same.

Monday night.

MY DEAR L.,—I thank you for your handsome present; but you must not make me such handsome ones in future. It is being too generous; and surely I might remind you of your own sentiment in saying that such tokens of friendship are not necessary. I have given little, and have some claim, then, to request your acceptance of a cup, which you must not fail to find some use for on every first of May at least. With the warmest wishes for the health and happiness of all to whom you wish well, I am, my dear L——, your affectionate friend,

GERALD GRIFFIN.

To the same.

DEAR L.,—Did you ever, *in all your born days*, see such a scrap of paper to write upon? But there is no letter-paper in the house, and this will do as well as any to say how is L——? and I, great and mighty I, am well. Thanks, thanks, for the sweet poem; but why did you delay it? and why, when you sent it, did it come "curtailed of its fair proportions, deformed, unfinished, sent before its ——;" no, no, not sent before its time, but still with several of the verses wanting? Did I not read many more in the little book? Send me the others with all the expedition in life, or I'll fill you with lead. 'Tis a nasty, dirty, rainy morning, isn't it? Why didn't you write to me for a whole fortnight? Did you read Stanley's speech, eh? There's what I call liberality: it's really very fine. Erin go bragh—she's getting on gloriously. In three years, Catholic Emancipation, Reform, and the Kildare-street squad knocked on the head. Hoop-whishk! that'll do. What makes O'Connell say she's driving to sea like a vessel under bare poles? She isn't, but spanking along like a steamer. Talking of bare poles, I see the Russians are almost beat. How are all the little doves? I'm glad poor Joe is getting on so well. Here has Matt been launching out in elegant praise of poetry and poets, till I have

almost longed to be one myself. Well, Sergeant Lefroy, if you don't beat cockfighting, it's no matter. Only think of that hero to get up and declare, that it was his sincere opinion the great body of the Irish people approved of the Kildare squad. What won't a man say after that? Did you hear from T—— lately? What do you say to the Whigs now? Shy enough, in truth, but surely that speech is something. Did you read Shiel on Stanley? I don't like such talk. A boy hot from school would hardly talk such vapid stuff. He shouldn't go on so like a play-actor showman. The Catholic clergy are not heroes of romance; Stanley is not Barbarossa; nor are the Whig Ministry a divan of playhouse senators, wearing their "properties" for a pound a-week. But let me do him justice. Where the subject suits his style, he is a fine, rattling, tearing little fellow, full of fire and effect; and I have no doubt but some occasion will yet arise, even in the house, in which he will distinguish himself. What folly it is of those who oppose the yeomanry, to be urging their barbarity as a ground for disarming them? Surely the ministry like the bit of terror that's about them. They should stick to the better argument, their inefficiency and cowardice, shouldn't they? Dear L——, farewell; ever thy

GERALD GRIFFIN.

To the same.

Pallas Kenry, Wednesday.

MY DEAR L..—I return your *Examiner*, with many thanks. How are you? How is S——? How is J——? How is Joe and all the little pets? I think I could almost pet them myself for the sake of having them again.

Dear Madam Fidelity—dear, dear Madam Fidelity, with the running hound, what makes you so cross and silent? Ah! but poor L—— is ill. Well, I'm too lonesome to scold you, and, besides, I'm *determined* not to scold a human being for two months, until I have my three volumes complete; and oh! L——, it requires a *power* of gaiety of heart to keep a story afloat down three long volumes. Oh! L——, rejoice that your stars have not made you a novel-writer. Whenever I feel myself getting cross, thinking of everything, instead of scolding people, wouldn't it be a good plan to keep a big stick near me, and begin *walloping* the wall or something of the kind, till I'm tired? Talking of walls, we move to-day.

Limerick, 7 o'clock.

There's a jump! The above was written in Pallas, when William came into my room, and packed me off to town to take

care of Lucy. I wish to my heart you would make your friends on the continent have done with their *kick-ups* for one winter. My publishers write me word that last year was a very bad season for novels, and that they are glad I put off my book till autumn next. I have a mind to wait till this business is over between the Poles and Russians. If the contest lasts another year I'm done for. Wasn't it the *cranky* Dean Swift said his bookseller advised him to publish in case turnips should be plentiful? If there's to be any more *liberty* next year, I might as well throw my cap at it.

Adieu. When am I to get your long promised letter? When you like, dear L——, only remember always your friend,

GERALD GRIFFIN.

To the same.

DEAR L.,—In the first place, how are you to-day? The next time you come to Pallas, I intend not only to get ill, but not to ask you to see me before you go. However, I forgive you in consideration of yesterday's visit.

Will you accept the enclosed pictures, some of which are a long time threatened, and the others have been added, to while away the first lonesome days of Josey's absence? All I stipulate about them is, that since I have had the executing of them already, I have to have the hanging of them also in whatever corner it may please your highness to dispose of them. I should recommend a shady one, as it will harmonise better with the colouring; for you may see

> "My fields are very, very green,
> My skies are very blue."

Dan modestly gives it as his opinion, that "what they are principally defective in is the colouring." Defective! thinks I in my own mind. Will you show me a place I could put paint upon, that I didn't do it, and plenty too? Lucy (in bed) had the politeness to say, that it was very well I brought them in by candlelight, and Will likes Pallas Kenry best. But what proves the criticism unjust is, that it has been principally directed against the colouring—the very thing, of all others, that I was most liberal of, I assure you. Good-bye; God bless you! Mind what I tell you: the next time you come to Pallas I'll get sick, and I won't ask you to see me. Yours, dear L——,

GERALD GRIFFIN.

I send some books for the *childher*.

To the same.

London, November, 1831.

My dear L.,—I intended to have denied myself the indulgence of writing to you until I had got rid of the hurry of revising and correcting, which at present presses so much upon my hands that double the time at my disposal would not be sufficient to satisfy my worthy friends in Conduit-street. Some days since, however, I had a visit from T——, who gave me a piece of intelligence that will not allow me to remain silent, even though I were obliged to express in two lines the delight which I received in hearing it. I congratulate you and J——, and all your family, most sincerely, my dear friend, on the happy addition which it has pleased Providence to make to your sweet circle; and it is one of my warmest wishes, that the addition of number may be followed by an addition of happiness.

I received your two notes, for which, though I was obliged by many reasons to defer answering them, I thank you most sincerely. You need not have told me, dear L——, to be mindful of you. I could not avoid obeying the injunction, even if I were inclined to do so. I should be ungrateful, indeed, if I ever forgot the long kindness of yourself and all your friends to one who, first or last, had so little claim to it. I will not be so unreasonable as to prescribe to you any course of penance with respect to the cup, since all my wishes were satisfied when you accepted it.

I enjoyed exceedingly my journey both by land and water, particularly the sail up the canal and up the river to Dublin, and the moonlight journey from Liverpool to London. It was delightful to see the sun go down, and the full moon rise and go through all her course, and set, and then to see the glorious sun again assume her place. Not having seen it since childhood, I had no idea how exquisite a picture is the first view of the Killaloe scenery, until it broke full upon me as I passed from under the bridge, and beheld on the left bank of the river, the quays, the boats, and figures—a beautiful demesne sloping to the water's edge, and Bally Valley mountain rising rocky at a distance; on the right, a chain of wooded hills, and, stretching from the left into the very centre of the stream, a lofty grass-green promontory, with a dark fugrove or *fort* upon the summit, and all the associations of Brian Borhoime to recommend it. London, too, I enjoyed more than during either of my two last visits. My long absence suffered me to enter it with something of the freshness of a first visit, and without the anxiety, the

turbulence, the doubt, the solicitude of that little helpmate ambition, whom you used once to r commend so warmly to my affections. Yet you must not suppose that my patriotism cools for all this, or that because London has improved, looks new, grows splendid, and because I condescend to be contented with it for the present, I can never make it my country.

I have met, since my arrival, two young fellow-countrymen, who have interested me much. One, a Mr. Noblet, of Cork, a landscape painter, whose water colours I admire very much, particularly one beautiful little picture which he calls the Holy Well. The other is a Mr. MacDowal, a sculptor, who evinces, I think, sterling genius in his art, not only in busts from life, which he makes full of character, but in historical groups, particularly in subjects which require delicacy, tenderness, and pathos of expression. Poor fellows! both have every difficulty to contend with that want of friends, want of money, want of patronage, want of everything but merit in their art, can subject them to. Both have their works accepted in the public galleries, admired by those who happen to see them, exhibited for the season, praised and—unbought. And why? For want, alas! of a name; for want of some critic honest and bold enough to do them generous justice, or some patron munificent enough to take their nameless muses by the hand, and introduce them to the world of *taste*. MacDowal I like very much; indeed, he is a really modest, unaffected, and most industrious little fellow, with a delicate feeling of his art, and not the slightest assumption. Noblet is a good musician as well as painter, sings and plays agreeably, and has given me a charming little song of Kennedy's, which I hope to have the pleasure of singing to you at some future time. I have met, amongst others, a brother of Kennedy's, a surgeon, who has favoured the horror-struck English with the best book that has appeared on cholera, a subject at present far more interesting than the state of Ireland in the eighth century. I am, my dear L——, with kind remembrances to all your family, your affectionate friend,

GERALD GRIFFIN.

The date of the following shows the sportive mood in which some of these letters were written:

To the same.

Thursday, July 5 or 6, or something of the kind.

MY DEAR L.—On Monday morning, early, we started from Pallas, and, after a broiling drive, lunched at Corgrigg, where we listened to some sweet piano music, plucked roses, and eat

fruit in the garden, talked of the cholera, and started again to the west; arrived in Glin before dinner, again talked of the cholera, walked out after dinner, slept; had the horse to the jaunting-car in the morning, picked up our cousins, and away with us again tantivy for the west; arrived in Listowel about three, fed the horse, and away again like troopers, and arrived in Castle Island to tea; slept like convicts; up again in the morning, and away like so many heroes. About two, on a beautiful day, the majestic Toomies, with the vast semicircular range extending on either side, greeted for the first time the eyes of Tote,* and of our two fair cousins; drove into Killarney about three, got our old lodgings at the post-office, found Mrs. C—— fat and pleasant, and asking for you and your Killarney companions; walked after dinner through Lord Kenmare's demesne; discovered a charming well, with water invisibly pellucid, where we slaked our thirst, and sat on the margin of the Lower Lake, to admire the blue and solemn panorama by which we were half surrounded; returned; up in the morning, and away for Ross Castle, charmingly metamorphosed since our last visit, the barrack turned into an old ruin, span-new, the barrack yard into a pleasure ground, and the roof knocked off the house, to make it, as the guide said, look handsomer; recognised O'Sullivan, who gave a start and a caper when he saw me, and out of his great delight wanted me to treat him to a shilling, as it was fair day in Killarney (this I should have told you before, as it took place in the streets); nodded to Begley, who "re-re-memb'd me we-well, m-aster," Fleming, the coxswain, O'Sullivan, junior, and others; embarked for Ross Island, woke the *aychoes* with a bugle, and away for Innisfallen, where they are going to build a sweet cottage for visitors; stopped into St. Finian's oratory; showed the whole island to the girls, who were oh-ing and ah-ing in the most gratifying manner at every step; plucked some sprigs of forget-me-not at the tomb of the last of the Desmonds; embarked again, and away for Glena—a new cottage erected here for visitors, the whole place greatly improved, a rustic table and seats erected on the summit of the rock to which *we* walked three years ago, after dining at the cottage, where we drank wine in our ale, and where you wanted me to call you L——, in taking it with you; perambulated the grounds, ascended part of a new walk which Lord Kenmare has ordered to be continued to the summit (if possible) of Glena mountain, re-embarked, and away for the Upper Lake, shook the mountains all round with our music and gun

* His sister Lucy.

powder, entered the Upper Lake, landed at Roman's Island, rambled about, cut juniper and arbutus switches, admired the stupendous rocks, Doyle's cottage and his ponies, and the Purple Mountain, with his ever-moving veil of mist and mizzle; returned bugling, laughing, and talking; dined at Glena, *al fresco;* wheeled into Turk Lake, at Brickeen-bridge, and into Glena Bay, where we landed to see a haul of fish, and found our old coxswain Cole pulling away the net; bought a salmon, and away for Ross Castle, where we arrived about eight o'clock, and concluded our day's amusement by rummaging arbutus toy baskets and taking a noisy cup of tea. I forgot to mention to you that, while resting on our oars in the Upper Lake, and gazing upward at the mountain peaks, we saw three eagles soaring majestically in the air above us, and hovering round and round, as if to watch our motions.

Friday, July 6.—Up again, and away for Mucruss—the abbey little altered, except that all the skulls and bones are removed—walked all round the walls, away for Turk Cascade; less water than heretofore; ascended the mountain; magnificent view of the middle and lower lakes and distant country, with the cascade foaming far beneath through the glen upon our left; away for the Kenmare road; dined on cold salmon near that lovely lake on the road side where we three parted from R—— and E——; rain and mist, which filled the chasms of the mountain scenery, and gave additional mystery and magnitude to the whole; back again to Killarney about seven. Forgot to mention, as a set-off to the eagles on the Upper Lake that we saw a bat wheeling about amid the gloom of the lower dormitories at Mucruss. Tote's face as red as a raw beefsteak, and so stout as to talk of ascending a mountain before she returns. But there's no use in talking; we have no business going back at all. Oh, we are playing away at a fine rate; keeping B——'s horses beyond the time, and scratching his varnish and bran-new harness to tatters! but we can have our sport out of Killarney, at all events; so away to-morrow for the Gap Adieu, dear L——. Kindest remembrances to all with you, who, I hope, are well. Yours ever.

GERALD GRIFFIN.

To the same.

Pallas Kenry, Sept. 14th, 1832.

MY DEAR L.—So you thought I sent you but a "skimpy" answer (to pick a word out of your own expressive vocabulary) to your long and affectionate letter. Indeed it was so, and unworthy of such a letter as yours, as the subject of that letter

was of the enthusiastic spirit which filled it. I do not know how it is, my dear L——, but I am no longer a match (as if I ever were so) for a correspondent like L——. My blood is drying up, or something is the matter with me which I cannot fathom; only there is one thing unchanged, and that is my affection and gratitude towards you, which will never leave me, whatever you may think is become of the disposition to express them. I was delighted at the accident, if it were accident, which prolonged your absence from home until the second outbreak of the cholera in Limerick had begun to abate. I hope it is the parting stroke, and that friends may once again begin to meet without the sight of the gravestone for ever at their feet. We had a letter the other day from America. Many are dead and dying in Philadelphia, where our brothers are; but they and all our friends are well.

And so you have been in Dublin, and had your picture finished? I shall be longing to see you on canvass. Did he make you impudent enough? Was there "bouldness" enough for a likeness? But I suppose the shadow stays at S——; so I must be content with the original until fortune leads me nearer to the province of Spears. Poor Nan looks awful these days, with the backboard, marching about with sober face, and arms trussed up like wings of fowl.

I thank you and R—— for your kind and pressing invitation, which, however, it is not in my power to accept, although few things would give me greater pleasure than a trip to a part of the country of which I have heard you speak so often and so warmly. I was delighted to hear that you were all so well at S——. I saw S—— to-day, and she looked, I thought, better than usual. Poor Limerick, indeed, seems dreary enough—the roads about it so lonesome, and the streets so thin, even on market days. The disease, however, is better to-day and yesterday. It has spared us here as yet, though we have not been without our false alarms, and I am in hopes that it may pass us by. We have a lad from Limerick here—a hopeful cousin—fled, without being ashamed to own it, from the cholera, who maintains that the doctors never committed a greater blunder than in announcing fear as a predisposing cause; it has frightened more, he says, than any one attendant on the complaint beside. They are now not only afraid of the disease, but afraid of being afraid of it, so that, between the two fears, a person is almost frightened to death, a catastrophe as bad, says the proverb, as killing a man at once. I suppose J—— has told you of his valiant walks between Limerick and Pallas Kenry; and what said you thereupon? A bachelor might try such tricks, but I don't think a married man has a

right to be so venturesome. What an alteration, dear L——, is time making in our prospects within the last two years! Two years ago, I thought no worldly change could produce such an effect on my own hopes and views as the removal of your family from Limerick, and yet I feel it more and more as the time approaches, and I know too that not until it has taken place can I feel all the loneliness that it will cause me. It would be ungrateful of me if I did not feel it; if I could forget the rare tenderness and affection that I met at R—— and at Miltown. It is years after you are gone, if I should live so long, that the sight of either place will give me the heartache that I have often begun to feel already since your departure was decided on. But I will say no more of this at present: it is foolish and useless to talk of what cannot be helped, and I fear lest what I write may have the appearance of such disgusting maudlin as hypocrites vent about religion and brawlers about honour. I am, my dear L——, with love to all with you, your affectionate friend,

GERALD GRIFFIN.

CHAPTER XIII.

1832—1835.

VISIT TO MR. MOORE AT SLOPERTON—ANECDOTES—MR. MOORE AND GRATTAN—LETTER TO MRS. —— DESCRIBING THIS VISIT—GERALD'S REMARKS ON HIS ALTERATION OF FEELING—CONTINUATION OF CORRESPONDENCE—VERSES ADDRESSED TO MRS. ——— —SONNET.

In the latter part of the year 1832, Mr. Moore having been invited by some of the most influential of the electors of Limerick to stand for the representation of that city, an address to him, embodying their wishes on the subject, was numerously and respectably signed. As Gerald was then about to depart for London, on one of his customary winter visits, he was requested to be the bearer of it. He asked me to accompany him, and, as such a trip promised too much pleasure to be declined, I was very glad to do so. The object of this visit failed,

Mr. Moore's engagements not permitting him to take advantage of the kind offer made to him; but it gave us an opportunity of enjoying, in the most favourable circumstances possible, the society of one of whom his country has such just reason to be proud.

It was early in the month of November when we arrived at Sloperton Cottage, Mr. Moore's residence. We had the good fortune to find him at home, and were immediately shown up stairs, where we were received with such warm cordiality, such earnest and unaffected kindness, such a truly Irish welcome, as it would be impossible to forget. The object of our visit being explained, he immediately entered upon it; said he feared he should be obliged to decline, but would not give a positive answer until next day; requested us to remain to dinner, a proposition to which we gladly assented, and begging to be excused for returning to some matters of importance which our entrance had interrupted, left us for an hour or so to our musings.

Mr. Moore has been often spoken of as one whose wit and liveliness in conversation shed a lustre on any society he enters; but he must be seen in his own house, and among his own immediate friends, to have the charm of his manner thoroughly felt and appreciated. The only person we met at dinner besides Mr. and Mrs. Moore, was a Mr. ——, who seemed very intimate with the family, and who, we afterwards understood, was gay and sprightly beyond all previous custom. Mr. Moore was fond of anecdote, and full of it, especially of Irish anecdote. He seemed anxious to make every one about him happy, and poured forth all kinds of jests with inimitable point; not apparently so much for the sake of being agreeable, nor because he told his stories with a natural raciness and humour that I have seldom seen equalled, as because he seemed to take the heartiest possible delight in them himself. He spoke with the enthusiasm of a youth of nineteen of the ever-memorable de-

bates in the Irish parliament in the times of Grattan, Corrie, and Flood; and, remarking upon the number of men of extraordinary talent who flourished about that period, and their extreme rarity since, seemed to be of opinion that one of the most lamentable effects of the Union was the manner in which it appeared to operate to the destruction and annihilation of all Irish genius. He had the most intense admiration of Grattan, and told several amusing stories of him which I had not heard before. One of them I cannot omit noticing, as it related to Mr. Moore himself, and was one he took a very justifiable pride in. In his younger days, though after he had been already favourably known to the world, he happened one day to be in Mr. Grattan's company at the house of a mutual friend. Grattan was holding forth, with some sharpness, on the servility of literary men, and the manner in which they almost universally prostituted their talents to the great and powerful. He appeared at first to exclude no one from this sweeping censure; but, suddenly recollecting himself, he continued: "But I'm wrong; there are *some* exceptions;" and turning to Mr. Moore, who stood near him, and patting him kindly on the shoulder, he said to those he had been addressing, "I'm wrong; my young friend, here is one who"—he paused a moment, and then added emphatically—"*who wears his hat before the king.*"

He mentioned another incident which I may just speak of, as it serves to show the feeling with which Irish interests are frequently regarded in England, even by those who profess liberal opinions. At a reform dinner, given, I believe, in Bath, to the Marquis of Lansdowne, Mr. Moore's health having been drank, he rose to return thanks, and was received with a good deal of enthusiasm. On such occasions as these his country was never forgotten, and he ventured in the progress of his speech, though cautiously, to make some allusion to it. "England," said he, in one of his happy illustrations, "will not permit so

large a segment of her orb as Ireland to remain for ever shrouded in darkness." He expected this sentiment to awaken a few cheers of sympathy; but there was immediately a dead silence, as if he had said something very disagreeable. It was evident he had entered upon forbidden ground, and that he could not venture further in that direction with safety. He therefore sounded a retreat as quickly as possible, and slipping gently into some other subject, restored harmony to the hearts of his hearers. He could not, however, avoid feeling some degree of surprise at such a result; and after he had sat down, he asked of some person who sat next him, a stranger, what *could* be the reason that sentiment about Ireland was received with so much coldness? "Ah, sir!" said the other, "Irishmen and pigs are very unpopular all along this line."

It was singular, though I could perceive that Gerald enjoyed himself very much during the evening, and though the gaiety and freedom of Mr. Moore's manner were calculated to put all kinds of formality to flight, he could not shake off that constitutional timidity and reserve which was so apt to assail him before strangers. He did, it is true, take a part in what was going forward, yet he did not, as he would have done on a little further acquaintance, fling himself into it with all his heart. It is evident that nothing could tend more effectually to lessen the interest of his conversation than the existence of any such feeling, yet I think Mr. Moore, though he could not, perhaps, distinguish all the light that was hidden, had too much penetration not to see pretty fully into his character; for, on our visit next day, when we chatted over the proceedings of the evening, and Mrs. Moore said, "But did you observe —— last night, what wild spirits he was in, and how he did talk? Why, I thought he was mad! I never saw anything like him." "Oh!" said Mr. Moore, "don't you know the meaning of that? That was," he continued, turning playfully

to Gerald, and darting his finger towards him with a good-natured smile, "that was in order to get *you* to talk." Gerald seemed rather taken aback by the suddenness of this gentle little reproach, but made no reply

We slept in a double-bedded room in the Castle Inn at Devizes, and, before finally closing our eyes, spoke of the adventures of the day. Gerald, as he laid his head upon the pillow, said, "Well, nothing astonishes me more than the greatness of the change that has come over me. I remember the time when the bare idea—the very thought of spending such a day as this with Moore would have thrown me into such a fever, that there would not be the least chance of my sleeping a wink all night; yet, now I *have* seen him, and have spent an enchanting day with him, and yet I can lie down, not only with the most perfect certainty of delicious rest, but with a degree of calmness and quiet that I am myself astonished at." Notwithstanding this declaration, it is curious to observe with what a glowing and rapturous feeling he describes this visit to Mr. Moore, in a letter written some time after to his friend Mrs. ——. This I have too long kept out of the reader's view; but it contains such remarkable proofs of his keen enjoyment of this day, that I dare say Mr. Moore himself, if these pages should ever meet his eye, will be surprised at the contrast between the apparent coldness of his manner and the deep enthusiasm it exhibits. The letter was written from Taunton, where he spent some months after having left London.

To Mrs. ——

Monday morning, March 31, 1833.
Pitman's, senior, Taunton.

My DEAR L.,—Procrastination—it is all the fruit of procrastination. When Dan and I returned to the inn at Devizes, after our first sight and speech of the Irish melodist, I opened my writing case to give L—— an account of our day's work; then I put it off, I believe, till morning; then, as Dan was returning,

I put it off till some hour when I could tell you about it at full leisure: then Saunders and Otley set me to work, and I put it off until my authorship should be concluded for the season, at last; and now it is concluded, for I am not to publish *this* year; and here I come before you with my news, my golden bit of news, stale, flat, and unprofitable. Oh, dear L——, I saw the poet! and I spoke to him, and he spoke to me, and it was not to bid me "get out of his way," as the King of France did to the man who boasted that his majesty had spoken to him; but it was to shake hands with me, and to ask me "How I did, Mr. Griffin," and to speak of "my fame." *My* fame! Tom Moore talk of my fame! Ah, the rogue! he was humbugging, L——, I'm afraid. He knew the soft side of an author's heart, and perhaps he had pity on my long, melancholy-looking figure, and said to himself, "I will make this poor fellow feel pleasant, if I can," for which, with all his roguery, who could help liking him and being grateful to him? But you want to know all about it step by step, if not for the sake of your poor, dreamy-looking *Beltard*, at least for that of fancy, wit, and patriotism. I will tell you, then, although Dan has told you before, for the subject cannot be tiresome to an Irishwoman—I will tell you how we hired a great, grand cabriolet, and set off—no, pull in a little. I should first tell you how we arrived at the inn at Devizes late in the evening, I forget the exact time, and ordered tea, (for which, by the bye, we had a prodigious appetite, not having stopped to dine in Bath or Bristol,) when the waiter (a most solid-looking fellow, who won Dan's heart by his precision and the mathematical exactness of all his movements) brought us up, amongst other good things, fresh butter, prepared in a very curious way. I could not for a long time imagine how they did it. It was in strings, just like vermicelli, and as if tied in some way at the bottom. King George, not poor *real* King George, but Peter Pindar's King George, was never more puzzled to know how the apple got into the dumpling; but at last, on applying to the waiter, he told us that it was done by squeezing it through a linen cloth; an excellent plan, particularly in frosty weather, when it is actually impossible to make the butter adhere to the bread on account of its working up with a coat of crumbs on the under side; but that's true—Tom Moore—and besides, 'tis unfashionable now to spread the butter, isn't it? I'm afraid I *exposed* myself, as they say. Well, we asked the waiter; out came the important question, "How far is Sloperton Cottage from Devizes?" "Sloperton, sir? that's Mr. Moore's place, sir; *he's a poet, sir*. We do all Mr. Moore's work." What ought I to have done, L——. To have flung my arms about his neck for knowing so much about Moore, or to

have knocked him down for knowing so little? Well, we learned all we wanted to know; and, after making our arrangements for the following day, went to bed and slept soundly. And in the morning it was that we hired the grand cabriolet, and set off to Sloperton; drizzling rain, but a delightful country; such a gentle shower as that through which *he* looked at Innisfallen—his farewell look. And we drove away until we came to a cottage, a cottage of gentility, with two gateways and pretty grounds about it, and we alighted and knocked at the hall door; and there was dead silence, and we whispered one another; and my nerves thrilled as the wind rustled in the creeping shrubs that graced the retreat of—Moore. Oh! L——, there's no use in talking, but I must be fine. I wonder I ever stood it at all, and I an Irishman, too, and singing his songs since I was the height of my knee—The Veiled Prophet; Azim; She is far from the Land; Those Evening Bells. But the door opened, and a young woman appeared. "Is Mr. Moore at home?" "I'll see, sir. What name shall I say, sir?" Well, not to be too particular, we were shown up stairs, where we found the nightingale in his cage; in honester language, and more to the purpose, we found our hero in his study, a table before him covered with books and papers, a drawer half open and stuffed with letters, a piano also open at a little distance; and the thief himself, a little man, but full of spirit, with eyes, hands, feet, and frame for ever in motion, looking as if it would be a feat for him to sit for three minutes quiet in his chair. I am no great observer of proportions; but he seemed to me to be a neat-made little fellow, tidily buttoned up, young as fifteen at heart, though with hair that reminded me of the "Alps in the sunset;" not handsome, perhaps, but something in the whole *cut* of him that pleased me; finished as an actor, but without an actor's affectation; easy as a gentleman, but without *some* gentlemen's formality; in a word, as people say when they find their brains begin to run aground at the fag end of a magnificent period, we found him a hospitable, warm-hearted Irishman, as pleasant as could be himself, and disposed to make others so. And is this enough? And need I tell you that the day was spent delightfully, chiefly in listening to his innumerable jests, and admirable stories, and beautiful similes—beautiful and original as those he throws into his songs and anecdotes, that would make the Danes laugh? and how we did all we could, I believe, to get him to stand for Limerick; and how we called again the day after, and walked with him about his little garden; and how he told us that he always wrote walking; and how we came in again and took luncheon; and how I was near forgetting that

it was Friday (which you know I am rather apt to do in pleasant company); and how he walked with us through the fields, and wished us a "good-bye," and left us to do as well as we could without him?

And now, after sending this well-graced off the stage, am I to keep up my tedious prattle to the end of the sheet? I believe so. Well, then, I parted from Dan, shocking lonesome, and came away to London, where Saunders and Otley set me to work for the whole winter, and after bringing three volumes to something like a conclusion it has been agreed on all sides to postpone its publication to another season. I am still here at Taunton, where I have spent the greater part of the time since before Christmas in the midst of a delightful country. Dan writes to me (but I am sorry and ashamed to say too late) to hope that I called on Moore's son in London, as Mrs. Moore was so good as to propose; but, procrastination again—the same enemy to performance in this as in some affairs of far greater moment. Can you draw any moral, dear L——, from all this procrastination?

And now, dear L——, am I to conclude this letter, as I began with an excuse for long silence? Surely not, until I have more reason to be dissatisfied with its cause. It is pleasanter to tell you how often during the winter my thoughts travelled towards your dear circle, though not on paper—how often, in recollection, I sat by your fireside, and exchanged my own lonesome room for your noisy parlour and drawing-room. I will say nothing of former accounts of the health of all friends there, as the last are pleasanter. I am glad to hear Josey is improving. I heard from T—— that J—— arrived in London a week after I had left it for this place. I left T—— well. He was kind enough to give me a letter of introduction to a Mr. Young here; but I have not had time to make use of it. I thought to have left England before now, but shall not until after Easter. As to news from Taunton, except to give you the dimensions of my room, and to tell you at what hours I rise, walk, study, dine, and go to bed, what can I have to say in a place where I know nobody except an old French priest, who I believe from pure compassion sometimes pays me a visit as he takes his noonday walk! Oh, dear L——, why didn't you make the Whitefeet behave themselves? They have almost made me ashamed of my country; and, general as the outcry is through England at this dreadful law* they are making, I am almost tempted to wonder that we have any friends at all, when I hear of one murder after another committed by these unhappy wretches. But I must not touch on politics; and don't you be

* The Coercion Act.

offended at my calling you to an account about the Whitefeet. Remember me to S—— J——, and all the young ones that know anything about me. Farewell, and believe me your sincere and affectionate,

GERALD GRIFFIN.

I proceed with the remainder of his letters to Mrs. ——. They are but few in number, and, with the exception of one or two to be noticed afterwards, will bring this part of his correspondence to a close.

To the same.

Pallas Kenry, Saturday.

MY DEAREST L.,—Your last letter found me pleasantly occupied, chatting with J—— and T——, and diving into the contents of an American parcel, which we had just received from Cork, containing a mail-bag full of letters for Lucy; outlandish looking capes, moccasins, arrowheads, &c., for her and other friends; and for Gerald—what?—a pen-wiper! so, what with L——'s pen-knife, needle-case, and seal, and the American wiper, I think I am well provided, either as bookmaker or correspondent.

I could not, of course, dear L——, leave such a letter as your last, long without an answer. The interest which it shows in poor Gerald's fame and prospects is so warm and so generous that it would be the height of ingratitude in me to receive it silently, although it needed not this to let me know your heart towards that luckless author. I would be ashamed, however, seriously to set about disclaiming any title to the high place which you give me, for I do not think, with all the fervour and willing blindness of affection, that you could long continue in the same opinion of poor Gerald's pretensions as an author which you express in that letter. I would be ashamed of myself, dear L——, if I could seriously set about disclaiming the praise you give your poor friend; but your friendship and affection are not the less dear to me that they have led you into an error of judgment in my favour. Some other time I may be able to say more upon this subject: but at present I will only answer my dear friend by saying that, if there were no other obstacles, my infirm health and scanty education are impediments that would be sufficient, I believe, to prevent my ever reaching any considerable place in literature; nor should I much regret this now, if heaven in its mercy would still open to me some channel, however humble, in which I might yet turn

its gifts to lasting good. But of this, enough for the present; nor must dear L—— be angry with me for not being able to say much in answer to her warm-hearted letter. And now, why does dear L——talk of reluctance to send her free thoughts to her affectionate friend, and doubt of the spirit in which her letter might be received? How could L—— doubt of the spirit in which such affectionate and generous counsel would be taken? How could it be taken, except with gratitude, warm gratitude, to the writer, and happiness in the thought of possessing a friend so kind and so interested?

I do not agree with you, that no friendship is to be even compared to those which are associated with the days of infancy and childhood. It is true that such remembrances must strengthen even the strongest; but there are occasions when our strongest attachments (I retain the word attachments, although we are not *dogs*) are formed late in life, and it sometimes happens that no previous friendships are comparable to those. I believe "even the mother that looked on his childhood" would not feel hurt with Campbell for calling the "bosom friend dearer than all." Such friendships, it is true, are very, very rare; but they are precious in proportion to their rarity. I once thought that I possessed such a treasure, and should be sorry to think I had deservedly forfeited it; I should grieve to think I had lost it even undeservedly. Whether I was right or wrong in imagining I ever possessed it, time only must determine. At all events, my opinion of friendship itself shall continue unchanged, whatever I may be forced to think of a particular case. And now farewell, Madam L——. Ever yours,

GERALD GRIFFIN.

It will be observed that several of the most interesting and cheerful of these letters occasionally breathe a spirit of seriousness quite in unison with the deep religious feeling I have described. The lines at the conclusion of the following, were, I believe, suggested by the circumstance of his friends having parted with their residence at R——d, to which they had become much attached.

To the same.

Pallas Kenry, August 3rd, 1835.

MY DEAR L.—Since they are all writing from Pallas, I will throw in my share; although, after so long a silence, you may

think a reason for writing as necessary as with more steady correspondents a reason for not doing so. I might say a great deal by way of accounting for that silence, but it is just as well perhaps to let it alone; for if it were excusable, your good nature will help me to the apology without any assistance; and if it be entirely faulty, the less that is said in its defence the better. I was glad to hear that your residence at S—— had agreed so well with the dear children, and hope to have the happiness of seeing their dear faces before winter, as blooming as when we were together in old times. I hope, too, that you, my dear friend, are amongst the number of those whose health has been improved by the Queen's County air, and that the fit of illness, which we heard of from J——, was but of short continuance. My own health, thank God, is pretty good—as good as a poor broken-down author of my kind has any right to expect.

I made two flights from home this summer, of which, for want of something better worth your reading in this letter, I may give you some account. The first was a delightful trip to dear Killarney, in company with Anna, Lucy, M——, and A—— G——. It is enough to say of this that we found those delicious scenes as enchanting as ever. *This* time we *walked* to the top of Mangerton (girls and all); the rest came down as they went up; but I descended the Horse's Glen with one of the guides, and was well repaid for my fatigue by the delightful couple of hours I spent in threading my way among rocks and heath, through that most wild and lonely of all the lonely glens about Killarney. The view from Mangerton was very fine, and the girls were as proud as need be of their feat. We spent the twilight hours on our way home in Mucruss. On the lakes, and in the gap, we had the advantage of Spillane's exquisite bugle. In the gap particularly, on a calm and sun-bright evening, his performance was beyond any thing I think I ever heard in the way of music. He and the echoes seemed to understand one another perfectly, and the reflection of his delicious notes coming back from all the mountain peaks around, was beyond description beautiful. He played over so many Irish airs, such as the Meeting of the Waters, Last Rose of Summer, &c., and did his part with first-rate feeling and *genius*. This treat was doubly delightful to us, as it was quite unexpected. Probably if we had taken him with us on set purpose, like any other preconcerted pleasures of this fleeting world, it might have ended in total disappointment. Mrs. C—— was at her old station, and hearty and comfortable as ever. She made many inquiries for you. I was glad to see the smiling old lady alive and well, when I called to mind that the cholera had broken out in Killarney the week after my last visit. The only

victim to it amongst *our* acquaintances there was poor O'Sullivan, the boatman. We had delicious weather the whole time.

After returning to Pallas, M—— and I got upon an old tax-cart, and away with us for Galway. After stopping a night or two in the town, visiting the skull and cross-bones in Lombard-street (Anna Blake to wit), and driving some fourteen or fifteen miles along the shores of Lough Corrib, we returned through the wilds of Burren and along the northern coast of Clare. We visited at evening the lonely abbey of Corcomroe, a magnificent ruin, standing in an almost deserted valley, and surrounded by lofty hills of old gray stone, with scarce even a spot of heath or grass of any kind to be seen along their barren sides. We came about sunset to a little lonely inlet, which we took at first for a lake, until we perceived that it was filled with sea water, and stood a long time watching the herons and sea birds that were fishing on its banks. This sweet spot they told us was the far-famed Pouldoody, "where they get the oysthers." To add to the romance of our excursion, the wheel of our tax-cart here broke down, and we had to accompany it on foot as far as Ballyvaughan, a village on the shores of Blackhead Bay, where we had to spend the night. Next day we came through Kilfenora to Ennistymon, where we left our cart to be repaired, and *rode double* to Miltown. It added to my own enjoyment to know that it was the first time M——had seen the broad Atlantic, or indeed had, as he said himself, properly seen the sea at all. I had not seen Miltown for five years before, and now got the first glimpse of the twinkling lights of the lodges on the shore after nightfall. I need not tell you how I looked out for all the places which I remembered so well; for the turn down to the puffing-hole, for Glenville, for Pavingstone Bay; for everything that reminded me of friends who were to me as my own; for scenes that were as dear to me as those of my childhood, and for a home which was as much my own as ever was parent's or brother's. I had a pang to meet since my return, in seeing in the papers the death of my poor friend N——, the companion of my early literary struggles in London, and next to yourself, dear L——, though at a long interval, one of those who took the warmest interest in my career of authorship. My walk through the sand hills reminded me of some lines I had written there when we were all at Miltown (though I never gave them to you, for some reason or other, perhaps because I did not like them), and which I found some time since amongst my papers. I send them now, because they were written then, though never finished. I leave you to guess the occasion that suggested them.

Because the veil for me is rent,
And youth's illusive fervour spent,
And thoughts of deep eternity
Have paled the glow of earth for me,
Weaken'd the ties of time and place,
And stolen from life its worldly grace;
Because my heart is lightly shaken,
By haunts of early joy forsaken;
Because the sigh that Nature heaves
For all that Nature loved and leaves,
Now to my ripening soul appears
All sweetly weak, like childhood's tears.
Is friendship, too, like fancy, vain?
Can I not feel my sister's pain?
Ay, it is past! where first we met,
Where Hope reviving thirsted yet,
Long draughts of blameless joy to drain,
We never now may meet again.
At Sabbath noon, or evening late,
I ne'er shall ope that latched gate,
And forward glancing catch the while
The ready door and L——'s smile;
I ne'er shall mark that sunset now,
Gilding dark Cratloe's heathy brow,
Blushing in Shannon's distant bowers,
And lighting Carrig's broken towers;
No more along that hedgy walk,
Our hours shall pass in lingering talk;
For vanished is the poet-queen,
Who decked and graced that fairy scene.
And stranger hands shall tend her flowers,
And city faces own her bowers.

"How good Gerald was," I hear you say, "when he wrote those lines." I believe I was better then, dear L——, than for a long time before, and you see I do not now consider myself *good* enough to add anything to them, unfinished as they are. Adieu, my dear friend, and believe that your best happiness and the happiness of all you love is amongst the warmest wishes of your poor friend,

GERALD.

To the same.

I enclose a ballad* for your perusal and criticism (so get your spectacles ready), which I hope may amuse you. Do not risk extending my disgrace by showing it to any one else, always, of course (in this as in everything beside), excepting J——. Since

* Matt Hyland.

I had first the happiness of becoming acquainted with your circle, I never wrote anything that the thought did not occur to me, "what you would think of it?" and far, far oftener did I ask myself that question than "what would the public think of it?" which many sensible folks might say would be a query somewhat more to the author's purpose. In these days of what Washington Irving calls "hot hearts and burning brains," a man who writes *quietly* is considered to write *feebly*. Be it so. If fame cannot be acquired without putting one's self in a passion to get at it, why then, without meaning any disrespect to you, ma'am, fame may go and be hanged; ay, although *money* were to go and swing along with her. You may perceive that I have cut out a great deal, and you will say, perhaps, that the scissors, after all, were used too sparingly by a fourth, or it may be a third; yet, if there be anything in what remains to afford you entertainment, it will—this is growing so like the concluding sentence of an old dedication, that I leave you to finish it yourself.

Besides the verses given above, there are one or two other pieces of poetry, addressed to Mrs. —— at different times, one of which I will insert here. It is particularly interesting, as, besides the tender and earnest friendship to which it gives such an eloquent expression, it exhibits clearly those changes of opinion I have been speaking of. This is evident in the contrast between the sentiments displayed in the earlier part of the poem and those in the last few verses, which were written at a much later period. In the first instance, the poem was brought to a conclusion, after the fifth stanza, by the exquisite little one which now forms the tenth. I give it just as it appears with these changes.

I.

Faded now, and slowly chilling,
Summer leaves the weeping dell,
While, forlorn and all unwilling,
Here I come to say farewell.
Spring was green when first I met thee,
Autumn sees our parting pain;
Never, if my heart forget thee,
Summer shine for me again.

II.

Fame invites! her summons only
Is a magic spell to me.
For, when I was sad and lonely,
Fame it was that gave me thee.
False she is, her slanderers sing me,
Wreathing flowers that soonest fade;
But such gifts if Fame can bring me,
Who will call the nymph a shade?

III.

Hearts that feel not—hearts half broken,
Deem her reign no more divine;
Vain to them are praises spoken,
Vain the light that fills her shrine.
But in mine those joys elysian
Deeply sink and warmly breathe;
Fame to me has been no vision,
Friendship's smile embalms her wreath.

IV.

Sunny lakes and spired mountains,
Where that friendship sweetly grew—
Ruins hoar, and glancing fountains,
Scenes of vanish'd joys, adieu!
Oh, where'er my steps may wander,
While my home-sick bosom heaves,
On those scenes my heart will ponder,
Silent, oft, in summer eves.

V.

Still, when calm, the sun, down-shining,
Turns to gold that winding tide,
Lonely on that couch reclining,
Bid those scenes before thee glide;
Fair Killarney's sunset splendour,
Broken crag and mountain gray,
And Glengariff's moonlight tender,
Besomed on the heaving bay.

VI.

Yet, all pleasing rise the measure
Memory soon shall hymn to thee,
Dull for me no coming pleasure,
Waste no joy for thought of me.

Oh, I would not leave thee weeping,
But, when falls our parting day,
See thee hushed, on roses sleeping,
Sigh unheard, and steal away.

Additional stanzas, written some time later:

VII.

Oh, farewell! those joys are ended—
Oh, farewell! that day is done;
Pall'd in clouds, and darkly blended,
Slowly sinks our wasted sun.
When shall we, with souls united,
See these rosy times return,
And, in blameless love united,
View the past, yet never mourn?

VIII.

Hues of darker fate assuming,
Faster change life's summer skies
In the future, dimly glooming,
Forms of deadly promise rise.
See a loved home forsaken,
Sundered ties and tears for thee;
And, by thoughts of terror shaken,
See an altered soul in me.

IX.

Sung in pride and young illusion,
Then forgive the idle strain;
Now my heart, in low confusion,
Owns its sanguine promise vain.
Fool of Fame! that earthly vision
Charms no more thy cheated youth
And those boasted dreams elysian
Fly the searching dawn of truth

X.

Never in those tended bowers—
Never by that reedy stream—
Lull'd on beds of tinted flowers,
Young Romance again shall dream.
Now his rainbow pinions shaking,
Oh! he hates the lonesome shore,
Where a funeral voice awaking,
Bids us rest to joy no more!

XI.

Yet, all pleasing rise the measure
Memory soon shall hymn to thee,
Dull for me no coming pleasure,
Lose no joy for thought of me.
Oh, I would not leave thee weeping,
But, when falls our parting day,
See thee hush'd, on roses sleeping,
Sigh unheard, and steal away.

CHAPTER XIV.

1838.

GERALDS LATEST PUBLICATIONS—THE BARBER OF BANTRY—THE DUKE OF MONMOUTH—A TRIP TO SCOTLAND—LETTER TO MRS.——. —SHORT-HAND NOTES OF OUR TOUR—SCENERY ON THE CLYDE -HIS ENTHUSIASM ABOUT IT.

The works which Gerald had published up to this period, besides those already mentioned, were the Rivals, the Duke of Monmouth, and Tales of my Neighbourhood. The last appeared in 1835, and consisted. for the most part, of short pieces, containing, however, one rather long story of intense interest, the Barber of Bantry ; the individual who thus gave a name to the tale being a sonambulist, and a character of a very peculiar turn of mind and great originality. There is a scene in this story, which, from its nature as well as the mystery attending it, possesses an absorbing interest, in which the character I speak of is represented as holding communion with an evil spirit. In the original manuscript, when he first showed it to me, the dialogue between them was prolonged, and the suggestions of the evil one pushed to a greater length than in the work as it came before the public. Whether he thought the parts he cut out were unnatural to the character, or that there was

something too shocking in the sentiments expressed by the demon, I do not know ; but it appeared to me that to one like the barber, of a highly sensitive imagination, feeding all his life upon metaphysical speculations, and driven by the strange and unaccountable results of sleep-walking into a superstitious belief in supernatural visitations, such a vision was very much in character ; particularly when we reflect that in all probability those suggestions, which became more tangible and vivid during his sleeping hours, were but the consequences of similar promptings arising in his waking hours also from his destitute condition. The whole scene has, therefore, been engrafted into the present edition, as it stood in the original manuscript, the latter having been lately found among the author's papers. The Duke of Monmouth was almost the only one of his later writings into the subject of which he made some effort, as in the Collegians, though after much persuasion, to fling himself with all the devotion of a deep interest. A considerable degree of restraint was, however, still manifest ; but, though his success was not so great as in that work, the story abounds with scenes of a most affecting description, and the characters are drawn with great originality and force. He was a long time at a loss how to manage the plot of this tale, the historical fact as regarded the heroine, and the infamous cruelty of Colonel Kirk in the most harrowing incident in it, being of too revolting a nature to be made use of in a work of fiction ; the difficulty being, that any alteration made to lessen the horror of the transaction would, besides being historically incorrect, tend to diminish the infamy of that fiendish character, and therefore weaken the interest of the whole scene by placing the heroine in a more honourable position. He, however, eventually contrived to manage the matter without lessening the reader's sympathy for the sufferer, preserving her reputation by a marriage, which to her persecutor was only one of convenience.

The scene of the lady's madness is a thrilling and powerful one.

The last visit Gerald paid to London for the purpose of arranging about his works was at this period. While there, he lived with the family of a gentleman named R——, who speaks of him almost with the affection of a relative.

On his return to Ireland, he was unremitting in his attentions to those studies to which he had lately begun to apply himself. In the latter part of the following year (1836) he suddenly took a start which gave no small uneasiness to his friends. He was missing one day when the family were assembled at dinner; nobody could tell what had become of him. At length it was discovered that he was seen in the early part of the day with a travelling-bag in his hand, going towards the rear of the house, where a little boy (not one of the domestics) was in attendance, apparently by his desire. This was all that was known of him. As he had been frequently in the habit of making short excursions from home without any previous notice, nothing further was thought of it just then; but when a fortnight had passed away without anything being heard of him, every one began to be very uneasy. A few days more passed away, and their uneasiness was redoubled. At length a letter was received from him, addressed to Dr. Griffin, and bearing the Calais post-mark, but containing no clue by which to discover where he was, or where one could address him in return. The letter related to some arrangements about his works, which he was anxious should not be interrupted by his absence from home; and from something in the manner of it, we were led to suspect he was about to take some step which would prolong his stay for some considerable time. In fact, from the secrecy with which he set out, and his incommunicativeness about it, together with the locality from which his letter appeared to have come, as well as his

having once or twice let fall some expressions on the subject, we thought it likely that he had visited St Omers, with some view of taking up his residence and prosecuting his studies there. He returned, however, in two or three weeks, having visited Paris in the meantime. As it seemed his wish to keep the object of this trip a secret, no one chose to trouble him further about it, and he never alluded to it himself.

There was so little diversity in his life when at home from what I have last described it, that it is not necessary to carry the reader into any further detail on the subject. There was the same regularity as to time, the same unswerving piety, the same exalted devotion, the same attention to what he now considered his literary duties, and the same hours of charitable instruction to the poor. There was also the same cheerful contentment, the same hours given to recreation, and often the same boisterous gaiety of heart that I have spoken of before; such, indeed, as would have convinced me, if I had not obtained some knowledge of his real desires, that he was satisfied in his present condition, and wished for nothing beyond it.

In the year 1838, I persuaded him to accompany me to Scotland. We made a trip to the lakes; the weather was beautiful, and he was in the greatest rapture during the whole journey. The following letter, written to his friend, Mrs. ——, breathes such an enthusiastic love of poetry, in the intense interest it displays for scenes that have now long become classic ground, that I am sure it will be acceptable.

To Mrs. ——

Glasgow, May 6th, 1838.

My dear L..—I had intended before leaving home not to write to you until I got to the Trosachs, and, secondly to write to you when I *had* got there. Of these two praiseworthy intentions of mine you perceive that the first only has been kept: as

to the second, when we reached the little inn at the Trosachs, where we spent the night, we were so tired with walking, and so merry and so talkative, and the sitting-room was so small, and our party so numerous (having fallen in with three other scenery hunters on our way), and it was so impossible to do anything besides sitting by the fire, and talking and laughing, and eating eggs and what they called *scone*, and drinking tea, and thinking of where we were, that writing a line was a thing out of the question, and not to be accomplished. And now, to give some little snatches of our proceedings. We had a horrible drive from Stirling (by the way, Stirling—oh! if I could but give you the remotest idea of the enchanting prospect from the battlements of the old castle and the walk round the hill; every peep from the embrazures where the artillery ought to be, or *was*, but is not,—a perfect gem, an exquisitely finished picture); but we had, as I say, a horrible drive from Stirling (and what adds to the charm of the view I speak of is, that it is not only an exquisite landscape, but it is Bannockburn besides); we had, as I say, a horrible drive from Stirling (can I ever tear myself away from the recollection of it?) in an atrocious vehicle called a *drosky*, as far as the romantic, lonely, mountain-girt village of Callander, where we got rid of our abominable drosky, and had a most delightful evening walk of about ten miles along the margin of Loch Venacher and Loch Achray, at the western extremity of which the far-famed pass of the Trosachs commences. The sight of Loch Venacher was most welcome, as the first though not the loveliest of these lakes; yet it has beautiful scenery; but the mountains—the first glimpse of them was delicious, they reminded one so of other mountains nearer home, and dearer for many associations; not that they at all equal the Killarney mountains, either in elevation or in outline, but they were the same *kind* of scenery, and something of the same feeling was awakened at the sight of them. On the Brig of Turk—

> (And when the Brig of Turk was won,
> The headmost horseman rode alone)—

on the Brig of Turk I caught a water-lizard, which I have yet living in a bottle; but what is the use of following our route step by step, when all this scenery must be known to you already, from a thousand descriptions? On reaching the inn, I was so impatient to see the Trosachs, that I proposed a walk to Lock Katrine while the room was being prepared for us. The evening was favourable, but I had not advanced far into the pass when I could observe the immense difference which the season must make to such scenery. It is so thickly furnished

with trees that (unlike the passage between the upper and lower lakes of Killarney) more than half the charm is lost when these are bare of foliage, and there is not boldness of outline anywhere sufficient to compensate for the absence of verdure. However, it was the Trosachs, and we were happy to be there. We did but wait to catch a glimpse of the little land-locked basin which forms the eastern extremity of Loch Katrine, and from which, enclosed as it seems on all sides by steep and almost overhanging heights, one could form no idea of the real extent of the whole—a peculiarity which you may remember is very beautifully and skilfully described in the *Lady*. We returned to our inn, reserving the full feast of the eyes till the following morning. And what a feast it was! And what a morning it was! And what a never-to-be-forgotten-but-always-with-equal-feelings-of-delight-to-be-remembered-day it was altogether! On looking out of our bedroom window, before six o'clock in the morning, we were both astonished to see no Loch Achray before us, on the margin of which our *caravansera* stood, and of which, as we believed, the said window commanded an extensive view. After gazing long, and coming to the conclusion that the lake was *not* there, we observed a bluish tinge on what seemed the base of the opposite mountain, extending across the intervening valley towards where we were; and it was after much discussion we decided more correctly than before that this faint bluish haze was the lake itself, and that nearly half the landscape we beheld was but a reflection of the rest! You may judge from this of the clearness of the water, and the perfect stillness of the morning, and you may then carry your imagination farther, and think what a morning it was to take boat upon Loch Katrine. What aided the illusion above spoken of (and a perfect illusion it was) was, that the height of the mountain shut out every glimpse of the sky, the slightest gleam of which upon the water would, of course, have betrayed the whole. Loch Katrine was so calm, and the reflection of the mountains in its waters so distinct and motionless, that it was sometimes literally impossible for us on looking at the shore to tell where the reality ended and the reflection began. On running up the steps into Ellen's Island (which, like the islands in the upper lake of Killarney, is rather elevated), a *cushat* arose from the spot on which an imitation of the Lady's bower (as described in the poem) had stood until within a twelvemonth, when it was burnt down by the carelessness of some cigar-smoking visitor; so that I was somewhat in luck, and watched her with classical interest, as with classical taste she directed her flight to Ben Venue. Who will say, "What's in a name?" If it were not for the words *cushat* and

Ben Venue, what would there be worth telling in seeing a wood-pigeon rise from a little islet and fly towards a barren mountain?—barren, thanks to the Duke of Montrose, who cut down and sold the trees—bad manners to——. but I won't curse. There are some tolerable echoes here, but nothing to the dear *aychoes* of Killarney; but sorrow an *aigle* did we see at all, except a lazy fellow who was eating carrion on the pier of a gate at Callander, and one on a sign-post at Stirling. It is plain by my waxing facetious that my romance is oozing away; so I do not consider myself in a worthy humour to dwell on the details of our walk from the head of Loch Katrine across the mountains to Invernaid, where we breakfasted on tea, eggs, and oaten cake, and from whence we embarked in the steamer for Dumbarton. The day continued beautiful, and the lofty mountain scenery about the head of Loch Lomond, and the many wooded isles and cultivated points of land by which it is diversified lower down, kept our interest alive throughout the day. It is, of course, from its great extent, of a very different character from those lakes which we had visited in the morning, but has beauty and magnificence of its own, if it has not the remote and lonely and romantic character of the fairy land about Loch Katrine. What added to our amusement was the disappointment of a little red-headed Edinburgh schoolmaster, who was going about the deck, and asking us from time to time, "Well, arn't you tired of it? I'm tired of it this long time;" and he proved his sincerity by taking coach and starting away home to Auld Reekie, as soon as we reached the Paisley railroad, protesting that he would not go back the same way if he were to be paid all the money it had cost him to come. And he was a poet, too, and had written songs, which were set to music, as he told us, by A. Lee, of London. I forgot to mention that we were delighted with Edinburgh. I had no idea what a place it is. It is far the most beautiful city I have ever seen. Love to all. Ever your affectionate,

GERALD GRIFFIN.

He had a little book during the journey, in which he made notes in the form of a diary. He had at this time taken up the practice of short-hand writing, which he had never taken the trouble to learn before; and it seemed partly for the purpose of exercising himself in this art that he adopted the idea of keeping a journal. With this view he put down everything that came before him, a circumstance which makes his diary so ridiculously

loquacious and minute, that it is on this account alone very curious. When translated into ordinary language, it covered a considerable quantity of paper. It will not be possible, therefore, to give more than a certain number of extracts from it. I have selected such as I thought would give some idea of its random and thoughtless character, together with some others which seemed interesting.

Short-hand Notes of a Trip to Scotland.

Started for the canal-boat five minutes before six, and arrived just in time to be late by about two minutes, which was quite enough. Started again by the car, and overtook her at Clonlara. Found on board a home-missionary man, with a hooked nose and quaker-cut coat; a pleasant-looking fellow with spectacles; a widow lady, who spent most of her time reading Thomas à Kempis and Challoner's Meditations; a man with a Kerry brogue, a mackintosh, and huge gloves, with one bag in each to hold the whole four fingers, and another little one for the thumb, and who I afterwards found was "governor" of a Kerry gaol, and father of a young man who had also a Kerry brogue and a mackintosh, but gloves of the ordinary kind. They were going to Dublin in charge of convicts. There was also a young lady, who seemed under the wing of the home-missionary man, and a middle-aged one, who talked a great deal to him, and, as I perceived, had a temperance paper in her work-basket. Nothing worth noticing in the way of adventure till we reached Killaloe, where we got on board the Lansdowne steamer and breakfasted. Beautiful scenery about Killaloe—delicious sweep of the shore—mountains which reminded one of the upper lake of Killarney, though on a smaller scale indeed, particularly Ballyvalley—islands—ruins—round tower—gentlemen's seats—all enchanting. The day continual sunshine and calm since we left.

Went into the engine-room, where the engineer very civily gave us a most interesting lecture on pistons and cylinders, &c., &c. Went into the convicts' cabin—found eight of them chained two and two by the legs, able-looking fellows; some of them, as the pleasant-looking fellow with the spectacles told us, for murder, others for robbery, sheep-stealing, &c. They were comfortably dressed in the convicts' suit of gray frieze, with good shoes and stockings.....Day freshening—no adventure. Portumna: changed steamers. It is too soon to be correcting

errata, but I find the huge gloves without fingers do not belong to the "Kerry governor," but to an elderly man with an old camlet cloak, whom I forgot to notice. Passing Lough Derg, the helmsman pointed out Clown Tine (the hill of the fire), on the top of which is a bog and lake, which the people thought had no bottom, until one of the company's engineers got a little boat made and carried it up to the top on purpose to try it, taking with him five hundred fathoms of line, but he found it only twenty feet at the deepest. Seats: Mr P——'s, Captain ——'s, Lord A—v—'s. The latter used to sail about here (they say) in a pleasure-boat, while a servant followed in another pleasure-boat behind him, tacking as his master tacked, and keeping a proper distance. I must stop writing, the cabin is so small in this little steamer, and the people are so silent, I fear they are all watching me. The pleasant man in the spectacles seems particularly to have an eye on me. The middle-aged lady has ceased talking to the home-missionary man, and is dozing asleep, and the widow lady and the true owner of the gloves are following her example. I asked the engineer in the Lansdowne whether he did not find the engine-room very unwholesome? He said he did, but that a little *whiskey* or porter now and then made it tolerable to him. This seemed like, "Very hazy weather, Mr. Noah;" but as I was not paymaster, I pretended not to hear him. The squire of the convicts fears lest an attempt should be made to rescue them in passing the bog of Allen. A young man in a brown coat with figured brass buttons has just given us the pleasing intelligence that this boat was attacked there once before. I think he is a Tory, though, for he is reading very attentively an article in *Blackwood*, headed "Canada and Ireland;" and he seems very unwilling to hear anything in favour of the convicts, so there are hopes we may pass the bog, after all. He and the home-missionary man are getting up a kind of side-wind against Lord Mulgrave, and the man with the huge gloves is starting another side-wind in his favour. The ladies have taken up their work, the side-winds are dropped, politics won't take; the man with the huge gloves gave us an account of the convicts, and says some of them expect to have their sentences commuted. The young fellow with the brass buttons says it is a bad system, commuting punishment after sentence, to which the man with the huge gloves replies, pertinently enough, that they can't be commuted before it, a fact which there is no gain-saying. The home-missionary man has got a fashion of laughing at almost every sentence he says himself, which is a great deal oftener than others seem inclined to do. The man with the huge gloves has just asked me to lend him the "Lord of the Isles," but finding it to be poetry, he

has already skipped it all, and is trying to divert himself as well as he can with the notes at the end of the volume.

Tullamore canal-boat, morning.—Hard frost and plenty of politics all night. The "governor" seems most anxious to have his prisoners in Dublin without any marks of quarrelling on the way, such as black eyes or bloody noses, or torn clothes, &c., that he may be able to leave them "in proper condition." He finds the best way to prevent their quarrelling is to speak mildly to them and advise them; promising to give them a character, when they arrive, for good and peaceable conduct on the way. He says he finds it very easy to persuade them this way, when speaking roughly would not be of the least use. One town fellow, he says, is harder to manage than a boat-load of countrymen; "*one of them is enough to corrupt a whole goal!*" His anxiety to have them free from blemish on getting to Dublin is amusing enough. A dinner in Ireland generally reveals people's religion. I perceive that they all eat meat (it was Friday) except a lady near us. A disputation arose about wine and whiskey, and a gentleman mentioned that better wine is to be got in Dublin than is to be had anywhere in England. A great debate on temperance societies last night, which did not lead to much. The home-missionary man of course had lots to say on the subject, but not much came of it. What was most curious was to hear them all choose the very moment when they had ordered whiskey-punch to rail at the peasantry for drinking it. There was one of the disputants, in particular, who seemed uncommonly well primed. I believe Mr. M—— (the pleasant fellow with the spectacles) is an attorney. In the course of the political discussion, a gentleman near me, with a blue top coat buttoned up to the chin, and who had not said one word during the discussion, suddenly called out to have politics discontinued, "as we all had our opinions fixed, and it might lead to unpleasant consequences"—"some people felt strangely on these subjects"—and "it was rather hazardous." Not one word more did my brave hero speak for the rest of the night, so that politics were not the only subjects on which we were not to have the pleasure of hearing his sentiments. The youth with the figured brass buttons is named E——. He is just whistling between his teeth to beguile the time. The governor and his son are named M——. I find the man who is guarding the prisoners, with the blue coat and red collar, is the turnkey.

The breakfast reminds me of an accident which once happened to me in the same boat. We were all at breakfast, when I, finding the unevenness of the table inconvenient, endeavoured to remedy it by fixing the crank under both leaves together, in doing which I drew it from under one, upsetting all the tea-cups,

eggs, and plates into the laps of the company. Such a scene of confusion I never witnessed, and the best of it was no one could tell who did it. * * * * A dissertation on the round towers, but no new light thrown upon the subject. Mr. M—— said what I did not feel inclined to admit, that so early as the first century they were mentioned as a matter of speculation in an old Irish manuscript; he is not certain if it was the book of Cashel, but I am pretty nearly sure that it was not. We had rather a distant view of Maynooth College; wonderful to relate, we passed it without a word said *against* the priests or the government; p rhaps, because, for a wonder, nothing was said about either.

In the night it became cold, and there was a call for fire. One gentleman had lain down upon the floor to sleep. The steward entered with a fiery pan full of coals in the dark (for our candles were put out). Not seeing this gentleman on the floor, he laid the pan down so near his face, that he was awakened by the heat, and started up in horror and confusion at seeing a huge fire an inch or two above his head. He was furious enough when he found how it occurred.

Dublin, Saturday.—About eleven o'clock got a car and drove directly to the steamer, the Arab, where we left our things, and went out to ramble through the city till six, the hour when she was to sail. We visited the Carmelite Friary, in Westland-row, a very fine and spacious building in the form of a cross, but yet unfinished; the Metropolitan, in Marlborough-street, a building more in the style of the Parisian churches, with a handsome marble altar, which cost 1000 guineas. We next visited the Jesuit's College, in Gardiner-street, a very pretty, what is called, T chapel, with a splendid organ which cost £1300.

Came on board the Arab again. One of the first things which I heard, which reminded me where I was going, was hearing some one ask where was Miss Bruce's Lodge. The cabin is beautifully fitted up with pictures and sculptures of Arabs and their horses, in all directions, and lots of plate and gilding. We tossed so much on passing Howth, that I calculated on passing a very bad night with sea-sickness, and I went at once to my berth about seven o'clock, when I soon fell asleep and, thank God, was not sick at all, though the night was very rough, as I afterwards learned. I woke at four, and got up at six; it was rather rainy when I went on deck, but the fresh sea air was delightful; on my right and left a rather low coast, which I was told was Ayrshire, and it was only after looking at it fondly for some time, and thinking of poor burns, with tears in my eyes, that I found I had been spending my enthusiasm upon the coast of Wigton. There is a young Dane on board, who is going, as he told me, to travel in Scotland; he says the travel-

ling is pretty good in Prussia; he spoke a good deal of the unfairness of England giving Norway away to Sweden. The Norwegians, he says, are much discontented at the change; they dislike the Swedes exceedingly. There is a part of Norway bordering on Sweden, where the accent of the Norwegians very nearly resemble that of the Swedes; and in this district, he says, you can hardly offer a greater injury to the feelings of a Norwegian than to ask him if he is a Swede.

We passed Ailsa Crag, a huge conical rock, 1090 feet high, with an old castle. On the eastern side there is a point of low-land, formed by alluvial deposits from the beating of the sea to the west. The north-west side of the crag is much more precipitous. There is good feeding for goats on the side. Left Ailsa (famous for Burns' simile, "Meg was deaf as Ailsa Crag,") behind us. We soon came in sight of the picturesque coasts of Arran Island; the part about Lamlash and Brodick Bay is particularly striking. Lamlash Island is a craggy hillock rising abruptly out of the sea, like Ailsa, but nothing near so high. More to the left lies Brodick Bay, from which Bruce started to the shore of Carrick on the opposite mainland, where the supernatural beacon was lighted for the occasion, as described in the "Lord of the Isles." I had been looking for some time at a huge mountain to the north, the snowy peaks of which were lighted by the sun, before I discovered that it was no other than Benghoil, or Goat-field.

> "The sun, ere yet he sunk behind
> Benghoil, the mountain of the wind,
> Gave his grim peaks a greeting kind,
> And bade Lough Ranza smile."

And the pretty description of evening that follows. Lough Ranza we did not see, as it lies more to the north. I referred to the poem for the passage to which I allude, and showed it to the Dane, who made a note of it. I asked him if he was interested about Scotland. He said, yes; he was acquainted "vit Valtaire Scott's writings, and liked them vary mush." He said he had got an unfavourable idea of them at first, from having began with the "Monastery," in which he found too much about "dat vite ghost," (the white lady of Avenal,) but afterwards he read Kenilworth and part of Waverly, which he admired very much indeed.

"Valtaire Scott's vorks" (he says) are translated in Denmark and Norway. He was at a loss about the provincialisms, until a young lady at Leeds, who was herself a "Scot," explained the idioms to him, after which he began the volume again. He learned the language with very much "pains," he said, in the

beginning, by translating Addison, and writing it again into English, so that he acquired a very tolerable knowledge of the language in five months. I remarked his physiognomy as somewhat approaching the Laplander: eyes far apart and very tapering chin, the colour of his eyes very light—"blue-eyed race." I quite forgot to call him to account about the conduct of his ancestors in Ireland. A young Irishman on board the steamer, on hearing he was a Dane, asked him if he knew the Copenhagen waltz. He said yes, there were several; and, upon my whistling that which we knew by the name above mentioned, he burst out laughing, and said, "Oh, yes; he knew that very well, and many others likewise; they were fond of dancing in Denmark." We now coasted along the Island of Bute, where poor Kean had his cottage, and ran rapidly up the Clyde, the scenery of which is far from uninteresting, particularly on the northern side. The mountains and locks, or fiords, as they call them in Norway, are highly picturesque.

The hasty notes which he made in passing through these scenes, give no idea of the feeling with which he viewed them. I never saw anything like his transport when the scenery described in the "Lord of the Isles" first greeted his eyes. He ran to me as I stood on the deck, tapped me two or three times quickly on the shoulder, with that subdued eagerness that only made his delight the more evident, and pointing to the mountains, while a gentle enthusiasm kindled in his eyes and lit up his countenance, he repeated the lines above quoted.

April 22nd.—Greenock.—In this little outport of Glasgow I set foot on Scottish soil, for the first time in my life, on Sunday, the above date. What struck me as most characteristic were the crowds in the streets returning from and going to church, all of whom maintained such a degree of silence, that though the streets were full of people, not a sound was to be heard but the incessant march of feet, and the low voices of the people, conversing as they passed. No equipages but one little "noddy," or one-horse chaise, like the Bristol "fly." They have a curious fashion of wearing their crape when in mourning, with a great tail behind the hat, which looks hideous in the extreme. It is always in bad taste to carry any local peculiarity or custom to an extreme which could not be used elsewhere. Now one of these heroes, with his long tail of

crape behind his hat, could no more make his appearance in London than he could with a queue to his hair. There are several kirks in Greenock, and we thought the people would never have done going to or coming from them. We went into one after the people had left. It was all divided off into pews, with bibles lying in front, or prayer-books. At one end was a pulpit and reading-desk, over which was a very beautiful stained-glass window. We went up to the top of the hill which was close behind Greenock, and I took out a lucifer-match and set fire to a little furze bush, which made a tolerable blaze, but did not spread far, owing to the damp. The evening was beautifully calm, and the view of the Clyde and the opposite shore, with the Duke of Argyll's castle in the distance, the boats and ships underneath on the quiet, glassy river, a steamer now and then running down from Glasgow for passengers, and Greenock close beneath us, with its spires and numerous chimneys of the cotton factories, formed a picture well worth seeing and remembering. When we came down to the steamer again, most of the passengers had gone up to Glasgow in a small steamer. About half-a-dozen remained like ourselves, who were not in a hurry, and preferred waiting. Among those who remained was an old Scotch officer, who had been out of his country, as he told us, for thirty-eight years, most part of which he spent in Ireland. He kept so perpetually praising Scotland, and boasting of their wealth and industry, and telling us how we would admire them, that I felt a prejudice rising against everything Scotch before he had done, which I have not yet got rid of. It seemed as if he praised his country and his countrymen to gratify his own feelings, without caring or seeing what effect he produced on his hearers. I do abominate these long tails of crape which are so fashionable among the crowds here; it is a combination of the lugubrious and ridiculous, which is anything but agreeable. I wish I were a good draughtsman, that I might have taken views of Ailsa and Benghoil, as well as other scenery on the Clyde, and, among the islands, Lamlash Island. The colouring of Ailsa struck me as particularly well adapted for the pencil. The stratification is perpendicular, chiefly, to all appearance, composed of basalt and quartz. In the morning we started again, at half-past eight o'clock, for Glasgow, where we arrived about half-past ten, April 23rd. The scenery, as we came up the river, is still interesting, particularly about Dumbarton. The rock and castle of that name, on the north side of the stream, form a very picturesque and striking object. A crag almost, or altogether, of equal height rose within a short distance of the rock, further up the river. We break-

fasted on board, and had a rather vehement argument about the Irish peasantry; the old Scotch officer and Captain O——, of the Arab, running them down, and some Irish doing the same; others taking their part. It is surprising how much prejudice prevails with respect to questions of Irish policy. In the course of a few minutes, more untruths were uttered by persons apparently having no interest in falsifying the facts of the case, than it would be easy to imagine. I observed the Scotch steward and other attendants at table were much diverted at the vehement manner of the old Scotch captain, who let out more of the *no-popery*-man and Conservative than he thought proper to show during the course of the voyage before. Our Dane left us at the Paisley railroad station. The number of steamers we met going up the river spoke well for the trade of Glasgow. During almost the whole way up, the old captain unmercifully pointed out everything he thought commendable, making no difficulty whatever of contrasting it with the state of Ireland and Irishmen, in such a manner that it really was a relief when he was good enough to hold his tongue.

This captain resembled the old Scotch officer in the excess of his partiality for everything Scotch. It was amusing to see the degree to which he carried it. As we approached Glasgow, Gerald was astonished at the sight of the dense black cloud with which it is usually covered. "Goodness me! did any one ever see such a cloud? what blackness!" "Industry, sir," said the captain; "industry—all the effects of industry." He was once, however, thrown into a little dilemma. Four or five people were at work in a field, as we passed. "Now, look at those people, sir, how they work! if Irishmen were in their places now, they would rest on their spades, and keep gazing at us until we were gone." "Which of the parties do you mean?" said Gerald, observing that four or five others, who had escaped the captain's notice, had left their spades, and were seated in the sunshine, enjoying a pleasant conversation; do you mean those I see chatting there with their backs to the hedge?" "Ah!" said the captain, looking a little puzzled, "they're resting themselves, poor fellows; they *do* work so hard here!"

CHAPTER XV.

1838.

CONTINUATION OF TOUR — GLASGOW — FALKIRK — LINLITHGOW — EDINBURGH — REMARKS ON BURNS' MONUMENT — HOLYROOD HOUSE — APARTMENTS — PORTRAIT OF DAVID RIZZIO — MINIATURE OF QUEEN MARY — REMARKS ON READING CHARACTER — BOTANIC GARDENS — SLIGHT ILLNESS — REFLECTIONS.

I PROCEED with the extracts from the little book of short-hand notes, which now lead us to scenes of a somewhat deeper interest.

The Clyde narrows very much as it approaches Glasgow; in fact, it is said to be completely artificial, and the improvement of the banks is still going on. A large floating dock is a great desideratum at Glasgow. It was cruel to see a couple of fine large steamers lying aground near the quays. The atmosphere over Glasgow looks one dense mass of smoke. It seemed much worse that way than even the neighbourhood of Wednesbury and Wolverhampton, in England. We found the regulation of porters very satisfactory in Glasgow; they are all badged and numbered, and are usually made accountable for any attempt at imposition. We visited Rob Roy's Tower, at the head of High-street, a curious old building, running to a great height, and the Saut Market, famous for its association with the name of Baillie Nicol Jarvie. We went to the Exchange, a fine building in the Corinthian style, where, by a truly liberal arrangement, strangers are entitled to all the privileges of subscribers for one month, by entering their names in a book kept at the bar; an arrangement worthy of imitation in other places where strangers are little accommodated. Amongst other matters which the little Dane spoke of before he left the ship, was the bankruptcy of Walter Scott by building his house. He thought it very right of the nation to have purchased Abbotsford for his children, and alluded to Roscoe, of Liverpool, who was treated so differently. He had seen, he said, a little poem of his to his books, which "was varry neat and melancholy." Glasgow is a complete city of business; there are scarcely half-a-dozen private carriages to be seen in the whole town, if so many; a few one-horse noddies are let out for hire. The hewn stone, of which all the new houses are built, and which darkens in pro-

cess of time, and probably by smoke, gives them an appearance of neatness and elegance. In the street one meets continually the young students of the University, with their black caps and loose red cloaks, which are of coarse red cloth, and not over clean, so that they have anything rather than a graceful effect. Barefoot children not rare in Glasgow, and fine grown young women, well enough dressed otherwise, but without shoes or stockings. In speaking about Sir Walter Scott's imprudence about money matters, the Dane said it was always the case with authors: they were always in debt; that he had seen many authors in Denmark also, very clever men, but always in debt. We visited the University to-day: it is a venerable old house; the Hunterian Museum, a very interesting collection made by Dr. William Hunter. By a curious oversight, or piece of neglect, there is a very large collection of anatomical preparations of which nothing can be made, as they were left without a list or labels. There were several excellent pictures of English and Italian masters in the upper rooms, and autograph letters of Benjamin Franklin and Washington, as well as the original document by which Fothergill and others bound themselves to pay £10 and £5 a-year, to enable Priestly to make his experiments on air, by which he was to make his celebrated discoveries.

Went to the University to-day, Thursday, April 24th, to see the medical students "capped," that is to say, gifted with medical degrees. The yard of the University was filled with red-cloaked and black-dressed medical students. At twelve o'clock all were summoned to a great room of the building up one flight of stairs, where, at a table, were seated Dr. M'Farland, Principal of the College, Drs. Badham, Cumming, Cooper, &c. The beadle of the University, with a written list in his hand, called over the names of those who were candidates for medical degrees, when each, answering to his name, came forward, and they ranged themselves in a circle round the room. Then the candidates for masters in surgery ranged themselves in a smaller circle round the table. Then the Principal read the oath in *Latin*, in which they bound themselves "not to poison any one, but, on the contrary, to give them good and wholesome medicine; also to keep what secrets should be intrusted to them, in confidence and strict silence." During the reading of this oath, all held up their hands, and repeated it sentence for sentence after him. All then knelt and offered a short prayer also in *Latin;* he then went down, and laid a cap on the head of each in succession, during which ceremony there was much tittering amongst the ill-behaved spectators: but nothing could for one moment shake the imperturbable gravity

of the Principal. After the words "et dexteras conjungere," he went round and shook hands with them all, one after another, with a somewhat more smiling countenance than he had on "capping" them. There were eighty-eight doctors and about twenty surgeons received degrees that day. After the ceremony, all approached the table, and entered their names in a book kept for that purpose. There is a good picture of the martyrdom of Stephen in the room, and also a very good entombment of our Saviour. Portraits of distinguished people are hung round the room, and five or six tolerable busts of distinguished men are placed on a table at the end next the door where the strangers entered. After the "capping" was over, we went to see the Botanical Gardens, said to contain the finest collection of plants in Europe, and in this way passed two or three hours most delightfully. There is a most interesting collection of ferns, of heath, of cacti, &c. Camelias were in beautiful blow in several places, the elephant's foot from the Cape of Good Hope, &c. On the way to the gardens are some handsome streets and rows of new houses in a crescent, which might be compared with that at Bath, all built of that freestone which is so abundant here. I observe, however, that walls built of freestone are apt to crack, but whether this be a serious disadvantage or not I know not. In the Hunterian Museum at the University we saw a banner of the Covenanters, which was displayed at the battle of Bothwell Brig, and a hat found the day after the battle, a shining oil-cloth affair.

On the morning of the 26th, we left Glasgow by the canal boat. We left Port Dundee at nine o'clock in the morning. The cabin and steerage were both full. In the latter was a fiddler, who kept us alive, and sung a Scotch song to a very beautiful air, which I was wishing very much to pick up. He came on board on speculation, to see what he could pick up amongst the passengers. There were some very pretty girls, with Scotch features, blue-eyed and fair. We have seen a great many people in mourning since we came. The hideous tails do not appear to be so much worn at Glasgow as at Greenock. The judges came into town while we were there. I admired very much the expression of the Scotch girls' countenances—pleasing, mild, and simple, harmonising agreeably with their light coloured eyes, and fresh, untroubled features. View of Falkirk—Wallace Wight:

> And the sword that was meet for archangel to wield,
> Was light in his terrible hand.

Falkirk reminds one of the beautiful lines of Miss —— in the poem called the Fate of Falkirk. A red-haired girl opposite

me has some gold fish in a tin vessel with holes in the cover. I thought at first it was a carrot floating about. The number of red-haired people here is remarkable. We are now approaching Linlithgow.

Of all the palaces so fair,
Built for the royal dwelling,
In Scotland, far beyond compare,
Linlithgow is excelling.

We continued to see the Frith from time to time all along. Linlithgow is a tolerable-sized town. The castle, in which Mary Queen of Scots was born, is situated on an eminence, which commands a view of Loch Lithgow. It is still the palace. The country around is hilly and well cultivated. As we reached the canal boat office a poor woman and her little son welcomed us with a Scotch ballad, to the air of "Welcome here again:"

Welcome home, my bonnie lassie,
Welcome home, my bonnie lassie.

Some one threw her a halfpenny, which I thought she deserved. In Loch Lithgow is a little islet, with a single tree in the middle. Poor Mary! What a sweet scene this must be in summer. Poor, poor Mary! Who can look on the quiet old ruin and its adjoining graveyard, and think of all that has happened, and all that has been written about it in both verse and prose, without feeling the tears starting into his eyes? Poor, poor Mary! Yes, indeed,

Of all the palaces so fair,
Built for the royal dwelling,
In Scotland, far beyond compare,
Linlithgow is excelling.

Wooded valleys and hills abound on either side and in every direction. It is so pleasant to perceive the passengers in the boat acquainted with its history.

By the way, talking (as we are not) of Mr. Laing's Residence in Norway, which the Dane admires so much, I do not at all like the sordid principles he lays down with respect to property and education. One of his maxims is, that a man with a property is already educated. What can be more false? Are there not hundreds of ignorant boors, without three ideas in their heads, who have abundant fortunes? But I suspect he is a thorough-going political economist. Symptoms of a near approach to Auld Reekie—a dense cloud of smoke, of a manufacturing colour, is seen in the distance. We have on board a carpet-bag directed Mrs. Fletcher, St. Leonard's; she is a sharp-

featured lady, nothing like either Jeannie or Effie. I can't help still thinking of the beautiful cacti flowers which we saw in the botanical gardens yesterday. The scenery is improving as we approach Edinburgh—craggy hills, and green and wooded slopes, with extensive and well-cultivated valleys, are becoming abundant. At length the welcome sounds of "We are landed, gentlemen," met our ear, and we found ourselves in Edinburgh. After dining we set out to take a walk through the town; passed the college, a splendid building, of various kinds of Grecian architecture, and of a very great size. Went into the register office, and passed a kind of bridge across a valley which lay at a considerable distance underneath. The singular way in which those streets cross and overhang each other produces a most extraordinary and by no means an unpleasing effect to an unaccustomed eye. The long valley underneath, with its numerous lights, extending to a great length on either hand, formed a *coup d'œil* which it is not easy to forget. Arrived at the register office, we turned off to the right hand and ascended the Calton Hill, where we had, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, a very enchanting prospect of the country all around. On one side the Frith of Forth, and the scene extended to the east and south; on the other the city, with its thousand lights, glimmering like stars in the increasing darkness. On another arose Salisbury Crag and Arthur's Seat. Close around us were the monuments of Nelson, Playfair, Stewart, the national monument, of which last only some fine Doric colums are built for want of funds. There are two observatories, one of the city, the other belonging to Miss Short, niece to the celebrated James Short, the great optician; it has a moveable dome. There is a large Gregorian reflector there, made by James Short, with metal about twelve inches in diameter, and the place was shown to us by a little girl, who was very civil, and showed us a microscope and view of the Thames Tunnel, as it seemed to make amends for the state of the skies, in which scarcely anything was to be seen. The city altogether is the most beautiful as to situation that I have ever yet seen. Bath or Dublin is not to be compared to it. I saw the crape tails again in Edinburgh. Whatever the cause of it is, whether that they were mourning longer here in Scotland than elsewhere, or that people die faster, we see, I think, more people in mourning here than anywhere else that I am acquainted with.

On Friday morning, the 27th, we walked to the castle. There were some men at exercise in the yard; when they had done we entered the gate and crossed the drawbridge. From the battlements we had a most beautiful and extensive view of the Forth and opposite shore of Fife, and of the new town of

Edinburgh immediately underneath. We saw Mons Meg, an enormous piece of artillery, with several of the stone shot, about a foot in diameter. It was formed of bars of iron, bound fast with massive hoops of the same metal. Two or three of these hoops appear to have been broken or burst by violence of some kind, disclosing the nature of the whole fabric. It is mounted on a new carriage. An inscription on it states that it was carried to the Tower of London in 1754, and restored in 1829 by George the Fourth. Believed to have been made at Mons (in Flanders) in 1485. It was at the siege of Norham Castle in 1498.

We descended the hill, and went by West-row (vide Heart of Mid-Lothian) to the Cow-gate; passed along amid old-clothes shops—brokers—horrible smells of various kinds—to the south back of Canon-gate, and on to Holyrood House; then to the left up the Canon-gate as far as the Tolbooth; here we turned down a narrow wynd or close, at the bottom of which we found steps leading us to the top of Calton Hill, where we spent a little time looking at Burns' monument, the sum laid out on which must have been at least as much as would have made a gentleman of the poor, decent man all his life; but so it is with the world—

> Seven mighty cities fought for Homer dead,
> Through which the living Homer begged his bread.

They charge sixpence apiece to see the poet's statue, which I think rather shabby. Admired again, by daylight, the beautiful variety of prospects from Calton Hill. By the way, what Vandals are sometimes born and reared in the very temple of science. This James Short, whose niece keeps the observatory here, is the man of whom it is said (with what truth appears not quite certain), that when he was living, having excelled all polishers of reflectors in his time, he determined to provide against being equalled after his death, by giving orders to melt down all his tools, thus sacrificing the interests of science to those of vanity; he has, however, been since equalled by Herschel, I believe. The truth of this story seems to want confirmation; I sincerely hope it never may receive it. The little girl who keeps the place was very civil, pulling the dome about, and dragging the telescope backwards and forwards. There was a young man with her when we came in, who did not appear particularly conversant in the business, but he took a peep of Jupiter when all was adjusted. She told us there was a beautiful view of Mercury the evening before. Playfair's monument is a great deal higher than Dugald Stewart's, which is hardly fair play of Mr. Playfair's friends. Coming down the

hill to Waterloo-place, another of the many bridges without any water beneath, we were tempted by our appetites and the enticing words, "Confectioner to the Queen," on an opposite shop, to step in and try her Majesty's taste in that article. I walked on to Leith, where I had a whiff of the fresh sea air. I rambled for some time, enjoying the roar of the waves, as they rolled on and broke about my feet. I can't help thinking of the splendid monument to Burns, with its magnificent Corinthian peristyle and harps all around, and richly wrought architecture, and to think how poorly the unfortunate fellow was provided for in his lifetime. Coming back from Leith, which is a well-built, thriving place, I saw Marmion just published for 10d. in a bookseller's window—a new edition; it seems the copyright is out—a case in point for Sergeant Talfourd. I don't like the spirit of Marmion near so well as "the Lady" or "the Lay." The buildings in this city are really magnificent, and, on the whole, abundantly sufficient to entitle it to its appellation of modern Athens. There is, however, so much smoke, that I doubt if the more ancient one of Auld Reekie be not, at least, quite as appropriate. Got home and dined, altogether well satisfied with our day's work, and our idea of Edina remains unchanged. I find that what I said of Playfair's monument is not correct; it is Nelson's monument which is higher than the rest.

To-day, Saturday, the 28th, I set out by St. Leonard's Hill, and by the road which leads by Salisbury Crag, up to Arthur's Seat, which commands a fine view of the city and the surrounding country; the city, however, was so smoky that I could not see a great deal of it. The view to Porto-Bello, to the sea, and road up to Stirling on the opposite hill, which were free from smoke, were very beautiful and sunny. Set off for Holyrood House, where we first visited the Chapel Royal, a curious old ruin, in the Gothic style. Here we saw at one end the identical door by which the murderers of David Rizzio entered to take the life of poor Mary's unfortunate favourite. Coming out, after seeing all that was worth looking at, in the way of peers and king's servants, dukes, and others about the old Scottish court, we visited the royal apartments. We first entered the long gallery, containing portraits of the kings of Scotland from time immemorial, many of which were, however, destroyed by Cromwell, and afterwards restored from imagination. The old lady who showed us the place, and who, from living so much among the kings' and queens' pictures, and in their apartments, has a great dignity and majesty of demeanour herself, told us that she would not vouch for the correctness of the smaller portraits; but she took the trouble to explain to us

all those in full length. Amongst others in the bust form appeared Macbeth—of course, grim enough. We next went into the room occupied by Charles the Tenth, while in this place. There are some pictures here, indifferent enough, as it struck me. There was an old crimson velvet chair, said to have been used by the ancient kings of Scotland: on it was a lab l, requesting visitors not to touch or sit upon it. I wait d until the dignified lady was gone into the next room, after which I just sat in it for an instant, to try how a person would feel sitting in a chair that had been used by kings; but the only feeling I had was fear, lest the lady might return and catch me in it, which was not unfounded, for presently I heard her step returning, and bounced up just in time to be a few feet from the chair when she came back. I asked her, with a great app arance of innocence, who painted the picture of Venus rising out of the sea? She replied, with some sternness, that she did not know. We went on into Charles the Tenth's bed-room, which, like the last, is tolerably spacious; the furniture is not surprisingly good. In the large gallery was a picture of Mary Queen of Scots among the rest, representing her as a very lovely woman; but it was much damaged, as our good lady told us, by Cromwell. We now went up-stairs into a room which had once been Mary's audience-chamber, but was afterwards made a b d-room by Charles the First, whose bed was still in it. Passing on, we entered Mary's bed-room, where was her bed, with very lofty slender posts, and red silk hangings and gilt, the head of it very highly ornamented. Here was the baby basket, in which were the first clothes worn by James the First, when he was born. There was also her work-box—poor Queen!—a very large one, much more so than those of later date; but not at all so elegant as the rosewood work-boxes of modern ladies. There were two or three mirrors in it—the cover was executed in embroidery; there was also a chair, which our stately guide told us was the work of the poor Queen's own fingers. On the left hand, as one stood with one's back to the bed, was poor Mary's dressing-room, in which was a curious shaped mirror, placed there by one of the Jameses, on Queen Mary's work-table, with a surprising number of legs. On the opposite side of the chamber to these is her *boudoir*, a very small, narrow room, with a window commanding a sweet prospect down the Calton Hill. Over the fire-place hangs a picture of a youth, handsome, innocent, and with a seriousness almost approaching to melancholy in his fine eyes; it is David Rizzio's portrait, brought from Italy by himself. On the table opposite are cuirasses, gloves, boots, and various pieces of armour, the remains of the armour worn by Darnly. In this little room

Rizzio received his first wound; he was then dragged out by the murderers, through the bed-chamber, on into the audience-chamber, where he was despatched with fifty-six wounds. The body was left all night in the corner of the room, where an oblong dark stain on the boards is pointed out as having been caused by the blood which flowed from it while in that position; smaller stains disfigure the floor close to the wall. The unfortunate Queen afterwards got a wooden partition made, which now separates the audience-chamber from the rest. In the bed-room our guide showed us a portrait of Queen Mary, in miniature, which seemed quite of modern execution. The features are beautiful—eye-brows finely arched, nose aquiline, and the whole expression of the countenance serene and pleased. There were many engravings hanging round the room, and near the window—some placed there by Mary, others by Charles the Second. The size of this suite of apartments is so small as to surprise one. Any merchant's wife in our own day has a finer suite of rooms than the Queen of Scotland had in Holyrood, particularly the boudoir; it is so narrow that Mary herself could, I think, have touched both sides together with her extended hands. After quitting the scene of this dismal tragedy, where so many mementoes made it seem as if we had been personally engaged in it, we left, and proceeded down Hunter's Square, where we saw the papers in a reading room, open for a short time to strangers. On my way back from Arthur's seat to-day, I picked up, in a shop, a bill of a Friendly Society. I saw three or four advertisements of such societies in the town to-day;—this speaks well for the prudence of the people, and their good management, and must be, I think, preventive of a great deal of misery. On getting up early, on Sunday, and looking out of my window, about 8 o'clock in the morning, the contrast between it and the ordinary week-days seemed very great indeed—everything so very still and quiet—scarce a single individual, much less a carriage or vehicle of any description, to be seen in the streets. My admiration of this piety was, however, considerably diminished, on finding that, in fact, the good citizens were all snug in bed, it being the custom to sleep longer and later on the "Sabbath" morning than on the ordinary days of the week. Went to mass at 9 o'clock, to the chapel in Broughton-street, where there was a most excellent discourse from a young clergyman; he mentioned the increase of Catholics. Came back and breakfasted; read something of the "Cottagers of Glenburnie," a most beautiful tale, which I read twice or three times before, and could read again with great pleasure. Scott certainly was not a little indebted to Mrs. Hamilton's successes for his own; and it is hard to say whether he would ever

have had the heart of Mid Lothian, if the Cottagers of Glenburnie had never been written. After breakfast, I went down to the strand of Porto-Bello, and along the sandy bank by the sea side to Leith, picking up many spiral shells, pebbles, and mussel-shells of a very delicate colour. It occurred to me last night in bed, that a good story might be made by making Fionn MacCumhal enter a city of skeletons, going through all the business of life; it would be only to imagine London filled with the same people as at present, only divested of their flesh.

It struck me to-day how the difficulty of reading character increases as one removes farther from home. Now, in the Irish canal boat I could read the characters of the individuals as easily as a primer; all the shades of opinion and of party, every influence which was likely to act as a spring to thought or action, was well known to me; and the slightest indication, a look, a casual expression, a peculiarity in custom or demeanour, almost anything, was sufficient to enable me to know my man; but as one leaves home, these keys to thought and character become less easy of interpretation; we are ignorant of the questions, both local and political, which act upon men's minds, and if we institute comparisons at all, it is no longer with each other, but rather with our own recollections of those whom we have left behind. Reading character in this respect is like the reading of languages in our own country; a canal boat or a mail coach full of passengers is a small volume in our native tongue; further off, the variation of dialect increases, until it becomes as difficult as a scroll of Sanscrit or of Chinese.

To-day, Monday, April 30th, the hills which I can see from our windows are all white with snow. We visited Leith Water; the walk up by St. Bernard's Well is, like almost everything in this beautiful city, grand and imposing, from the singular combination of the beauties of Nature and Art which one witnesses at every step. The view of the lofty arches of the bridge which crosses from Queensferry-street and Drumsheugh, and also of the handsome Gothic church on the opposite side, is worthy of old Athens itself, or of what one imagines of that city of the arts. Went on to the Botanical Gardens. Not so satisfactory as at Glasgow, though there is a great deal more ground, twelve acres, laid out in it. The hot-houses are numerous, but not so fine nor so well kept as at Glasgow, where there are some tolerably lofty ones, though nothing to compare with the splendid ones at the Jardin des Plantes in Paris. The collection at Glasgow, however, is said to be the finest in Europe, and of course, therefore, in the world. It was delicious both here and at Glasgow, at this bleak season of the year, when snow is falling in as great abundance as it commonly does in Ireland in the depth of

winter, to enter these hot houses, and be feasted both with the smell and sight of flowers in full blow. It struck me as very doubtful whether the pleasure I felt on entering them was ever enjoyed by their proprietors or by the people of fortune who go to all the expense of keeping hot-houses. The delicious surprise which it was to me they can never experience, so there is some advantage, even in a sensual and worldly sense, in not being born to a fortune. It reminded me of the man in London, who used to comfort himself by going about and fancying everything, carriages, houses, &c., to be his own, but that he merely allowed other people the use of them from pure benevolence and good nature. The collection of camelias, hyacinths, and other flowers in full blow, was delightful. A middle-aged lady, with three or four beautiful daughters, was purchasing a bouquet from the man who was in charge of the flowers. At Glasgow all the plants and roots are carefully labelled; such, unfortunately, is not the case here, a very unsatisfactory arrangement for visitors who happen to be indifferent botanists.

Came home and spent a very feverish night. Took some medicine, which diminished the fever. "O Lord, my God, whatever time Thou leavest me to remain in this world, I beseech Thee, in Thy great mercy, give me the grace and the means to employ it in thy service." I have seen quite enough to convince me of the utter hollowness and nothingness of every worldly pursuit. It is enough to name poor dear M——.* It is enough to think of poor Walter Scott's last words, after all his fame: "Lockhart, my dear, be a good man, be virtuous, be religious; nothing else will ever gain you any comfort when you come to lie here." What then! was all his fame nothing? All the honour he received from kings and princes, from people of rank and fortune; all the wealth he accumulated, as magnificent as his collection of rarities; his numerous friendships with the great and good of his age; and certainty he had of leaving a name behind which would descend with honour to all future generations, his children befriended and respected in the world for his sake—was all this nothing? We have the fact from his own lips, his own words are our testimony, uttered in that truth-telling moment when we have no longer an interest in deceiving either ourselves or others. Nothing, he assures his friend who sat by him in that awful moment, nothing but a virtuous and religious life can give a man any comfort on the bed of death. Since this is so, O Lord my God, in Thy great mercy, I beseech Thee defend my soul, and the souls of all I

* A cousin of his, to whom he was greatly attached, an officer in the 9th regiment, who died of cholera in his twenty sixth year, a few days after landing in India.

love, from vanity, from ambition, from every worldly affection. While I remain in the world, give me the great grace to keep my heart perfectly detatched from it, to be quite indifferent to worldly success or failure. And oh! if it be Thy holy will, give me, my God, the grace to withdraw from it and its vain pursuits, to serve Thee, and Thee only, without fear of returning to it. O my God, hear my heart's prayer this day, and grant it, through the merits and sufferings of Thy blessed Son. Amen.

This day, May 1st, the snow has disappeared from the hills, and the sky looks clear and sunny, though not yet quite settled. I thought it better to stay at home and nurse my cold. How many more Mays shall I ever see in this world? God grant that whenever they cease from me, I may have made my peace with Him, and then it is of little consequence how few they may be.

It would be a good plan to keep a journal of one's life in short-hand. I find that poor Sir Walter, in the last days of his life, was heard repeating some of the "magnificent hymns of the Romish Ritual," as Lockhart informs us, "in which," as he adds, "he had always delighted, but which probably hung on his memory now in connexion with the church service he had attended while in Italy.

CHAPTER XVI

1838.

TOUR IN SCOTLAND CONTINUED—STIRLING—CALLANDER—LOCH ACHRAY—THE TROSACHS—FELLOW-TRAVELLERS—SETTLING A WAITER'S BILL—LOCH KATRINE—BEAUTIFUL DAY—PASS OF INVERSNAID—AN EDINBURGH SCHOOLMASTER—LOCH LOMOND—REMARKS ON SMOLLET AND FIELDING—MISS MARTINEAU'S OPINIONS ON CEMETERIES—FAREWELL TO SCOTLAND—LOVELY WEATHER—DUBLIN—RETURN BY THE CANAL—PASSENGERS—ANECDOTE—CONCLUSION.

The remaining portion of the notes of our tour brings us through some of the most delightful of the Scotch scenery. I hope, therefore, it will not be considered tiresome if I venture to continue my extracts.

Stirling, May 2nd, 1838.—Left Edinburgh at half-past two o'clock, for Newhaven, where we embarked on board the Victoria steamer, for this place. The day was unpleasant and rainy, but cleared up pretty well towards evening, and enabled me to stay upon deck and look at the scenery. The view of the Ochil mountains pleased me very much, the river widening and turning interminably within sight of them. Certainly, if there be anything majestic in nature, it is the sight of a lofty range of mountains (not that the Ochils are the highest in the world) looking down upon one from the very horizon, and seeming to challenge admiration. Their misty grandeur, their mysterious valleys and recesses, their calm and solemn serenity, everything about them is enchanting, and produces an excitement far greater to my mind than that of any other scenery, or perhaps any other sight on earth.

It seems to-morrow is to be a fast day in Edinburgh, and many of the good citizens and their fair friends are taking advantage of it, to come up the Forth and see the country round about. The fast is not, however, of a very strict nature, as I was told by an intelligent young person who took tea with me on the waiter's invitation. They eat their usual number of meals, eating as heartily, and perhaps more daintily than on ordinary days. The only difference is, that it is kept in every respect like Sunday, as a kind of preparation for the sacrament. Some of the more strict Presbyterians, he says, would not leave town for the same purpose.

In speaking of Edinburgh, he mentioned Lord Jeffrey as one of their great guns. He has now, he says, completely given up literature, and devoted himself solely to the law. He finds the school of Wordsworth and Coleridge, he says, gaining ground too fast; they are both very popular in Scotland just now. Professor Wilson, he seems to think, has done much to occasion this change, so far as Wordsworth is concerned, and his pupils adopt his views. Jeffrey used rather to depreciate Wordsworth; but now, he says, Wordsworth's greatness is making its way, and Jeffrey has withdrawn from the field which he finds growing too hot for him. I give this youth's account of this affair without making a remark as to its value. As old Josephus says, when he tells anything particularly wonderful, "Every one will judge of this as it seems good to him."

May 2nd.—I got up early; and, after breakfast, we hired a drosky, a kind of Russian four-wheeled vehicle, like a double gig. Having made our bargain, we went to see the castle of Stirling, in company with a person who had joined us in our drosky, being on the same road for a good part of the way. I do not know when I saw anything with which I was more de-

lighted than with the view from Stirling Castle, on every side. In one direction, Bannockburn; in another, the interminable windings of the Forth, constituting that part of the river called the Links of Forth; a delicious valley, clifted in the most exquisite style, stretching away on either hand, and the prospect bounded, in the distance, by the blue Ochils; and the rich cultivation of the flat country beautifully contrasted with the bold projecting crags which arise almost directly opposite. As we peeped through the embrasures of the battlements, every one of which presented, as if in framework, a picture of the most exquisite beauty and richness—compared to such a scene, what were the most successful efforts that were ever made on canvass with the pencil?—all that I had ever seen in painting, the finished landscapes of Claude Lorraine, or Poussin, or of any master whose works I had ever looked at, were miserable daubs, not worth even a passing glance.

We returned to the Eagle (Campbell's). In descending the street I happened to ask how the Scotch people pronounced the word "wynd," an open carriage-way as distinguished from "close," which means a foot passage only. Our new companion at once answered, that in some parts of the country, among the poorer class of people, it was pronounced wund; in ordinary conversation in the higher ranks it was pronounced wīnd; but, for solemn recitative or poetry, it was called wind. It was only when he had gone through all this elaborate, though somewhat superfluous dissertation, that I discovered his mistake, and rectified it, on which he told me it was pronounced wynd; and some time after he let us know he was a teacher in Edinburgh, which, while it accounted for his learned lecture on orthography, made me respect him for his want of affectation. He pointed out to us, from the battlements of the castle, the site of Dunblaine, celebrated in Tinnahil's well-known song, "Jessie, the Flower of Dunblaine." The unfortunate poet, he told us, had drowned himself in a little burn which ran at the foot of his father's ground (that is to say, the father of our informant, not of the poet). The wretched bard is still comparatively unknown, though his songs (more numerous than I believed) have been lately brought out at Glasgow with appropriate music, and, as the merry teacher says, have made a fortune for the lady who published them. Having got into our drosky, we set off on a showery and unpromising day, unless promising plenty of rain and fog may redeem it from that epithet. The road had nothing to interest us excepting the excellent cultivation of the soil, with its neat shorn hedge-rows, and well-kept and extensive fields, reminding me much of England, and showing us, by its occasional tracts of redeemed moss (or

bog, as it is called in Ireland), how much can be done by perseverance and industry even to draw profit from barrenness itself. On reaching Doune we saw a small town with a pretty brawling river, crossed by a *brig*, from which one has a view of an old ruin, interesting rather from its historical associations than for any particular grandeur or magnificence in the remains themselves, at least so far as one could judge from the exterior. Stopping to bait at this place, we had a lecture on the Kirk from our fellow-traveller. On leaving here the road became more hilly; Cambus-more and Benledi soon appeared in view, at the very foot of which the romantic village of Callander lay, as it were, overshadowed by the magnificent range of mountains which rose behind. Here, we found, as usual, the walls of the inn scribbled over with the names of previous tourists, some foreign ones amongst the rest; on the glass was written with a diamond the following:

"Les noms de fous
Se trouvent partout."

A much-worn copy of "The Lady of the Lake," out of which some mischievous persons had torn the spirited description of the Chase in the commencement. On the pier of a gate opposite our inn, a tame eagle was feasting himself upon some garbage. I could not help admiring the learned marginal note which some scribbler had written in the book already spoken of, on the lines,

"Like the tall pile which builders vain
Presumptuous heaped on Shinar's plain."

"Babel" was the erudite note written with a pencil on the margin opposite the last line. Here our pedagogue had a trout and some potatoes, while we solaced ourselves with a biscuit and a glass of ale. After we had satisfied our drosky driver and prepared to walk to the Trosachs, there was some question of having another drosky, but after the specimen we had already had I was very happy to have it decided the other way. The frequency and, at the same time, the unexpectancy of the shocks one received in this vehicle, rendered it to me the most unpleasant I had ever travelled in. I had rather, I think, have no springs at all, than have ones which did their business so very badly.

Apart from all questions of scenery, I was quite in the humour to enjoy a walk when we got to Callander. The road,

winding amongst heath and mountain, brought us, ere long, in sight of Loch Venacher, which was welcome to us as the first, though not the best, of highland scenery. It is an extensive sheet of water, narrow for its length, stretching nearly east and west between a double range of mountains of moderate elevation, but which were now recommended to us by their novelty, the deep brown colouring of the heath which covered their sides, and the calmness of the sober evening, that had already begun to give promise of a favourable change in the weather. After walking some miles along the side of the Loch, and repeating the ever-delightful description of the Chase with which the "Lady of the Lake" opens, we reached the end of the Loch, from which the view back was rendered more interesting from the singular appearance of the sky. On our progress forward, we had been admiring the sun-set at the western extremity of the Loch, and now, on reaching the other end, and looking back, we saw the sky just as bright between the hills at the eastern extremity; so much so, that it would have been difficult for one not acquainted with the points of the compass, and the hills, to ascertain, by looking at the sky, in what place the sun really was going down. What added to the effect was, that a dark canopy of clouds covered all the intervening space. As we were going up the mountain side, on which numbers of sheep with black legs and coarse wool were browsing, a little lamb ran bleating towards us, and came up to me on the road, but not recognising us, on closer inspection, trotted back as fast as she came, reminding one of those exquisitely sentimental lines:

"Sweet sensibility, oh! la!
I heard a little lamb cry, bah!
Sweet lambkin, have you lost your ma?
Ah!

"The pretty lamb, as I said so,
Frisking about the field did go,
And frisking, trod upon my toe—
Oh!"

We tore ourselves away from the dear lamb, however, after many fears for its future fate, which, most probably, were needless, as I dare say he knew what he was about as well as any one amongst us. Going some distance farther, we told a woman with a child in her arms, who stood at a cottage door, about the lamb, and she seemed disposed to go back for it by her inquiries. We soon after came in sight of Loch Achray, a sweet

little sheet of water lying between Loch Venacher and Loch Katrine, on the northern side of which is Mrs. Stewart's inn, a place fitted up conveniently enough for the accommodation of tourists. Close behind this inn a little burn comes brawling from the mountain, and on the opposite side a neat farm-house. We found the place rather in confusion, as visitors were scarcely expected so early in the season. However, we were very comfortably settled, and had tea, with cold beef, eggs, and *scone*, a kind of thin barley-cake, like pan-cake which is eaten with something sweet, such as jam, marmalade, or butter. Two gentlemen (English, as it appeared to us), whom we had overtaken on the road near Callander, joined us at tea. One of them was an agreeable, gentlemanly young fellow, who had a spaniel blind of an eye, whom he called Haidee. The other was apparently delicate, and rather more silent. The name on Haidee's collar was T—— W——, Esq. We had much amusement, after tea, in settling our accounts with the girl who attended us, having previously agreed to be included all five in one bill. The difficulty lay in dividing the balance of fifteen and threepence in equal shares. It was at length done, greatly to the satisfaction of the Edinburgh teacher, by our agreeing to give the servants four and nine-pence, which, with the bill for tea and lodging, amounted to twenty shillings, a sum which happily was an exact multiple of five. The satisfaction expressed by the little red-haired pedagogue at the prospect of an even division of the three-pence, was so hearty and undisguised, that it provoked repeated bursts of laughter from the younger of the English travellers, which were only checked, at length, on honest Sandy's exhibiting symptoms of having heard enough of it. I suppose the servants, who were not privy to our arithmetical difficulty, must have been surprised at our liberality stopping short of the crown, after coming within three-pence of it. Immediately on our arrival at Mrs. Stewart's, we set out for the Trosachs, and walked through them as far as Loch Katrine. The evening was now dry and calm, and I could easily judge what a lovely ramble it would be in summer, when this romantic pass is filled with verdure and foliage, and the singing of a thousand wild birds would prevent the ear from running mad with jealousy of the eye. The elevation of the heights is not quite so great as I had expected, nor is the pass so narrow nor so boldly cut; but what earthly marvel equalled the expectations of him who beheld it for the first time? The imagination is capable of forming dark guesses at infinity itself: and what wonder, then, if it always outstrips reality in its anticipations of that which it has not yet seen? Does not the sober Captain Gulliver himself express his disappointment at

finding the Cathedral of Brobdinag only three thousand feet high? Who is there that is not disappointed in the first view of St. Paul's? "I was disappointed in it, people said so much of it," is the verse of Matthews's disappointed tourist, in speaking of all the sights and wonders which the earth contains. I do not say all this as meaning to insinuate that I was disappointed in the Trosachs. It was a delightful walk and a delightful evening, and I have nothing to say either against the one or the other. I could easily see that it would have been much better if it had been summer, but it was very good as it was, and I had no fault to find. The thrush and the robin, too, notwithstanding the bleakness of the season, lent their melody to the scene. The little glimpse which we had of Loch Katrine, so land-locked at this its eastern extremity as to resemble a small artificial pond made in a private demesne, and offering no indication whatever of its real extent, was exquisite. We did but wait to look upon it, and to cast a glance upwards at the majestic summit of Ben Venue, which rose from its margin, and hurried back to our inn, reserving the full banquet of delight which we expected from the contemplation of its far-famed beauties for the morning.

Having engaged a boat to take us to the western end of the lake, we went to bed, and were all stirring before six o'clock next day.

On looking out of my bed-room window, which had a sweet view of Loch Achray, I was atonished at not seeing the Loch. I looked again and again, but, like the father of the Sultan Aladdin, it was only to confirm my astonishment. I could not see the water, and thought I must have been mistaken in supposing that the window at any time afforded a view of it. At length I observed, that what seemed to me to be the lower part of the opposite mountain had a kind of bluish tinge, and, on contemplating this portion of the scene steadily for some moments, I became aware that what I took for the base of the mountain was, in reality, nothing more than the reflection of the mountain itself in the perfectly motionless waters of the clear, calm lake. I never saw an illusion more complete—it was absolutely impossible to see the water, or to distinguish the reflection from the reality. Taking leave of our hostess, who had all the dignity of a Stuart about her, we set off on a delicious morning, without a breath of wind, for Loch Katrine. We had, again, a most delightful walk through the Trosachs. We had some time to ramble about and cut sticks before our boatmen arrived. Being at length fairly embarked, we were soon hurried along amid such a change and variety of scenery as I shall not readily forget. The unbroken stillness of the lake;

the reflections on its breast of crag and mountain, shrub and wild flower, with a distinctness, and, in many instances, apparently surpassing reality; the soft blue lines which mellowed the outline of the distant heights; altogether presenting such a series of pictures as one rarely enjoys. Sometimes the reflection was so perfect on the water of the lake, so limpidly transparent, that, looking on the adjacent shore, it was absolutely impossible to tell where the reality ended or where the reflection began. Turning a point, we came in sight of Ellen's Island, where we landed; ascended the hill, which is rather high, by a flight of stone steps, near the famous "naked oak," which is said to have stood here since the days of James V. On reaching the summit of the isle, a cushat, or wild pigeon, rose from the spot where an imitation of Ellen's cottage had stood till the last year, when it was burned down by some person using a cigar in the place. Several points of interest, both from their historical associations and picturesque claim to one's admiration, are visible from this isle. Some wooded points are seen, connected with the mainland by slips of land, so narrow that they had all the appearance of distinct islets. I got a root of wild hyacinth and some wood anemone from this spot, and came down to the boat, when we renewed our little voyage. It added nothing to the charm of the scenery to listen to a shocking recitation of Scott's poetry from our boatswain. There are some echoes on the lake, one, in particular, between which and the voice there is an interval of rather more than six seconds. Something more than one hour's rowing brought us to the head of the lake, where we got on shore, and commenced our walks across the mountains to Inversnaid, passing Loch Achlet, a small sheet of water at a little distance from Loch Katrine. In these parts of the mountains many patches of ground are reclaimed, and held by the colliers. I should mention the amusement afforded us by our Edinburgh schoolmaster, who was quite a character in his way. On hearing the driver of the drosky announce the Callander Craigs, he said he liked the sound of the "adjective" there, as intimating a speedy termination of our drive. Looking at a sign-board in the village, he remarked that there was a full point at the end of every word; and when we got to Mrs. Stewart's inn, his grammatical ear was still further offended by a card which we found on the chimney-piece. On it were written the following lines:

> "None but persons of small fame
> Would scribble on these walls their name.
> Who, if they all were hanged to-morrow,
> Who would rejoice or who would sorrow?"

The combination "*their name*" grated terribly on his ear; I suggested "none but a person," and "his name," as an amendment, which he adopted, nor did he leave the house until he got a pen and ink, and made the alteration. Not far from Loch Achlet we passed one of those mountain cottages, near which a woman was employed in sowing potatoes, not in drills or ridges, as in Ireland, but in the flat ground. Our schoolmaster drew her into conversation. "You have your spot of ground cheap, here, I suppose?" "Oh! we think it is eneuch we pay for it." "Indeed! and your good man farms it?" "I hae na gat ane *yit*." (She was an old woman, apparently between forty and fifty, perhaps nearer to the latter.) "Not got one?" "No; I live wi' my father in yon hoose." "I see 'tis a good warm comfortable house you have got there." "Nae, it's not warm, nor yit comfortable; it's coming down, I think." "Coming down?" "It looks like it." "I suppose you are not without getting a little tea and bread and butter here, now and then?" "Oh ay whiles, when we buy it. We must buy everything here. There's things we want mair than tea." "You get a bit of braxy ham, I suppose, now and then?" "Ay." (A braxy ham means the ham of a sheep which has died on the mountain from cold or injury.) "And how comes it you have no good man, as you say?" "I could nae git ane."

Leaving this highland vestal to continue her husbandry, we proceeded on our way, and, after traversing a wild and dreary region, in which nothing was to be seen but black-legged and black-faced sheep and cattle, of a small breed, with manes coming down over their brows, so as to give them a very graceful appearance; going onwards, we passed the round fort of Inversnaid, made interesting by one's recollection of Rob Roy, and, after a steep descent, during which the road winds for nearly half a mile, we arrived at the little inn on Loch Lomond, where we were to wait for the steamer. Here we made an excellent breakfast, on eggs, oaten cake, and tea. We found the inn a small one, fitted up with what seemed cupboards on one side, but which, on closer inspection, we found to contain beds, thus separated from the sitting room; they appeared to have been newly fitted up, I suppose in expectation of visitors during the summer. The woman made a fire of dry sticks, which she gathered outside the house, and one of our party, the Edinburgh schoolmaster, borrowed a rod and line, and went out to fish in the turbid pool at the foot of a mountain torrent, which came eddying down behind the house; but, as may be guessed, was not very successful. We were yet at breakfast, when some one came to tell us the steamer was in sight; on which we hurried out, and saw her approaching from Tarbert, and got on board.

accompanied by the boatswain, who had acted as Cicerone to us on Loch Katrine, and had followed us across the mountain paths from a somewhat too hearty affection for the grog we had given him in the little cabin at the head of the lake. When he came upon us at breakfast at Loch Lomond, he was much changed in manner. On the lake he was somewhat reserved, and looked as if he had been called out of bed rather earlier than he liked. Only think of the rogue wanting to slip by Ellen's Island without saying a word about landing, until I asked him to do so; but now, on making his way into the room where we were at breakfast, he was as glorious as any Paddy I had ever seen, and in no way deficient in noise or enthusiasm. Going on board, and getting rid of our grog-loving friend with much difficulty, we proceeded to the head of the Loch, where the steamer discharged some commodities for the use of the few inhabitants in these parts, and returned. We stopped at Rob Roy's cave, and landed to explore. There is nothing particularly remarkable about it; it merely consists of a narrow recess in the crag, without spar or any ornament to recommend it. The day continued most beautiful as we coasted by Ben Lomond, and among the many wooded isles and woodlands by which the lake is diversified; towards its lower and wider extremity our classical recollections were gratified by the sight of the braes of Balloch, as we approached the Waters of Leven, which connect the Loch with the Clyde. A shallow bar which crosses the river prevented the steamer from entering it, so we were obliged to perform the rest of the little voyage in a boat.

On landing, we found coaches ready to convey us to Dumbarton, on the road to which we passed the monument which has been raised to Smollett, who was born in the neighbourhood. I could not help smiling at the nonchalence with which a nameless writer, who has published some lucubrations which he has been pleased to call "Reflections on Men and Things," speaks of the immoral tendency of modern novels, and praises, in contradistinction, "the mirth-inspiring pictures of life which have been handed down to us by Smollett and Fielding." How any educated person, writing in our own time a serious "Essay on Men and Things," can speak with approval of the grossly licentious works of these writers, in every page of whose writings coarseness, and pride, and malignity are recommended by precept, or at least by implication and example, is somewhat curious. This amusing person announces himself as the author of "Lives of Celebrated Travellers"—mirth-inspiring, truly!

Passing by the bottle-factories, and the bustle of Dumbarton, we again took steamer for Glasgow, where we arrived on Friday, May the 4th. Here we met once more with our little Dane,

who again held out to us the many pleasures to be derived from a trip to Copenhagen in August, when a kind of national entertainment takes place in the woods a few miles distant from the city, at which the king and almost the whole of the population attend. On Monday, May the 7th, we visited the old cathedral of Glasgow, of which so impressive a description is given in Rob Roy. The fidelity of the picture is admirable. I have little doubt that the whole incident, as described in the novel, happened to Scott himself, as the woman who showed it told us that the vaults underneath were used as a place of worship about thirty years ago. The nave and choir of the cathedral are fine specimens of Gothic architecture. On the ceiling of the aisles were various inscriptions in black letter, of various colours, red, blue, &c., such as "Vive memor leti." "Maria," and similar sentences. We prevailed on the man in charge of the gate, with much difficulty, to show us the steeple, which is about 240 feet high, half the height of the steeple of Lincoln, the highest in England. The view from the summit was much impeded by the smoke of the factories. The man pointed out to us a green field, opposite the Fever Hospital, in which, as he informed us, people were buried six over each other in every foot. It was the place where bodies were buried during the prevalence of cholera. There were between three and four thousand buried in this burying ground alone that year, which, of course, was but a small proportion of all who were interred in Glasgow altogether. Going round the building, I found, on the east side, a monument, on which was an inscription. While I was transcribing it in short-hand, (which, by the way, I found a most advantageous acquisition in our trip,) a man, with a woman and some children, came by; the former said, "This is the martyr-stone of the people who were murdered by those atrocious papists. I shall take the liberty of reading it to my family when you (bowing to me) have done making your notes." I wonder who told him the "papists" had anything to do with the murder of these covenanters. * * * Opposite the cathedral, on a hill, at the other side of the valley, is a cemetery, somewhat in the style of Pere-la-chase, in Paris, but not so crowded nor so gaudy in the fashion of its tomb-stones. * * * I was surprised at a sentiment of Miss Harriet Martineau's in a late work of hers, respecting cemeteries of this kind. She appears to fall into the vulgar French taste in these matters, and speaks of the advantage of having church-yards made as gay as possible. Now I do not see the good of making them gay. We go to a church and church-yard to forget this world, and to be reminded of the next as much as possible, and I cannot but think a solemn and sombre style of architecture more

suitable than such decorations as must be more in harmony with a place of public amusement than of private sorrow; I cannot but feel that it manifests an unworthy desire to forget the dead and death itself, as much as may be, of either of which designs I do not see either the use or the amiability.

On Tuesday, May 8th, we embarked on board the Arab steamer for Dublin. I should remark the number of women otherwise well dressed whom we saw barefoot in the streets of Glasgow; but, on the morning of our departure, we were still more surprised to see the young woman who attended, and who seemed to be the daughter of the people who rented the "flat," and who on other days was dressed well enough for a lady, and always better than servants are in general, came in barefoot, and attended us at breakfast. This cannot be from poverty. About two o'clock we left Greenock, where the Arab made some delay, and renewed our voyage down the Clyde, having spent, in a most agreeable manner, a fortnight and two days, from Sunday, the 22nd of April, to the above date, when we bid our last

> Farewell to the land where the clouds love to rest,
> Like the shroud of the dead, on the mountain's cold breast;
> To the cataracts roar, where the eagles reply,
> And the lake her lone bosom expands to the sky.

Never do I remember a more lovely day and night than we had on our voyage home; the sea was like glass; the view of the Arran Isles, of Benghoil, of Ailsa Crag, of the shipping, scattered far and wide over the sunny deep, of the numerous sea-fowl, gulls, and divers, by which the surface of the water was animated, gave an interest to our voyage which I shall not easily forget. Our passengers were not numerous. We had a young Scotch clergyman, who seemed most anxious to have a view of a Catholic priest, and seemed on the look-out for one much as one might look for an elephant or tiger on visiting some oriental clime; a tall young man, also, who had a military air, and carried about with him an Arabian caboose, or stick, with an immense knob at one end, which he told us was the ordinary weapon in that country. It was made of the almond tree, and seemed a very formidable weapon. He talked very fairly of his residence in Egypt, and Spain, and Portugal, which made me conjecture him to be one of the legion. He said, when in Cairo, they told as a remarkable event their having had a shower of rain about ten years before. Besides this young gentleman, was a young person who had the appearance of a quadroon, and carried a small crooked cane, like a reed, which

ae explained to us was the reed of a bamboo, but of a species which was only to be got in the higher regions of India.

Landing in Dublin, we proceeded directly for the Porto Bello canal. What a contrast the gay, bustling streets of Dublin, thronged with carriages of every kind, and crowded with fashionably-dressed pedestrians, presented to the business-like towns in Scotland, where, as in Glasgow, one will not see, perhaps, a single equipage from one end of the day to the other. The view of Dublin Bay, as we came in, was beautiful. We ran close by Howth, and the handsome villas, with the sun shining brightly on the roofs, of Kingstown and the suburbs, the numerous plantations on the hills of Wicklow appearing in the distance, presented a scene of great beauty and animation. At two o'clock, P. M. we started from Porto Bello, and, as usual, we had a crowded and a talkative cabin. Opposite me sat a rich old land agent, who has long acted in that capacity for one of the principal noblemen in the south of Ireland. He had brought with him his servant, his half-pint of sherry, which he put into the empty fire-grate immediately on entering the cabin, in what I admired as a great convenience for travelling, a long leathern strap and buckle. Near him sat a fat man, who seemed a decent farmer or shopkeeper, and was going to Ballinasloe. He was a quiet-looking man, with a heavy, listless eye and countenance, except when both were moved to laughter at some jest, generally of his own making. He had all the histories, I think, of all the families living between his own neighbourhood and Dublin, and was by no means stingy of his information respecting them. Our fat fellow-traveller knew, I think, every man's property to the farthing, and every half-penny that had been got for any estate in his neighbourhood for centuries before. He told us some entertaining anecdotes about Lord R——, who he said frequently came to and from Dublin in this way, on his farming business. The land agent told us an interesting story of the same lord. Lord R——, it appears, was travelling in the canal boat about thirty years ago, when, by the bursting of the floodgate in one of the locks, the boat was swamped, and eleven persons were drowned. Lord R—— was happy enough to save one—a young lady, whom he caught by the hair of her head, and drew on the bank. In many years after, he happened to be travelling the same way, and by the same mode of conveyance. The cabin, as usual, was crowded; and his lord-ship being an affable man, and sociable withal, began to tell the story which I have just related. He had scarcely concluded, when a lady cried out from the end of the cabin, "I am that girl, my lord, and these are my children," pointing to three or four lovely little beings who sat around

her. I know not whether the incident be true, but I have seldom heard one more beautiful and affecting. The land agent's eyes were flowing with tears as he related it, which made me think, what before seemed very problematical, that even land agents can feel. We continued our voyage, and arrived in Limerick on Thursday evening, May 10th, 1838, having been three weeks absent, wanting one night. *Deo gratias.*

CHAPTER XVII.

1838—1840.

GERALD RETURNS HOME—DETERMINES TO EMBRACE A MONASTIC LIFE—THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS—HIS PREVIOUS HABITS AND CONVERSATIONS—DESTRUCTION OF HIS MANUSCRIPTS—HIS DEPARTURE—LETTER TO MRS. ——. —HIS RELIGIOUS LIFE—FEELING OF HAPPINESS IN IT—STRENGTH OF HIS ATTACHMENTS—REMOVAL TO CORK—VISIT TO HIS SISTER—HIS ILLNESS AND DEATH — CHARACTERISTIC INCIDENTS — LINES ADDRESSED TO MRS. ——.

We are now about to enter upon the latter and not the least interesting portion of our author's life. If the reader should be led to admire its closing scenes, I hope he will remember the pious parent who laid the foundation of such a conclusion so deep and so sure.

On his return from Scotland, he pursued, with undeviating strictness, the same regular system in the disposal of his time, which a daily adherence to had now made in some degree habitual to him. Though he was not accustomed to speak of the vocation which he had once announced to me, there was nothing to convey any intimation that he had altered his intention, and we took it for granted that his mind was the same. A great change had, however, taken place. He no longer had any desire, as before, to enter the church, or such a

desire, if it existed, was controlled by some more powerful feeling. Whether this arose from a sense of the deep responsibility attached to the office, or from some other cause, we could not tell; but, in the month of August of that year (1838), he informed us of his determination to join the society of the Christian Brothers, a society that, besides fulfilling all the pious exercises of the monastic state, devotes its best energies to the religious and moral instruction of the children of the poor. We heard this announcement with the utmost regret; in fact, it would not be easy to describe our feelings when it was first disclosed to us. Though our unilluminated perceptions might have made us lament his desertion of literature, there were many things to reconcile us to the life of a clergyman if he had adopted it. The vast practical good effected in the ministry; the chance that by his talents or his future writings he might shed a lustre upon the church, and become one of its standing ornaments (ideas, many of them worldly in their origin, and allied to pride and vanity, but still not unnatural); all these things influenced us in favour of that mode of life; but that a person with abilities of the highest order should leave the world, and set himself down to such a simple task as the instruction of the poor—a task which any one, we thought, could easily execute—it seemed to us like the degrading of most excellent faculties from their sphere, and devoting them to very unworthy purposes. Besides this, we were informed that many of the members of this society were men of humble origin, and that they would be totally incapable of appreciating Gerald's talents, or his habits of feeling and of thought. The first of these assertions was true; the second extremely false, as a little further experience fully convinced us. I tell all these things plainly and undisguisedly now, because I do not think I can speak with too much harshness of the excessive ignorance such notions betrayed of the real nature of

that exalted calling, and because I fear there may be many yet, even among Catholics, who, from business, or pleasure, or want of thought, are as uninformed as *we* were at first of the labours of these pious men, who, in silence and in sanctity, are diffusing so much good around them; pouring blessings on the world almost without awaking its consciousness.

It is not easy to estimate all the advantages to society of such an institution as the one I speak of. That a body of men, renouncing the world and its pleasures, should take the education of the whole of the poor into its hands, and, undisturbed by the distracting influence of personal or selfish interests, should bend their minds to its pursuit with a zeal that a religious offering only can inspire, is a circumstance highly interesting in its consequences; one which the coldest and most apathetic spirit could not consider of small moment; which must tend to call forth and foster all the elements of public virtue in a people, and the effects of which must surely be extensively felt in the rising generation.

All the members of this community with whom we became acquainted were persons of exemplary piety, showed the greatest constancy and devotion to their charitable duties, and, contrary to the information we had at first received, exhibited acquirements of such a varied and solid character as one would scarcely at first be led to anticipate in their humble sphere. They showed, also, a fondness for all that was valuable and praiseworthy in literature, and, in many instances (a natural consequence, perhaps, of the constant exercise of the mind in acts of benevolence and purity) a very refined taste in it. The simplicity and courteousness of their manners, and their respectful deference to others, made them respected in return, and the total absence of any approach to familiarity in their address, gave a peculiar grace and dignity to their carriage, which the world, in certain of its circles, and after long training, offers a

wonderfully accurate imitation of, though springing from a different principle.

How long the change from his vocation to the priesthood, to one of religious retirement, was in taking effect, I do not know. He speaks of himself in the following terms, in a letter to America:

"It is possible you may have heard, before this reaches you, of my having entered as a *postulant* in the Institute of the Brothers of the Christian Schools. I had long since relinquished the idea, which I ought never to have entertained, of assuming the duties of the priesthood; and I assure you it is one of the attractions of the order into which I have entered, that its subjects are prohibited (by the brief issued from Rome in approval and confirmation of the Institute) from ever aspiring to the priesthood. So much, then, dear sister, for the world and the prospects in it to which I was once so ardently attached; so much for literature, and for the still more dangerous and slippery path in which I had the hardihood to think of entering. If I now exert myself for God as ardently as I did for so many years of my life in pursuits which were dearer to me than either health or home; if I am willing to resign so much for Him as I did for them, I may yet hope for greater happiness than they could ever bestow upon me. The holy end of the Institute I have embraced is the Christian education of the male children of the poor, in which charitable work, if the Almighty spare me health and life, I shall have an abundant opportunity of sending far better deeds before me than I fear it would ever be my lot to perform amid the distractions and temptations of the world. The good to be done is, indeed, immense; the only impediment which can come between me and the great reward promised to those who 'instruct others unto justice,' is a defect in my own disposition or manner of accomplishing it. And this, indeed, ought to be a source of fear to me when I remember how different my pursuits have been, and how far my natural temper is removed from that patience and immoveable spirit of mildness and justice, which are most essential to such a vocation; but I have here abundant assistances to acquire all, both interiorly and exteriorly, that is necessary, and it must be my own fault if I do not succeed."

I have some reason to think the course of life he here speaks of was not adopted suddenly; for even before we

had left Pallas Kenry, there were many circumstances in his conduct that looked like some preparation for it. His rigorous exactitude in the disposal of his time; his early hours; his perseverance in his instruction of the poor; the portions of the day set apart for prayer; his complete abstraction from all lesser concerns while engaged in it; and the calm, religious fervour by which it was attended, all seemed as if he was making a trial of the practice of some regular rule. Often have I seen him, at the first glimmering of dawn, before the light was yet strong enough to reveal more than the outline of his figure, already dressed, and kneeling by the side of his bed in prayer; his attitude erect, and his hands and eyes uplifted with an earnest expression of supplication. He built a pretty little house in our garden, in which he spent a considerable portion of the interval between breakfast and dinner. It consisted only of one room, and this was so small, that, like Mary Queen of Scots' boudoir, he might with the utmost ease have touched the opposite walls with his extended hands. These were hung with pictures of a religious character; a fine print from an *Ecce Homo*, by, I believe, Corregio, and another beautiful one, representing the entombment of our Saviour, being the principal. Here he used to carry on his writing, and deliver himself freely to his religious exercises; and I have no doubt he felt an advantage in the retirement it afforded, by which he was enabled to devote himself to them without any restraint, and without their attracting a degree of observation which might have been otherwise unpleasant to him. The little hermitage, however, was not at all ascetic in its aspect. The walls were ornamented externally with roses and climbing plants, and before it was a neat enclosure divided into flower knots, with pretty borders, and planted with evergreens and other shrubs and flowers, which he took great pleasure in attending to, and

which were thriving under his management. The whole was surrounded by a hedge of beech, which he planted with his own hands, and clipped every year until it thickened, and shut out the other parts of the garden. A small Gothic doorway, cut in the hedge, formed the entrance to this sweet retreat, which was in a very flourishing condition when we left the place, but has, I fear, since been allowed to fall into decay.

It is obvious that changes of opinion so important as those I have so frequently brought under the reader's notice, could not have occurred without giving a tone and colouring to his conversations different from what they formerly exhibited. That fervour and depth of feeling which was once bestowed upon literature, was now transferred entirely to religion, and this with so keenly awakened a sensibility, that circumstances connected with it, even of a comparatively trifling character, affected him to a degree almost beyond belief. I have seen him suddenly burst into tears, and lose all control over himself, on finding that his defence of a Catholic clergyman against some charges brought against him in his hearing, not of a very grave nature either, was ineffectual with those who had introduced them. "Isn't it extraordinary," he used to say to me, "the inconsistency of the world in its maxims and opinions? What can be the reason that self-sacrifice, self-denial, and mortification, are so much admired in the pursuit of ambition, worldly glory, or military renown, and yet that they will not be tolerated when undertaken for the sake of religion? Look at any of those generals of ancient or modern times, who have made their names great in the conquest of kingdoms, or in war; observe their abstinence from food on various occasions; their watchings, their lying on the ground in wet and cold, in camp and field; the manner in which they inured their bodies to fatigue, and all other privations, and see how the historian praises

them precisely in proportion to the degree of self-sacrifice such practices imply; yet if the same things are undertaken through a religious feeling, they not only do not meet with approval, but are often attacked with a bitterness altogether unaccountable, as if religion was a mere human weakness, or as if it contained some notorious and palpable absurdity." These remarks, and a thousand others of the like kind, formed the subject of our fire-side colloquies, which were enriched and rendered exceedingly interesting latterly, by the quantity of information he drew from ecclesiastical history, to which he devoted many of his leisure hours. He admired greatly the writings of some of the French Divines, especially Bourdaloue and Massillon. The sermons of the latter, indeed, were a constant study of his. On reading Fleury's Ecclesiastical History, the style of which he was quite charmed with, I have heard him remark, with some surprise, as a character of the doctrinal errors of modern times, the total want of all novelty about them. "There is not one of them," said he, "that has not been repeatedly broached in different ages of the church, and as repeatedly refuted, condemned, and forgotten."

As his intention to pursue a life of religious retirement was not disclosed to us until the time had just arrived for putting it into execution, the preparations for his departure commenced almost immediately. He had already made all his arrangements with the community he was about to join, and it only remained to make a final disposition of his affairs, and to supply himself with such articles (a matter of no great difficulty) as the simple mode of life he was about to adopt demanded. There was one proceeding, however, which I would have gladly prevented, if I had any idea of its occurrence, but which the absence of any suspicion of, rendered easy of accomplishment. The reader will

remember his scruples as to the moral tendency of his writings. Besides his published works there were several manuscripts, consisting of novels, tales, and poems, some in a complete, others in an incomplete form, which had been written and laid by from time to time, during the progress of his other labours. Most of these were now devoted to the flames without mercy. On returning home a few evenings previous to his departure, I learned that he had retired to his room after breakfast, and had not left it all day long. I went up stairs at once, and knocking at the door, which was bolted, was immediately admitted. On entering the room, I saw him standing on the middle of the floor, his trunks and boxes lying open and empty; a multitude of little scraps of paper strewed about, and the whole grate and fireplace as full as they could hold of the charred and ruined remnants of burned manuscripts. The quantity was immense, and the destruction complete, and beyond all remedy. I was thunderstruck, and, I believe, showed it in my countenance; for he said immediately, laughing, "I never saw anything so funny as your face; what's the matter?" "Can it be possible," I said, "that you have burned Matt Hyland? or what are all those papers I see in the grate?" "Why, yes," said he, smiling, "I have; but what signifies it? Surely I can write it over again." I tossed my head in despair, knowing how unlikely this was. Among those devoted manuscripts was a very beautiful little poem, which I had in my possession a short time previously, and which I often regret having parted with. The scene was laid in the west of Ireland, and in the reign of Elizabeth, and the story was founded on an interesting incident told of Carolan, (the chieftain, not the minstrel,) in some of the Irish histories. The little song called "Ailleen a Roon" was introduced in the course of it, and associated with the narrative in such a way as made every verse intensely interesting.

The greater part of Matt Hyland was afterwards recovered, being found written in pencil on the little scraps in which it first came from his hands; many of the verses were, however, illegible, and many others that existed in the copy which was destroyed were not found in this version; so that the subject was often broken and unconnected, and the force of certain passages greatly diminished, circumstances which I hope will induce the public to receive it with all due indulgence. I believe he had no idea of the existence of this manuscript when he destroyed the second, which was a fair copy, written out with care and completeness. It was singular, and perhaps indicated some lingering remains of his ancient affection for the drama, that amid all this havoc he preserved Gisippus, which he had then in his possession, and which he handed to his brother, Dr. Griffin, when the fate of the other manuscripts was sealed.

He left us on the 7th of September. The following letter was addressed to his friend, Mrs. ——, the previous evening. It was the last she ever received from him, and brought their correspondence, though not their friendship, to a close.

To Mrs. ——.

I wish I could give you an idea, dear L——, of the pleasure your note gave me, and yet it ought not to surprise me. There are many kind things you do and say, which are not the less noticed by me because one thing or another has prevented my ever speaking of them. Your calling at William's the other day, when I was really very uneasy, and your visit to Pallas some time since, when we were all out,—many things of this kind were not lost upon my mind nor my memory, though I never had the grace to thank you for them. I know well what pain that visit to Pallas must have cost you, and, believe me, I thought more of it, and felt more sincerely grateful for it, than for a thousand visits which would not have been attended with the same sacrifice of feeling. But I believe we both give each

other credit for that strong and lively interest in all that concerns the happiness of either, without which friendship is but a name. In parting with my old desk, which has accompanied me through almost all my labours in the literature of the world, for which, perhaps, I have worked at least quite as hard as it deserved, it occured to me that you would attach some value to what would be worthless in the eyes of most others—so I leave it for you, dear L——, and in it your letters, and my own hateful share of the correspondence. Of the latter, I opened one or two, and found them so odious that I was not much tempted to proceed. There are passages in your note which deserve a longer and less hurried answer than I can give them to-night, amid all the bustle of packing-up and leave-taking. If we do meet again in this life, dear L——, as I hope we often may, I trust it will be with unaltered feelings of confidence and friendship. Our dear Lucy said she never knew any one so like a *real* sister as you were, and such, dear L——, I beg of you to continue always to me and mine. I fear you will think this letter cold, as my manner has often been, even when my feelings were farthest from indifference. And so you ask for poor Gerald's prayers, dear L——? Indeed you shall have them, and, if fervour can procure a hearing for them, you shall have them as fervent as I shall ever offer for my own welfare. Though your letter was written evidently in grief, it was, somehow, cheering to me, some of its sentiments particularly so, and I cannot help thinking you must have felt the pleasure they would afford me, when you wrote them. Farewell, dear, dear L——; this will not, I trust, be the close of our correspondence. In the mean time, that every blessing may wait on you and yours is the ardent wish and prayer of your affectionate friend and brother,

GERALD GRIFFIN.

On the 8th of September he entered on his new vocation. His habits of piety were even then found to be of so fixed a character, that he was admitted to the religious habit on the feast of St. Teresa following (Oct. 15). "The earnestness with which he demanded it at the altar," said one who was present, "and the fervour with which he offered himself to be henceforward consecrated to the service of God, affected to tears all who had the good fortune to be present at the heart-touching

ceremony." The early period at which his reception took place was an unusual favour, as it is more customary for those entering on a religious life to go through their duties as postulants for six months before the commencement of the noviciate. There is, indeed, a considerable time allowed before taking the final vows. In a letter, received from him a few days after the ceremony, he says, pleasantly, "You will oblige me by taking care of any other things of mine which I do not now recollect, until I make my regular legacy, which will not be for about *five* years, as the brothers do not usually make professional vows before that time; so that, you see, I shall have a good long while to look about me. The noviciate is two years; then triennial vows are made; after which if the candidate is not *black-balled* he is admitted to profession. You perceive, by this, that a man has time enough to know his mind before he makes it up to so important a step as that of making perpetual vows." His sentiments at this period cannot be better described than in his own words, taken from the notes of his first retreat; many of them are of so exalted, so devotional, and so rapt a character, that it is possible they may excite only a sense of weariness in those who have but little sympathy with the feeling from which they emanated. Though a very slender degree of respect is due to persons of that class, it is not my intention to trespass on them much; and if there be any among the more thinking portion of the community whom the impressions—I will not say prejudices—of an early education may incline to consider these institutions as merely ingenious illusions—clever contrivances of human origin, innocent by virtue of their sincerity, but answering no other end than as outlets for a kind of elevated and harmless enthusiasm—I would beg of them to consider the matter more seriously, and if they cannot altogether suppress these feelings, at least to ask themselves if such

a conclusion be more edifying, or more practically useful to society, than the lives and sentiments of those who seek a retreat in them. There is, unfortunately, a disposition abroad to sneer at Catholic institutions and Catholic practices, and especially to hold up to ridicule (as the point that pierces more keenly) the self-sacrificing spirit upon which most of them are founded. There is something, however, in the earnest expression of human feeling that puts all bantering out of countenance, and if this be the case on the commonest subjects, it ought surely to be so with such as are associated with religion. I shall, therefore, not hesitate to leave before the reader a few of those pious aspirations which he breathed forth in his religious seclusion, and when it is remembered that they were the sentiments of one before whose judgment the world had been weighed in the balance, and found wanting, I am not without a hope that the appeal I have made may be considered unnecessary; some of them, indeed, are so touching and beautiful that they require no apology.

"I have," he says, "entered this house, at the gracious call of God, to die to the world, and to live to Him: all is to be changed; all my own pursuits henceforward to be laid aside, and those only embraced which He points out to me. Give me grace, O my God, to close my mind against all that has been, or may be, in which Thou hast no part: that it be not like a roofless building, where all kinds of birds, clean and unclean, fly in and out, without hindrance; but, like an enclosed tabernacle, devoted solely to *Thy* use and to *Thy* love."

The following is copied from short-hand notes, found among his papers after his death, and entitled,

My favourite Solitude.

"Let my most cherished solitude be the tomb of my adorable Redeemer, as it suggested itself to me during my retreat. Be

fore this silent, and wounded, and disfigured body, let me always keep myself recollected, in holy love, compunction, and detachment from the world. Into this holy sepulchre let me continually retire, so that the mortification of my dear Redeemer's sacred corpse may enter deep into my heart, and produce there a lasting effect. Let this sweet and silent retreat be my refuge from worldly thoughts and distractions; and may I keep myself so continually in my Saviour's grave, that it may be neither a surprise nor an alarm to me when I shall be called to enter into my own.

"O, silent tomb! torn and wounded corpse! be you, henceforth, the object of all my love on earth, of all my happiness in this dying life, my refuge against everything that would sully the purity of my heart. My dear dead Redeemer, may I ever keep Thee present to my mind and heart."

The manner in which his time was disposed of may be interesting. I give it just as I have had it from one of the community. "He rose every morning at five, unless when prevented by the palpitations of the previous night; spent an hour in prayer, after which he read a short spiritual lecture, and heard mass; breakfasted at eight, and spent the intervening time, between breakfast and school, reading in the garden. At twelve he again occupied himself in spiritual exercises, until one, when he ordinarily returned to school, where he continued until three. After dinner, he conversed until five, and those who enjoyed these conversations will never forget them; they were principally of a religious character, filled with a good deal of anecdote, gleaned from the biography of religious persons,—sometimes, too, from the daily occurrences of the school, which he told with uncommon humour. From five to six he spent in spiritual reading and prayers; after which, he studied until half-past seven, when he made half an hour's meditation. At eight, he joined in recreation, during which he seemed a picture of happiness; he conversed freely and lively, and often amused us with a song—'Those evening bells,' and 'The baby lay sleeping,' being great favourites."

The description here given, as well as the following extract from one of his letters, will show that there is not much time squandered in these institutions. "I am now a regular *novice;* not, however, applying the word *regular* in its moral sense, although our rules are not quite so strict as to make it impossible to keep them. I might, indeed, except one, which restricts the time allotted to shaving and dressing, &c., to a quarter of an hour—a feat which I (who, even in my most regular times at home, was wont to allot a full hour to the same duties) was never yet able to accomplish on more than one solitary occasion, and how I did it then, I cannot, for the life of me, make out. I was greatly cheered, however, to learn that one of the professed Brothers in the community could never do it in less than twenty minutes; so I hope my constant failure is not absolutely a mark of reprobation." "His piety"—I quote again from my informant—"was of the most absorbing character; prayer accompanied him through every duty —even whilst he conversed with others, his heart was with God; and in the times set apart for this exercise, he was totally lost to everything else; his look, his posture, his whole demeanour, were expressive of the most profound forgetfulness of everything earthly; so absorbed, indeed, was he, on some occasions, that he seemed insensible to the passing of time, and perfectly unconscious of the presence of others." I find among his notes, that he considered it as "the first of all his duties;" that it was "never to have a second place in his affections;" that "he would never commence it without calling to mind what he was going to do; its importance and necessity;" that, on entering the oratory, he would "fix his heart, with all the strength of his affection, on the Blessed Sacrament, before which he knelt, and thus secure recollection, attention, and an ardent spirit of devotion." The resolutions, here se

earnestly dwelt on, he appears to have adhered to with the utmost fidelity.

The Superior General of the Order told me the following circumstance: There is a little oratory near the entrance of the school-room, where it is customary for the Brothers, on entering the school, to spend a few moments in prayer, before proceeding to the duty of instruction. He has seen Gerald often, after kneeling there, according to custom, become so absorbed in his devotions, that he seemed quite to forget himself, and remain so long in this religious abstraction, that it was evident he lost all consciousness of the duties he came to discharge. The friend before quoted further continues: "Nothing could exceed the earnestness with which he discharged every duty; nothing was done by halves; nothing imperfect; he seemed as if he had nothing else to do but that which he was doing; the great and the small were equal objects of attention; his principle being, that when the will of God was concerned, one sincerely devoted to him should make no distinction. From this principle he never deviated: how much he felt its force may be gleaned from the following note:

"'If,' he says, addressing himself, 'you think that what you call trifles, in matters of duty, are beneath your consideration, you show that you have not a true notion in what real greatness consists. There is this difference to be observed between the works of God and the works of man, in the material world. In the former, the more minute and microscopic is our examination, the more do we find cause to admire the wonders of Almighty power and wisdom in the organisation, combination, virtue, and exquisiteness of the minutest parts of which they are composed. In the latter, the test of close examination only exposes to us their defects. Can we suppose that God is so watchful over material things, and that he does not set an equal value on perfection in spiritual affairs? Can you suppose that minute perfection in an act of virtue or religion is not as acceptable to God as in the form of an insect or the texture of a leaf? If your good works be the effect of nature, they will

hardly stand the test more than human works in the material world; but if they be wholly directed by the Spirit of God, they will be perfect in the detail, as well as in the general plan.'"

These beautiful sentiments seemed to have been earnestly reduced to practice. Not only did he aim at perfection in everything, but he also endeavoured to be guided by the most pure and exalted feeling in all his actions, and this even long before his entrance into religion. He says, in one of his letters, "We show great ingratitude to Heaven, when we only think seriously of it in moments of affliction: love can hardly be the ruling motive, where the child will do nothing without the rod."

The undeviating regularity which the discharge of his duties in this new sphere required, seemed one of its principal charms for him; and the constant employment of time in a manner calculated to satisfy him of its useful distribution, was the very thing, of all others, which made it most attractive. "He would," says my informant, "have no exemption in any thing; not a virtue, to the perfection of which he did not aspire: profound humility, strict obedience, conformity to the Divine will in the most trifling incidents, a habit of prayer and union with God, and an ardent zeal to promote his glory, were the striking virtues by which he was characterised; he wished to be the first and most laborious at every duty; even the very relaxations, which, on account of his previous habits, were deemed necessary, seemed to be taken but in accordance with the wish of others." It would appear, indeed, from facts which have come to my knowledge, as if he long had a feeling that these were the circumstances that suited his disposition best. I find the following sentence in a letter, written six or seven years previously, when he certainly had no idea of a conventual life: "The more I see, and the longer I live, the more convinced I am that I can

never enjoy quiet of mind except in retirement, regularity, and incessant exertion. Experience, too, shows me that the more indefatigably one applies to the single object of his existence, the happier he will feel." These conditions, so much coveted, formed now the daily routine of his life, and, with the motives and ends with which they were associated, the whole sum of his happiness. Nothing, indeed, could equal the degree of content, and even felicity, he seems to have enjoyed in his present condition.

"The more," he says, "I see of a religious life, the more I feel the truth of what is said by one of the scriptural writers, 'that if God did not please to keep its happiness secret, the whole world would be running into it.' Those miserable years I spent in London! Whatever it may prove for the next world, it has been to me, through God's infinite mercy, a complete specific for this; nor—poor, sluggish, and distardly as my own efforts have been to correspond with His high graces—would I exchange the peace of heart they have procured me, for the fame of all the Scotts and Shakspeares that ever strutted their hour upon the stage of this little brief play which they call life; let people twist and turn their brains about on which side they will, and as long as they will, there is, after all, nothing absolutely worth thinking upon but saving their souls. 'One thing is necessary;' all the rest, from beginning to end, is such absolute trash, that it seems downwright madness to give it a moment's care." * * * "Religion is, indeed, the paradise on earth: experience alone could teach it. The world will not believe us when we tell them so, and they won't come themselves to make the trial." * * * "Indeed, no one has or can have an idea of the happiness of life in a religious community, without having actually experienced it. It is a frequent subject of conversation with us here, at recreation hours, to guess at the causes which make time fly by so rapidly, that the day (though we make it a pretty long one, by rising always at five) is ended almost before we feel that it is begun."

His letters are full of such expressions. In another he says:

"I would despair of giving you any idea of the perfect liberty of mind and happiness one feels in the religious state

(when it is not one's own fault), and which it is in his power to increase every day and every hour. I could write volumes about it without being tired, but it would be of no use attempting it; to be known it must be tried. The worst of it is, the thought that one will have to give an account of all those graces, and to show that he made good use of them, which, alas!—but I'll stop preaching."

The following was addressed to a friend in London some months later, and was written from the North Monastery, Cork:

"I was ordered off here from Dublin last June, and have been since enlightening the craniums of the wondering Paddies in this quarter, who learn from me with profound amazement and profit, that o, x, spells ox; that the top of a map is the north, and the bottom the south, with various other 'branches;' as also that they ought to be good boys, and do as they are bid, and say their prayers every morning and evening, &c.; and yet it seems curious even to myself, that I feel a great deal happier in the practice of this daily routine than I did while I was roving about your great city, absorbed in the modest project of rivalling Shakspeare, and throwing Scott into the shade."

These simple extracts require no comment. I throw them hastily before the reader for his own reflection. Writing to a clergyman, to whom he was tenderly attached, he says: "I have not yet known what it is to regret the world; if I regretted anything, it would be that we had not parted sooner. If those who enter religion late in life, fail not to receive some share of the peace which it confers, what must it be to the young, who give it their morning and their noon, with all the freshness and vigour of their early affections?" "His indifference to literary reputation," says one of the Christian Brothers, "was particularly striking. During the whole time he was with us, I never heard him even once speak of his writings, except in private conversation with myself, and then only when I introduced the sub-

ject. He was desirous of living unknown; of placing himself on a level in every respect with those immediately around him, and therefore studiously endeavoured to conceal all superiority. On one occasion we were speaking in community of the county of Wicklow and its scenery, when some one present said, 'You have been in the county Wicklow?' He merely replied that he had: judge my astonishment when, a few days after, I met, for the first time, his 'Reflections on Visiting the Seven Churches.' On another occasion some allusion was made to Ullah. Some one gestingly said to him, 'You know something of Ullah,' (alluding, I believe, to his 'Voluptuary Cured')? He blushed like a child. He was sensibly affected by the least word said in his praise, and avoided everything that could directly or indirectly excite it. In fact, he was above all those little methods by which ordinary men seek to attract it; in this, as in everything else, giving constant evidence how much his mind was beyond the ordinary level. He once told me, that from the moment he got a decidedly serious turn, he never could bring himself to the temperament necessary for works of fiction; that he never produced anything which satisfied himself; and that, whilst occupied in the composition, he often threw the pen out of his hand, from the perfect consciousness that what he was then doing would not be successful."

From the moment he had fairly entered on his new mode of life, he manifested the greatest disinclination to take a pen in his hand; he could not bear the idea of it; it seemed as if he shrank, with an avoidance almost amounting to loathing, from an employment to which he had long been indebted for much mental suffering. He used to tell a story of a painter, of uncommon genius, who had entered a religious community, and who had destroyed his palettes and brushes, lest they should afterwards prove an occasion of temptation, and it

seems not improbable that he applied this lesson to himself. I could not help admiring the judgment which the members of the community displayed in their management of him in this respect: they did not, in the least, urge him upon the subject, but left him altogether to himself. It was, indeed, their hope, that this feeling might gradually wear away; that a fondness for literary exercises might again arise; and that, on its calmer re-awakening, it might be directed with renewed vigour to the interests of morals or religion. They thought such an end would be best attained by leaving his inclinations entirely free, and showing on their parts no anxiety or leaning one way or other. The event proved the wisdom of this conclusion, for, as time passed on, the disinclination I speak of became, by degrees, less and less, and in the last year of his life he had commenced, and made some progress, in one or two tales of a deep interest, and quite of the character anticipated.

It may be imagined that such a total abstraction from all worldly feeling as he evinced in his religious life would be attended with a diminution of the strong attachments he had always shown for the friends whom he had left. The contrary was the case; indeed, his sensibility in this respect seemed to be exalted in a degree that was quite extraordinary. He could hardly ever speak of them without being moved almost to tears; and, though he appeared delighted whenever any of them paid him a visit, the remembrances it awakened were so vivid, and the pain of parting so keen, that it seemed more than he could well endure; a circumstance that sometimes made him avoid such meetings when they depended on himself. Shortly after he took up his abode in Dublin, he went, at the instance of some of his religious friends, to visit his sister, who had been for some time a "Sister of Charity." The meeting affected him so deeply that, though repeatedly urged again to renew

his visit, and though he often promised, and more than once fixed a day for it, he could never be got to do so, and he actually left the city without being able to bring himself to call even to take leave of her. His friend, Mrs. ——, being in Dublin, called at the monastery to see him. He was walking in the garden, and, being told a person was within who wished to speak to him, turned towards the house; after walking a few steps he asked who it was, and, on hearing the name, stopped, turned quite pale, grew very much agitated, and, after a long pause, requested the messenger, with much emotion, to say, "he was very much obliged for her visit, that he was very well, and exceedingly sorry he could not see her." This was the last opportunity that offered for a meeting, and I believe the friends never saw each other more. I shall have to give another remarkable proof of the strength of these attachments before I conclude.

In June, 1839, he was removed to the North Monastery, in Cork. He gives the following account of his new residence, in a letter writen a few days after:

"You will see, by the above date, that I am somewhat nearer to you than when I wrote last. I have been here a fortnight, and am no way dissatisfied with the change of scene. This is a very nice house, and delightfully situated on the top of a hill, with the city lying in the valley at its foot, and 'Shandon Steeple' rising in front about to the level of our feet; so that, in returning from mass or the school, we can look down upon the world, in one of its busiest scenes, from a physical if not from a moral or religious eminence. Between us and the city, at the foot of the lawn sloping down from the house, stands our school, a fine large building; and a nicely gravelled walk, winding between a close-shorn hedge and a line of trees that completely overshadow it, conducts us to the school. About half-way down, on one side, close by the walk, stands a little burying-ground, where the head-stones of a few Brothers invite us to a *de profundis*, and a thought or two on the end of all things, as we are passing."

This letter was dated the 20th of June. Before that day twelvemonth he was himself lying at rest in that little burying-ground, and a *de profundis* was recited for *him*. But I am anticipating.

In the month of September, after his arrival in Cork, I again paid him a visit. He was in excellent health and spirits, and delighted beyond measure at seeing me. He spoke of his occupations, of his recreations, of the disposal of his time, and of the different dispositions and abilities of the boys that attended the schools. One difference that had been noticed pretty generally by the Christian Brothers struck him as very singular. It had been observed (if I remember rightly) that the boys in and about Dublin showed a strong natural facility in acquiring a good hand, though they were rather dull as arithmeticians; but that those in Cork, while they seemed to have some peculiar difficulty in learning to write well, evinced in general a high degree of talent for mathematics. He seemed as happy as possible, and spoke warmly of the extreme kindness of the Brothers to him: "You never saw such people as these are," he said, "so kind and attentive; I cannot give you the least idea of it; and not to me only, but to every member of the community. You cannot have the least thing amiss with you, that they will not whisk you off somewhere, and get you cured almost before you have time to look about you. It was but the other day that I made some slight complaint of rheumatic pain somewhere, when they suddenly ordered a car to the door, hurried me down to the Black Rock, insisted on my having some baths there, and only consented to desist when I assured them that I was for some days perfectly well." I proposed to the community that he should be given into my charge for one day, for the purpose of paying a visit to his youngest sister, for whom he had always shown a particular attachment, and who, having retired from the world

about three years before, was now living in the presentation convent at Youghal. To this the superior kindly consented, and early next morning we set off on our journey. The day was beautiful: we took outside seats on the coach, and he was in the highest spirits. We had several conversations about literature, and literary people; all his old recollections seemed to revive, and he spoke on these subjects with an ardour and warmth of expression that quite surprised me, yet with a degree of calmness that showed that they were now no longer capable of disturbing his peace. I remember, particularly, his speaking with great enthusiasm of some of the scenes in Woodstock, especially of that beautiful one, Cromwell's soliloquy before the picture. This visit made him exceedingly happy. We returned to the monastery early in the evening, and he resumed his studies with his usual energy.

The remaining months of his religious life were spent with the same piety, energy, and cheerful unbroken content that I have already described. Notwithstanding the expression he makes use of, in one of his letters, that he did not intend to make his regular legacy for about five years, he seems occasionally to have been visited by his old presentiment of an early death. "Apply yourself," he says, in one of his Meditations, "diligently to prayer; be exact and attentive to meditation. Be generous in giving your time to God; do not fear to fling yourself into his arms; serve him courageously; it will soon be over. The night will soon come, very soon; a few days, and there will be no more talk of you: make friends, then, beforehand, in the land to which you are going, and which is much nearer than you think." In the same place the following passage occurs: "Sweetly abandon your friends and all, O my soul, into the hands of God. He will take care of you and them if you serve him sincerely and faithfully. Do not be

solicitous about such and such friends, in whose salvation you feel and interest. Is not our Lord Jesus more desirous of their salvation than you can possibly be? These anxieties can only serve to withdraw you from the care of your own soul, and make you lose the opportunities of salvation mercifully afforded you: beware, my soul!" It is singular that this presentiment seems to have been fulfilled in the same unforeseen, though not quite unexpected manner, that was thus shadowed forth to him. The tales of a religious character which I have spoken of, though willingly and even earnestly entered upon, were never completed. The last on which he was engaged was called "The Holy Island," and was said to be, so far as it went, of a surpassing interest. Its last sentence runs thus:

"Of the things of this world, my son, they are well informed, but as for that abyss beyond——"

When he had proceeded thus far, the dinner bell rang. He laid by his pen, and, as his fatal illness commenced soon afterwards, these were the last words he ever wrote. His whole mind, indeed, seemed bent on securing a proper preparation for his end. This great object seemed now the aim of his whole existence; not a thought, not an act of his, with which it was not constantly mingled; not a single admonitory feeling that was not yielded to with a prompt, yet reflecting obedience. In a letter which I had from him some time after the visit I have spoken of above, he makes use of the following expressions respecting himself: "I think, long as I was without embracing the religious state, mine was always one of those minds of which St. Gregory speaks, when he says, 'There are some souls which *cannot* be saved except in religion.' Its restraints and freedom from temptation, to say nothing of its other graces, were necessary to one so easily caught by every thing that

favoured inclination and self-love." Those who were intimately acquainted with him, and had often occasion to observe the strength of mind he showed in conquering every feeling, under a sense of duty, will admire the humility with which he expresses himself in this and other passages. In the same and subsequent letters he requests me to return to the owners several books he had borrowed, "or the value of them; as," he says, "I am about clearing off all scores with my old friend the world before we part for ever." He desires me also to give all his clothes away to the poor; and, with a most scrupulous remembrance of justice, directs the payment of several very small sums to some persons to whom he considers himself indebted. Further, that no possible evil might arise from any want of thought on his part, he says, speaking of some books he had left in my care, "I suppose you will smile, as at a stroke of character, when I say that I had as lief you would not lend Fleury's History indiscriminately. Though a celebrated and very beautiful work, it is not quite correct, or has not the reputation of being so. Indeed, it contains some misrepresentations, which, if intended, are quite shameful; and if not, surprisingly ignorant." Thus did he prepare daily and hourly for that event, of which, as yet, he saw no positive sign, but which he had the wisdom fully to believe was nearer than he thought.

In a letter written to the sister whom I have spoken of above, which displays a very earnest solicitude for her welfare, he expresses himself as follows: "Since you came to religion, I am more anxious about your health than I used to be. In the world I used to think you were too good to die (you remember how *mad* you were with me once for saying I thought you would live long), and I now am sometimes afraid you are too good to live; for the last few years have shown us that it is not always those who are best calculated to benefit and

edify the world, that God is pleased to leave longest in it." This last passage had reference to some amiable and pious friends of his, who were recently carried off in the very prime of life.

In April, 1840, about a week or ten days before Easter, he had a sharp feverish attack, resembling those he had been subject to occasionally at home, though more severe, and confining him seven or eight days to his bed. From this he recovered, though not perfectly. On the 8th of May he wrote to Dr. Griffin, informing him of several distressing feelings arising out of this illness, which he wished to have his advice upon. He was affected with his old palpitations in a severe form, frequent perspirations, and a degree of nervousness which made it difficult for him, he says, to hold his pen steadily in writing. The physician who attended him in the feverish attack had, he says, prescribed for these symptoms with much advantage; but though his health improved as time passed on, his progress was slow, and his strength still far below what was natural to him. Dr. Griffin gave him such directions as he thought necessary, and we heard nothing further for some time.

On the evening of Wednesday, the 10th of June, we received a letter from the superior, informing us that he had been indisposed for some days, and that latterly his illness had shown a disposition to fever. Rumours reached us also the same evening that his complaint had begun to assume a serious character. I started for Cork next morning, and arriving at the monastery about six in the afternoon, was immediately shown up stairs. It was an affecting thing for me, who had been a witness of almost every scene in his well-spent life, to enter his room upon so short a warning, and find him sunk in the last stage of typhus fever; to see that mind and heart, usually so bright and buoyant, struggling vainly

for expression amid the overpowering stupor that attends the close of that disease. As I moved towards the bed, he appeared to recognise me. A gleam of surprise and delight kindled faintly in his eyes as he raised their drooping lids, and fixed them on me. I took him by the hand, and asked him if he knew me? He immediately said "No," but almost in the same instant called me by my name. Presently, when I went out of the room for a few minutes, he asked "Where is he?" and these were almost the only articulate sounds he uttered to the close.

On inquiry as to the origin of his illness, I found that on Sunday, the 31st of May, he complained of a slight cold, but on the following day was so well as to walk out, and in the evening seemed to enjoy all his accustomed cheerfulness. On Tuesday he remained in bed, but it was not until that day week, the 9th of June, that his sickness assumed anything of a serious appearance. The superior then immediately communicated with us. It was an unfortunate circumstance that we had not an earlier intimation of his condition. It seemed a strange fatality, that though I was no more than fifty miles from him, he should have passed through such a disorder as typhus fever without my being able to do anything more than just to see him in his last moments. For this the community, however, were not in the least to blame, as they wrote to us the first moment they understood the symptoms had taken on an alarming aspect; and with regard to the medical men, I believe the fact was, that the illness in its early part was very moderate, scarcely differing in appearance from the feverish attack he had had some time before, and that when it had declared itself, and taken on a typhoid character, his previous debility made him sink with a degree of rapidity that no one could have anticipated. Indeed, considering his previously weakened state, and

the old affection of the heart to which he was subject. I do not believe (speaking apart from the designs of Providence) that it was in the power of any mode of treatment, however skiiful, to have brought him through such a disease.

In fever, despair seldom comes but with absolute certainty. The physicians whose care he had been under, and whose kind attention I could not help feeling grateful for, paid a visit soon after my arrival; they were quite desponding, and did not disguise their opinions as to the event. Desperate as the case was, however, I could not give up the idea that it was possible some favourable change might yet take place. In uncomplicated fever, the contest towards the close is one with debility. The indication was plain, to support his strength by every means that ingenuity could devise; therefore I remained by his bedside, and saw everything that was suggested carried into execution. At one time he seemed to rally a little for about two hours; it was, however, all in vain. As one of the Brothers said, "If the Almighty had chosen to preserve his life, the means would not have been wanting." He spent the night in constant restlessness, with indistinct attempts at articulation, and a frequent loud moaning, which it was distressing to listen to, and at 7 A. M., on Friday, the 12th of June, was released from his suffering.

It was now we heard of several little incidents which showed the excess of his humility, the high degree of perfection to which he wished to aspire, and the extreme depth of his attachments. I will just mention a few of them: On his first entering the community, the superior, in consideration of the delicacy of his health, made arrangements to have him sleep in an apartment by himself, separate from the rest of the novices. In a day or two he came to the director of novices, complaining of the distinction that was made, and requesting particu-

larly to be treated exactly like others, and to be allowed to sleep, like them, in the common dormitory. The director told him the arrangement was entirely for the sake of his health, and not at all from any desire to make distinctions. Gerald still objected, saying his health was very good; but, on its being represented to him that his superiors ought to be the best judges of that, and that it should be his business to do exactly as he was desired, and obey without murmuring, he acquiesced, and retired to his quarters. In a few days he came to the director again, and told him he really could not feel happy while any distinction seemed to be made between himself and others; that his health was very good, and did not, in the least, require any such indulgence. The director then told him he should not be pressed any further, and that he might do as he pleased. The change was accordingly made, but had not lasted above three nights, when he came before the director once more, and said, "I am afraid there was a little self-will in my wishing to interfere with the directions of the superior the other day; I do not feel easy about it since, and I am now anxious you should do whatever you think best, without paying any regard to my feelings." "Well, perhaps there was," said the director, quietly, "and I think you will feel happier by leaving the matter entirely in our hands, and giving yourself no further trouble about it." He accordingly gave directions to have him reinstated in his old position, and he heard nothing further.

On another occasion, the director of novices observed him, during recreation time, leave the apartment in which he and his companions were amusing themselves, so suddenly, that it immediately attracted his attention; he followed him to his room, and found him bathed in tears. He sat down, took him kindly by the hand, and begged to know what it was that affected him so deeply.

Gerald was silent for a long time ; but at last, on being earnestly entreated not to conceal the cause of his grief, said, "I am afraid I have inflicted a wound on my brother William's heart, by leaving him ; he was always like a father to me." The director tried to console him by such reflections as just then occurred to his mind, and, after a little time, succeeded. The same gentleman, to whom he appears to have been much attached, writes to me as follows :

"Nothing could exceed the sensibility which he manifested on hearing of the death of any of his relatives or friends. Some allusion having been made, one day, to the virtues of the late Rev. Mr. E——, he burst into tears, and was so overpowered as to be obliged to leave the room. We used to say of him whilst he lived, that we never saw such a combination of intellect and feeling. Among the many instances of his benevolence I may mention one, quite indicative of his character. A poor man, a native of Limerick, whom he had never before seen, called one day, and told him some distressing story. He came immediately to me. 'You know, Joseph,'* said I, 'the superior being from home, I have nothing that I can bestow.' 'He is in distress,' said he, 'and I have a small gold seal ; may I not give it to him?' Not feeling warranted in advising him to give it to an utter stranger, I told him I thought it would be better not. He acquiesced, with the meekness of a child ; but there was an evident struggle between feeling and duty. I often, since his death, think how much it must have cost him.

He was buried on Monday, the 15th of June, in the little cemetery of the monastery, which is situated in a grove beside the house. A simple headstone and inscription indicates the spot, merely recording the name he had adopted in religion, and the date of his death.

In speaking of several incidents such as these I have mentioned, the director of novices made a remark, which is worthy of being recorded. He said he had often taken an interest in observing the impressions with which

* The name he had adopted in religion.

different people, during their lifetime, regarded death. Some had, constitutionally, a great fear of it; others exhibited no such feeling. He had, in his own time, seen a great many persons die, and he had always remarked, that those of the first class, who showed the greatest fear of death previously, usually died with the greatest calmness. "Your brother, I think," he said, "belonged to this class, and in him, particularly, this observation was exemplified. He always, even in his best health, seemed to have the idea of death before his eyes; it always made the greatest impression on him, and yet nothing *could* exceed the calmness of his end. On the morning of the day when his illness took an unfavourable turn, he called the person in attendance on him to his bedside, and quietly told him, 'he thought he should die of this sickness, and that he wished to receive extreme unction.' His confessor, by a merciful dispensation of Providence, was then in the house, and expressed his opinion that, as a matter of precaution, it was best to administer it. He repaired to his bedside, presented him the holy viaticum, and administered extreme unction. He received them with the most lively sentiments of love and resignation, as well as the utmost fervour and devotion. During his illness not a murmur or sigh of impatience escaped him; not a sentiment but breathed love, confidence, and resignation; not a desire, but for the perfect accomplishment of the will of Him to whom his habits of prayer had so long and so closely united him."

I have spoken more than once of his distrust and scruples, as to the moral tendency of his works. A very singular instance of it came to my knowledge after his death. I was informed that he wrote a letter to one of his publishers some time previously, requesting him particularly to buy up all such copies of his works as he could lay hands upon. It is evident, from this, that he would have wished, if possible, to put a complete stop

to their dissemination ; a very apt commentary, as well on the strictness of his later opinions, as the degree to which his old love of fame had died away within him. The idea was, of course, quite impracticable.

In personal appearance he was tall and well-formed, and, though rather slender, possessed considerable muscular strength. The engraving prefixed to this volume is a tolerably correct likeness, though more grave and severe in its expression than he was wont to be. It gives something like the gloom of the daguerreotype, to a countenance naturally cheerful and serene. I remember he had the greatest admiration of a portrait of Manzoni, which was attached to a copy of "I promèssi sposi" that we had in the house. He frequently took the book in his hand, and said, "Now, don't you like that countenance? I think it is a beautiful one. I admire the expression of that face more than I can tell you." There seems to have been some similarity in the close of their career ; and if the reader has an opportunity of comparing both portraits, I think he will find in the character and expression of the countenances a considerable resemblance.

I have brought forward so unreservedly, in this memoir, everything that could enable the public to form an accurate conception of our author's character, that it is unnecessary for me to make any further remark upon it. One circumstance, however, I had nearly forgotten, which, in estimating the control he usually had over his feelings, will be considered of some importance. He was a person of rather quick temper—much more so, indeed, than one would readily be brought to believe from ordinary intercourse with him. His usual demeanour, however, was that of mildness and gentleness ; and even on those occasions when the influence of his natural temperament seemed about to appear, he showed a degree of self-possession, which prevented it

from giving him any serious disturbance. As the following verses contain a slight sketch of his feelings and disposition, and are from his own hand, I am tempted to close this concluding chapter with them. They were addressed to his friend, Mrs. ——, during the progress of their acquaintance. The last three verses were added about three years later than the rest, apparently with the view of obviating any misconceptions that might possibly arise upon the subject of their friendship.

To L——.

I.

In the time of my boyhood I had a strange feeling,
That I was to die ere the noon of my day;
Not quietly into the silent grave stealing,
But torn, like a blasted oak, sudden away;

II.

That even in the hour when enjoyment was keenest,
My lamp should quench suddenly, hissing in gloom;
That even when mine honours were freshest and greenest,
A blight should rush over and scatter their bloom.

III.

It might be a fancy—it might be the glooming
Of dark visions, taking the semblance of truth;
And it might be the shade of the storm that is coming,
Cast thus in its morn through the sunshine of youth.

IV.

But be it a dream, or a mystic revealing,
The bodement has haunted me year after year;
And whenever my bosom with rapture was filling,
I paused for the footfall of Fate at mine ear.

V.

With this feeling upon me, all feverish and glowing,
I rushed up the rugged way panting to Fame,
I snatched at my laurels while yet they were growing,
And won for my guerdon the half of a name.

VI.

My triumphs I viewed, from the least to the brightest,
As gay flowers plucked from the fingers of death;
And wherever joy's garments flowed richest and lightest,
I looked for the skeleton lurking beneath.

VII.

Oh, friend of my heart! if that doom should fall on me,
And thou shouldst live on to remember my love,
Come oft to my tomb when the turf lies upon me,
And list to the even wind mourning above.

VIII.

Lie down by that bank, where the river is creeping
All fearfully under the still autumn tree,
When each leaf in the sunset is silently weeping,
And sigh for departed days, thinking of me.

IX.

By the smiles ye have looked—by the words ye have spoken
(Affection's own music, that heal as they fall)—
By the balm ye have poured on a spirit half broken,
And, oh! by the pain ye gave—sweeter than all;

X.

Remember me, L——, when I am departed,
Live over those moments when they, too, are gone;
Be still to your minstrel the soft and kind-hearted,
And droop o'er the marble where he lies alone.

XI.

Remember how freely that heart, that to others
Was dark as the tempest-dawn frowning above,
Burst open to thine with the zeal of a brother's,
And showed all its hues in the light of thy love.

XII.

And, oh! in that moment when over him sighing,
Forgive, if his failings should flash on thy brain;
Remember, the heart that beneath thee is lying,
Can never awake to offend thee again.

XIII.

And say, while ye pause on each sweet recollection,
"Let love like mine own on his spirit attend:
For to me his heart turned with a poet's affection,
Just less than a lover, and more than a friend."

Additional stanzas, written three years later:

XIV.

"Was he selfish?—not quite; but his bosom was glowing
With thronging affections, unanswered, unknown;
He looked all round the world with a heart overflowing,
But found not another to love like his own.

XV.

"Yet how?—did the worthy avoid or forsake him?
Ah, no! for Heaven blessed him with many a friend;
But few were so trusting that might not mistake him,
Oh, none were so dear that he could not offend!

XVI.

"Yet, peace to his clay in its dreary dominion,
I know that to me he was good and sincere;
And that Virtue ne'er shadowed, with tempering pinion,
An honester friendship than Death covers here!"

APPENDIX.

THE following is the communication with which Professor Curry has kindly furnished me, and to which I have alluded in a note in the early part of the volume. For all his trouble in preparing it, as well as for the warm and friendly interest he has taken in the subject, I am under many obligations to him.

The family of Ó Gríobhtha (*O'Griobhtha*), pronounced *O'Greefa*, and variously anglicised Griffy, Griffith, and Griffin, is of undoubted Milesian origin in Ireland.

The Book of Lecan, an ancient Irish MS., preserved in the Library of the Royal Irish Academy, contains (folio 131 a) a tract on the genealogies of the race of the great Ulster Champion, Fergus (the son of Rossa Róigh), as descended from his three sons by Meave, the celebrated Queen of Connaught at the commencement of the Christian era. This race is represented in Munster at the present day by the O'Conors of Kerry, and others of that country, who descend from Ciar, the eldest of the sons of Fergus and Meave; and by the families of O'Conor, O'Lochlan, *O'Griobhtha* or Griffin, *O'Senaigh* or Shanny, O'Nealan, O'Liddan, O'Kett, &c., all of Burren and Corcomroe, in the present county of Clare, who descend from Core, the second son.

The pedigree of Fergus, who was of the Rudrician race, descended from Ebear (*Ebhear*), or Eber, son of Ir, son of Milesius, (see Genealogy of Milesius, p. 169 of Appendix to the battle of Magh Leana, published by the Celtic Society, 1855,) will appear in the forthcoming publication of Professor Curry's Lectures on the Materials of Ancient Irish History, in the Catholic University. The genealogies of his various descendants also have been accurately preserved.

Of the descendants of Corc, the second son of Fergus and Meave, the pedigrees of the O'Conors and O'Lochlans, only, are brought down, in the Book of Lecan, to the beginning of the 14th century; but there is a curious and valuable list of all the families descended from Corc, with the links connecting them with the parent stock, though not coming down farther than the time of Brian Boru, that is, the beginning of the 11th century; and in this list the tribe or clan of *O'Griobhtha*, or Griffin, is to be found.

According to this ancient genealogy, Fergus was twelfth in direct descent from the celebrated King Ollamh Fodla, and the twentieth from Milesius. The fourteenth from Corc, the second son of Fergus, was Oscar; and this Oscar had two sons, Conbroc and Ugran. From Conbroc, the eldest, descended the O'Conors of Corcomroe (who are traced down to *Fiedlim* or Phelim O'Conor, who died A.D. 1365), and the O'Lochlans of Burren. From Ugran, the second, descended, in the 9th generation, the brothers Ꝫrſobṫa (*Griobhtha*), or Griffin, and Senaċ (*Senach*), or Shanny,

from whom the O'Griffys, or Griffins, and the O'Shannys. The O'Nealans also descend from the same stock of the Ultonian race, as appears in Andrew MacCurtin's controversy, about the year 1720, with Arthur O'Leary and Brian O'Connor of Kerry, carried on, in a well known series of poems, of which a cotemporary copy is in the possession of Professor Curry.

O'Shanny, who was a co-descendant with O'Griffy, was located at Ballyshanny, near Kilfenora, which is within the ancient territory of his ancestor of Corcomroe. How or whether the O'Griffys, O'Nealans, and others of that race, passed into the neighbouring territory of the Dalcassians, it is difficult to say ; but we find them taking an important part in the civil wars of Clare, between the years 1260 and 1320. At this time they were situated at Ballygriffy (Baile uí Gríobtha, *báile ui Griobhtha*), or O'Griffy's-town, a place called after the name of this clan, which is in the present parish of Dysert, barony of Inchiquin, in the ancient territory of the Dalcassians. Accordingly it was with the Dalcassians that the O'Griffys were mustered for battle. In the old Irish tract known under the name of the "Wars of Thomond" (one of the most important pieces of history preserved among our ancient MSS.), there is a minute and vivid description of a battle fought at the monastery of Corcomroe, about A.D. 1317, between two rival sections of the O'Briens ; and here, in the marshalling of the various clans under their local chieftains, the O'Griffys appear in the assembly of the O'Deas, the O'Quinns, &c. (all Dalcassians,) and they

are mentioned as being from their numbers and respec tability one of the most important sections of the muster There were several of them killed in this battle (fighting on the side of the legitimate chieftain of the O'Briens, as King of Thomond), and in a poem which accompanies the prose tract, and enumerates the principal leaders that fell, the following verse occurs :

> Bás Ṗilip—do fóirneḋ airc,—
> Saoṫ re cenél finn Fermaic;
> O'Gríbṫa in gaċ treas dá tuc,
> Fíċdá a ċles in gaċ cómruc.

Literally—

> Philip's death,—the reliever in danger,—
> Long will the *Kinel Fermaic* mourn ;
> O'Griffy, in whatever contest found,
> Was ever known by the fierceness of his combat.

The *Kinel Fermaic* were a branch of the Dál Cais (*Dal Cais*), or Dalcassian race. The word Dál, signified clan, children, descendants ; and the Dalcassians were the descendants of Cormac Cas, one of the two sons of the celebrated Oilill Oluim, King of Munster in the 3d century ; the other son, Eoghan Môr, having been the progenitor of the *Eoganacht* or Eugenian clans, the MacCarthys, O'Callaghans, O'Sullivans, &c. The Dalcassians again included various tribes ; and as to the Dalcassians in general was appointed a certain territory of Munster (that called Thomond) to be exclusively theirs, so each tribe of this great division of the popula-

tion had its own peculiar lands according to the laws of the time. Those tribes were called after the common ancestor of each when the descendants of any one personage of the line of Oilill Oluim were numerous enough to form a tribe under his name. Thus the tribe name of the O'Briens was the Clann Tail (*Tūil*), from Tal Car (*Tal Cas*), the fourth descendant from Cormac Cas; and several other tribes took their distinctive names from the several sons of this *Tal;* and to each of them a peculiar territory was especially appropriated. In this way from Caisin (*Cáisin*), one of his sons, came the *Ui Caisin*, whose chief descendants were the Mac Namaras; and these were classed as the *Clann Cuilên*, from a more immediate ancestor. So from another son, Aengus Cenn-Nathrach (*Aengus Cenn Nathrach*), descend the O'Quins, who were of the *Clann Ifernain*, called from Ifernan (*Ifernan*), a more immediate ancestor. And thus from Aengus Cenn-aitin (*Aengus Cenn-aitin*), another son, descended the powerful family of the O'Deas, and others, who from Fermac, a more immediate ancestor, took the tribe name of Cinél Fermaic (*Cinel Fermaic,*) the word Cinél, or Kinel, also signifying clan, family, or descendants. And these tribe designations (*Dal, Kinel,* &c.) came to signify also the *territory* appropriated by law to the respective tribes; and again, as applied to the inhabitants, soon included all the other families, though of different race, who by purchase or permission came to be settled within the lands of the tribe. It was in this way that the O'Griffys came to be included in the *Kinel Fermaic,*

and their locality, at the period of the battle recorded in the above-mentioned poem (A.D. 1317), is thus fixed, for the boundaries of the Cinel Fermaic are known to have extended from Dysert to Glencolumbcille and Tullycomain, in the present barony of Inchiquin. (See O'Donovan's Annals of the Four Masters, p. 2100.)

The Philip O'Griffy so honourably mentioned in the poem was not, however, the *Chief* of his name at the time, as appears in another part of the tract above quoted, where it is stated that that high position was filled by Uṙċaile (*Urthaile*), or *Hurley* O'Griffy, who was one of the principal advisers of the O'Brien.

In the Annals of the Four Masters, several references are made, under subsequent years, to the O'Griffys, residing in the territory of Kinel Fermaic. At A.D. 1413 is recorded the death of Mahon O'Griffy, Bishop of Killaloe, "at the monastery of the Canons, in Coṙca Baiṙcinn (*Corca Baiscin*)." (This was the monastery of Canon Island, in the mouth of the Fergus.) Under A.D. 1588, we find recorded the death of William O'Neillan, at the hands of certain of the O'Griffys, by the doorway of the monastery of Ennis. And again we have, under A.D. 1599, allusion made to Tully O'Dea, and Bally Griffy, "in the cantred of Kinel Fermaic, in Thomond," in connection with the memorable invasion by the great Red Hugh O'Donnell of the territories of the renegade Earl of Thomond.

The townland of Bally Griffy still contains the ruins of the ancient castle of the O'Griffys in the parish of Dysert. And the O'Griffys had possession of this *Bally*,

or Townland, and castle, down to the reign of James the First; for in a List of the Resident Gentlemen of Thomond, taken in the year 1586, appears the name of "O'Griffee, of Ballygriffee." (A copy of this List is preserved in the Cottonian MSS. in the British Museum, tit. b. 17, folio 399.)

The final dispossession of the O'Griffys, in 1662, is recorded in the following extract from a curious MS. now preserved in the Library of Trinity College, Dublin; it is an original MS. Survey, or Statement of the Bishops' Lands, in the handwriting of Dr. Edward Worth, the first Protestant Bishop of Killaloe after the Restoration, about 1662–3:

"Barony of Inchiquin, parish of Killnemona, Ballinoknock, and Ilandgare, in the county survey. These lands were possessed in time of peace by Flan Neylan and John O'Grypha, and are now transferred on transplanters. It appears by the Civil Survey, page 89, that Donogh O'Brien of Newtowne, Esq., was possessed of Islangar ¼ quarter by virtue of a mortgage from Flan Neylan. The former 2 quarters, and 3 parts of a quarter, were released to the Bishop of Killaloe, 6° Jan., Anno 1617, by John O'Grypha, and Teige O'Grypha, and others. This is among the Releases, No. 7. And Bishop Rider set the same to Loghlin, mac Mahon, O'Grypha, and John O'Grypha, for three score years, from the year aforesaid, 1617, to be completed and read in manner following, viz: to Loghlin O'Greepha the ¾ parts of the carrowmire of Gortneniogheu, and Dromdavacke, the carrowmire of Ballinekille, wanting the 8th part, the carrowmire of Raghen, the carrowmire of Cloncar, and the one halfe of three parts of the carrowmire of Craggan, and another four (fourth?) in Craggan.

"To John O'Greepha the carrowmire of Lackyn, the car. of

Dromban, the car. of Clonkerin, the three parts of the car. of Maharevornane, the ¼ of the car. of Lisivigin, the ½ of the car. of Leid and Gortnacloen, ¾ parts of the car. of Dromcur, ¼ of the car. of Mocholocane, ½ of the car. of Knockarahine, another *four* of Kilcurish in the parish of Disert, for sixty years, commencing the 10th of Jan., 1617, at £4 17s. 6d. yearly. * * * * * Upon my petition to the house of Lords, 20th June 1662, I had an order that the possessors of the castle and lands of Disert should deliver up the possession or appear and shew cause to the contrary. And upon the affidavit of John Credane 3° Julii, that the said order was served on Teige O'Gripha and Wm. Carrig the 26th of June, who obeyed not the same nor appeared, I had an order, 16th of July, to the sheriff to put me into possession, who, (viz. George Purdon, Esq.) on the 25th of September, went personally to deliver the possession to me, but the castle was forcibly detained by Captain William Nealand. But he quickly delivered the possession of the said castle to ..... who was authorised by the sheriff to take it, and who delivered it to Lt. Col. Lucas in the right of the Bishop."

THE END.

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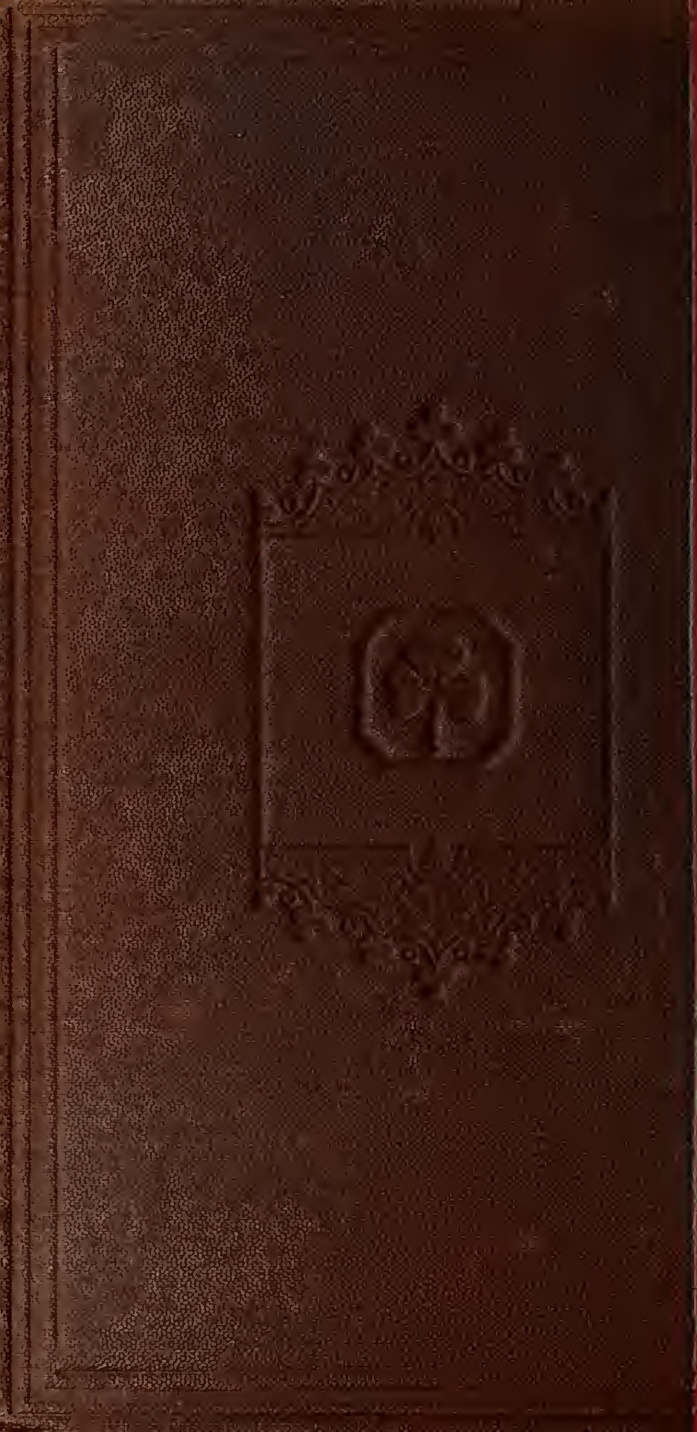
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